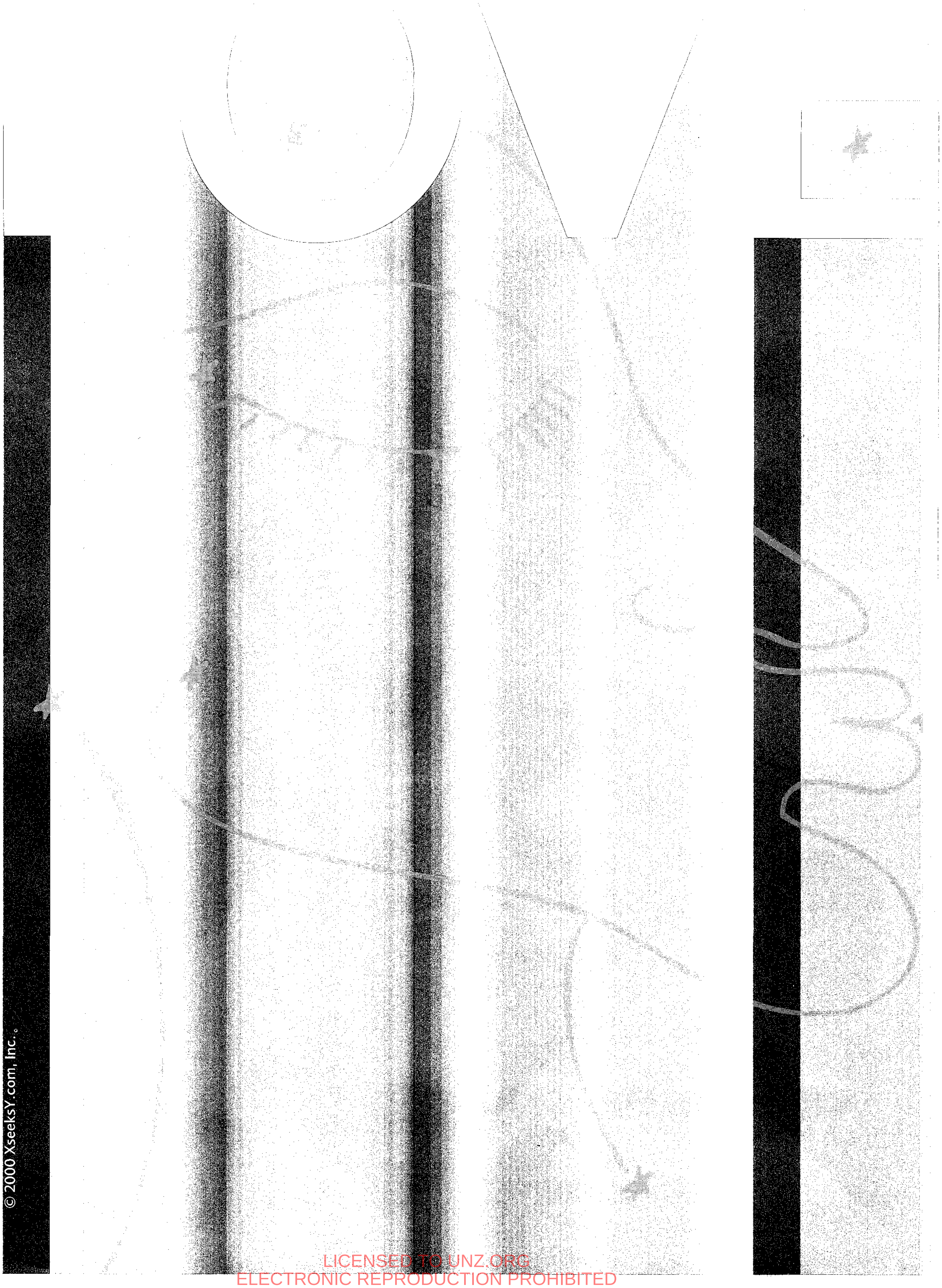
Price $3.00

Feb. 14, 2000

THE NEW YORKER

#BXBCMCJ****CAR-RT SORT**C009
#HLE0043B090 8#561080 0X

NEWS
OCT 01 01
MR ALBERT L HALE YE02
43 BEECH AV #1196
BERKLEY HTS NJ 07922-1608



© 2000 XseeksY.com, Inc.

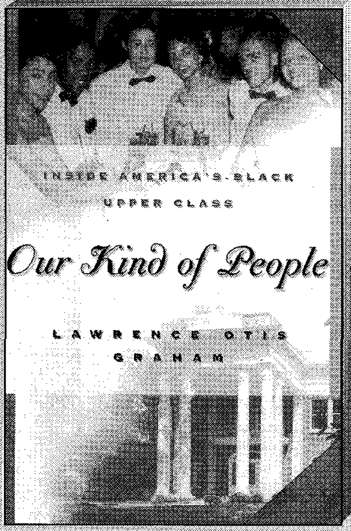
visit us be e yo n st ts t

One day it's clou e. Th unde rm. an h you
find your way thr all th wns, ether , ou ove
or looking for love sit Xs

sy.co

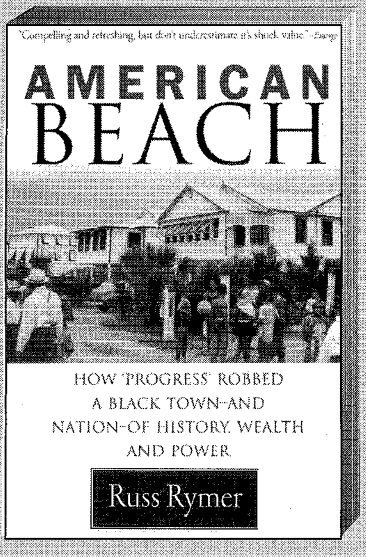
The ationship

ESSENTIAL READING



"Delightful...a major contribution both to African-American studies and to the larger American picture."
—The New York Times

A NEW YORK TIMES NOTABLE BOOK


"Compelling and refreshing, but don't underestimate its shock value." —Essence
AMERICAN
BEACH
HOW 'PROGRESS' ROBBED
A BLACK TOWN—AND
NATION—OF HISTORY, WEALTH
AND POWER
Russ Rymer

"These stories strike at the core of who we are as a nation, caught as we are in the vise grip of race, and between development and progress and our traditions and past."
—New York Times Book Review

A NEW YORK TIMES NOTABLE BOOK

Perennial
An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers
www.harpercollins.com

NOW IN PAPERBACK

THE NEW YORKER

FEBRUARY 14, 2000

THE MAIL 5

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 6

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
Comment Joe Klein on John McCain, the new Ross Perot.
Et cetera Fashion Week invitations translated; Woody Allen's propaganda film.

DEPARTMENTS
Letter from London The Maria Problem . . . . *Anthony Lane* 30
"The Sound of Music" finds an interactive audience.

Shouts & Murmurs
The Norton Pop-Up Anthology of English Literature . . . . *Frank Gannon* 35

Medical Dispatch Medicine on Mars . . . . *Jerome Groopman* 36
NASA is discovering what deep space can do to your body.

ANNALS OF CRIME A Cold Case . . . . *Philip Gourevitch* 42
Driving uptown, a cop remembers a long-ago double murder.

COMIX 101 "Abstract Thought Is a Warm Puppy" . . . . *Art Spiegelman* 61

FICTION "The Seven Circles" . . . . *Manil Suri* 64

THE CRITICS
Books The letters of Harold Ross . . . . *Roger Angell* 72
Briefly Noted 77
The Sky Line A football stadium for Manhattan . . . . *Paul Goldberger* 78
The Theatre Tom Stoppard's "The Invention of Love" . . . . *John Lahr* 82
The Current Cinema "The Beach," "Simpatico" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 84

POEMS
"What Would Happen Then" . . . . *April Bernard* 40
"The Necklace" . . . . *Jonathan Galassi* 45

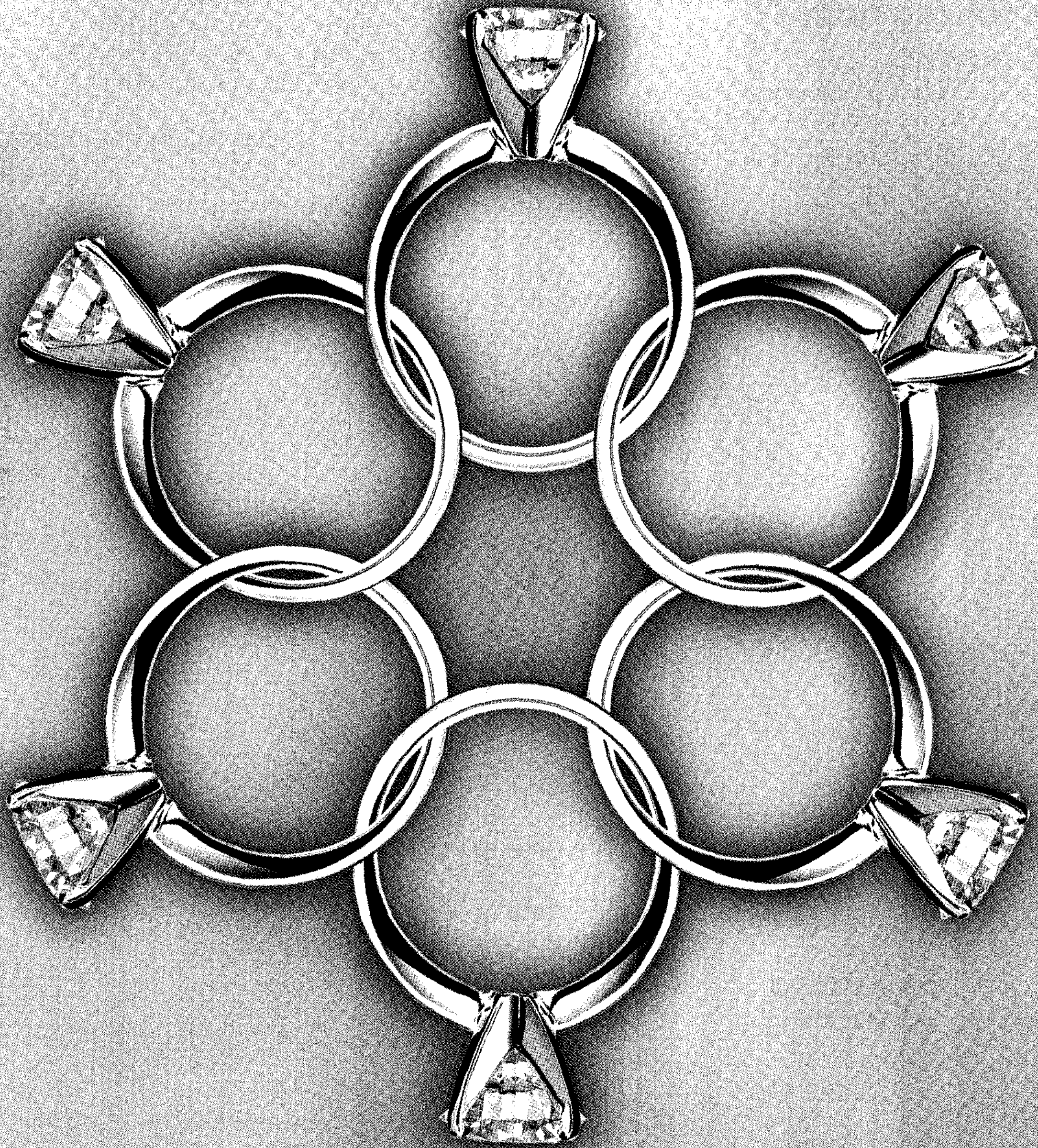
THE BACK PAGE Misdemeanors of the Heart . . . . *Jules Feiffer* 86

COVER *Valentines, by Mark Ulriksen*

DRAWINGS *Peter Steiner, Harry Bliss, Michael Maslin, Frank Cotham, Warren Miller, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Richard Cline, Benita Epstein, Michael Crawford, Bruce Eric Kaplan, James Stevenson, Alex Gregory, Gahan Wilson, William Hamilton, Barbara Smaller, P. C. Vey*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 21 & Feb. 28, Apr. 24 & May 1, June 19 & 26, Aug. 21 & 28, Oct. 16 & 23, Dec. 25 & Jan. 1) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXV, No. 46, February 14, 2000. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $49.95. In Canada, one year, $90.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $112.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



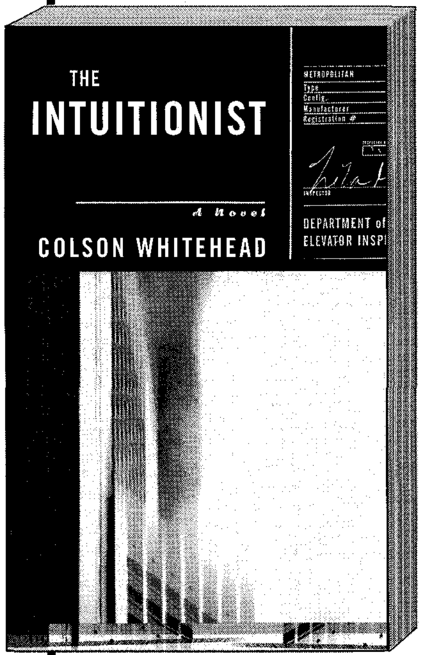
thousands of inspired ideas for valentine's day.
stunning jewelry, watches, fragrances and other fine accessories.
hundreds of world-class brands.
all with free shipping and custom gift packaging.
all just a click away.

www.ashford.com / 1•888•999•4645 / aol keyword: ashford.com

ASHFORD.COM
all the stuff you really, really want.

"Magical....

Ranks alongside *Catch-22, V, The Bluest Eye* and other groundbreaking first novels."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*



"Extraordinary.... The first voice in a **powerful** chorus to come."
—Walter Mosley

"The most **engaging literary sleuthing** you'll read all year."
—*Newsweek*

"Ingenious and starkly original."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

A *San Francisco Chronicle* Best Book and a *New York Times* Notable Book

ANCHOR BOOKS
NOW IN PAPERBACK
www.anchorbooks.com

CONTRIBUTORS

PHILIP GOUREVITCH ("A Cold Case," p. 42) is the author of "We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed with Our Families: Stories from Rwanda."

MANIL SURI (Fiction, p. 64) is a professor of mathematics at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County. His first novel, "The Death of Vishnu," will be published in January of next year.

ROGER ANGELL (Books, p. 72), a contributor to the magazine since 1944 and a fiction editor since 1956, is the author of five books on baseball, a collection of stories, and a book of humor pieces.

ART SPIEGELMAN (Comix 101, p. 61) is the author of "Maus: A Survivor's Tale." He is currently working on a music-theatre piece entitled "Drawn to Death: A Three-Panel Opera."

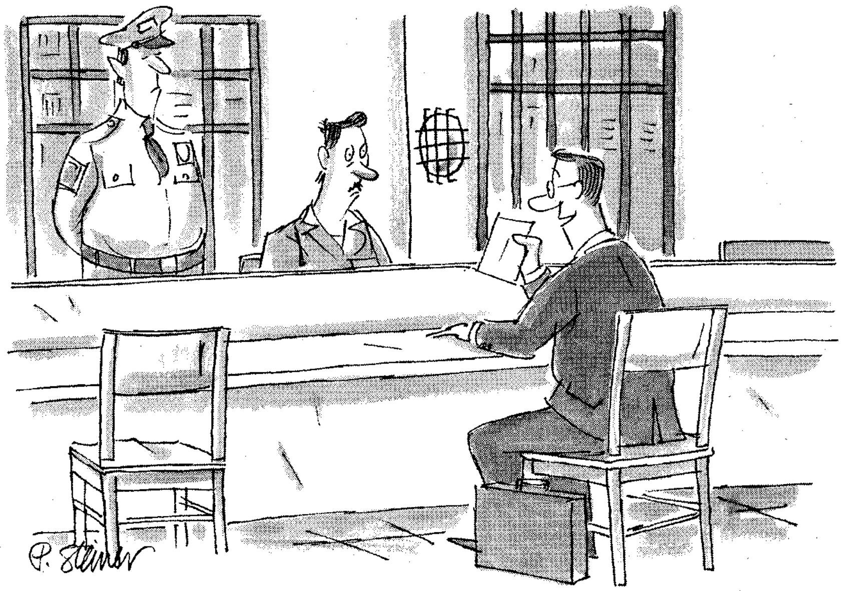
FRANK GANNON (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 35) has published three humor books, including "All About Man" and "Yo, Poe," a collection of short pieces.

JEROME GROOPMAN ("Medicine on Mars," p. 36) is the Recanati Professor of Medicine at Harvard and the author of "Second Opinions," which will come out this month.

JOE KLEIN (The Talk of the Town, p. 23) is *The New Yorker's* Washington correspondent.

APRIL BERNARD (Poem, p. 40) is the author of two collections of poems, "Blackbird Bye Bye" and "Psalms," and a novel, "Pirate Jenny."

JULES FEIFFER (The Back Page, p. 86) is the author, most recently, of the children's book "Bark, George." ♦

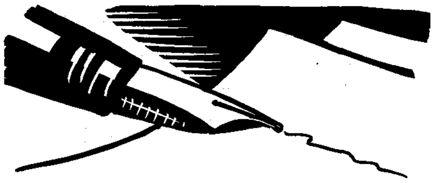


"The Governor has granted a stay of execution until your Benetton ad comes out."

THE NEW YORKER, 4 TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; David L. Kahn, associate publisher; Matt Roberts, associate publisher, marketing; Jeffrey Foley, advertising director; Joyce Castleberry, New York manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; James Oates, director of marketing and planning; Theresa Gaffney, director of promotion. For advertising inquiries, please call David L. Kahn at (212) 286-5611. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 2000 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president/chief financial officer.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447, telephone (800) 825-2510, E-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. To purchase a back issue telephone (800) 753-7276. Outside North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447.

THE MAIL



TROUBLE HELIX

Peter J. Boyer's article "DNA on Trial" (January 17th) doesn't discuss the often perceived, but false, symmetry between the processes of DNA identification and DNA exoneration. In the first, it is possible for investigators to introduce a suspect's genetic material in the form of blood or semen samples—hence the O. J. Simpson defense. There is nothing new about such tactics: defense lawyers (I am one) have always been able to argue that fingerprints, or drugs, could have been planted at a crime scene. But there is no comparable process by which a suspect can remove his genetic material from a semen or blood sample, and therefore the exonerating power of a negative DNA comparison is much greater than the inference of guilt that can be taken from any positive comparison.

Confusing the reliability of DNA identification and DNA exoneration has sinister consequences. Not only does it induce apathy toward prisoners behind bars for crimes they did not commit, but it also fuels the indifference with which the law-enforcement authorities react to the likelihood that rapists and murderers are still at large, perhaps committing further crimes.

JAMES M. DOYLE
Boston, Mass.

Neither Mr. Boyer nor the prosecuting lawyers he writes about accept one obvious answer to the Kerry Kotler dilemma, in which Kotler was freed on appeal for his first rape conviction thanks to DNA evidence, but was later convicted of another rape also thanks to DNA: Kotler could have been innocent of the first crime and guilty of the second. There is a simplistic belief rampant in the criminal-justice system that innocence or guilt of a particular crime reflects an immutable truth about someone's character. The truth is that people change.

PETER ADOLF
Linden, N.J.

RURAL VALUES

When Bobbie Ann Mason, in her article on Paducah, Kentucky, and its uranium enrichment plant ("Fallout," January 10th), tries to determine how Paducah's citizens can be in denial about the extent of the dangers of nuclear pollution they have lived with for many years, she concludes that "the heart of the story" lies in their folksy values derived from generations of risk-taking on their farms. If that is true, how could she explain the same pattern of denial among the citizens of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, a town which did not even exist until the Manhattan Project and few of whose residents have ever had agrarian backgrounds? Mason alludes in passing to the question of simple money; I think that that's where the answer lies. People just do not want to lose their good jobs and their homes, even if, in clinging to this security, they contribute to an increasing possibility of regional disease, destruction, and death. By the way, more enriched uranium is stored in Oak Ridge than anywhere else in the country.

DOUGLAS BARBER
Knoxville, Tenn.

MORE RURAL VALUES

In Joe Klein's January 24th Talk of the Town story, Congressman Barney Frank of Massachusetts asked, "Why should the family farm be treated any differently from the family shoe store?" Perhaps the simplest answer is that one can get along without shoes, but not without food. Also, lessons of husbandry and the value of physical labor, learned on a small farm, are things that many Americans continue to support and encourage. Over the past three centuries, many more immigrants have come to the United States to farm their own land than to run shoe stores. So it should come as no surprise that many people feel an attachment to the family farm that they don't feel for the strip mall.

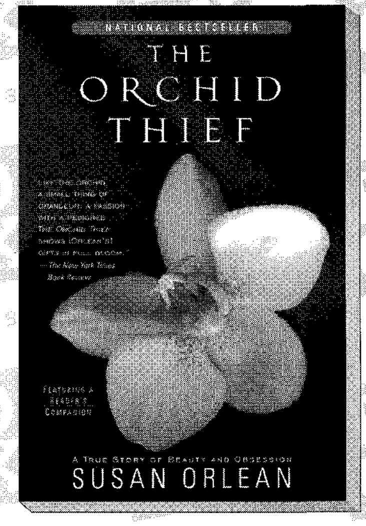
STEVEN RIETHMILLER
Lexington, Va.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

WHAT'S ON YOUR READING LIST?™

(Personal recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)


NATIONAL BESTSELLER
THE ORCHID THIEF
FEATURING A READER'S COMPANION
A TRUE STORY OF BEAUTY AND OBSESSION
SUSAN ORLEAN

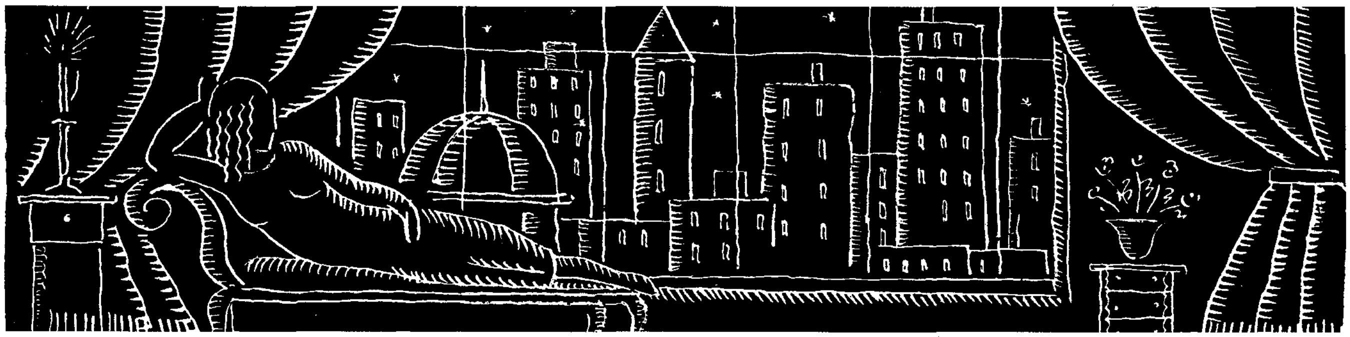
"A cross between reading John McPhee and Carl Hiaasen, this history of the collection of species of orchids introduces you to some of the most bizarre characters imaginable. As much fun as MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL!"
—Sheri Seggerman, Prairie Lights, Iowa City, IA

"I'd like to put in a wholehearted vote for Susan Orlean's tremendously entertaining new book, which so descriptively evokes South Florida one can smell the mossy air of the orchid underworld."—Margot Liddell, Shakespeare & Co., New York, NY

Show your independence by visiting a bookstore with Book Sense and let a knowledgeable bookseller assist you in finding what you need. For the independent bookstore near you, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE.

BOOK sense
Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds

PERSONALITY
PASSION
KNOWLEDGE
COMMUNITY
CHARACTER



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Alchemist—Dan Castellaneta (the voice of Homer Simpson) leads the cast in the Classic Stage Company's staging of Ben Jonson's 1610 comedy. In previews. (136 E. 13th St. 677-4210, ext. 2.)

Arms and the Man—A Roundabout Theatre production of Shaw's 1894 play, under the direction of Roger Rees. Two previews on Feb. 9. Opens Feb. 10 at 7. (Gramercy, 127 E. 23rd St. 777-4900.)

Letters from Cuba—The Signature Theatre Company's final production in its Maria Irene Fornes season. In previews. (555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

Nighthawks—From the Willow Cabin Theatre Company, a drama about urban isolation by Lynn Rosen. Previews Feb. 11-13. Opens Feb. 14 at 7. (Blue Heron, 123 E. 24th St. 886-1889.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—City Center's Encores! series kicks off its seventh season with a concert staging of Burton Lane and Alan Jay Lerner's 1965 musical about a woman who recalls her past lives. Feb. 10-11 at 8, Feb. 12 at 2 and 8, and Feb. 13 at 6:30. (131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Saturday Night—Stephen Sondheim's first musical, about a Flatbush man (David Campbell) who leaves Brooklyn in 1929 to seek his fortune on Wall Street and win a débutante's heart. In previews through Feb. 13. Opens Feb. 14 at 7. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

Splendora—A man returns to his Texas home town disguised as a woman, in a musical by Peter Webb, Stephen Hoffman, and Mark Campbell, based on the 1978 cult novel by Edward Swift. In previews. (Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. 307-4100.)

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife—Charles Busch's new comedy, about an antidote to midlife malaise. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—A revival of the 1953 Arthur Laurents drama, starring Debra Monk. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center, 239-6200.)

Two Sisters and a Piano—Nilo Cruz's drama, set in Cuba in 1991, traces the fate of two women who speak out against Castro. In previews through Feb. 13. Opens Feb. 15 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

The Wild Party—A musical by Andrew Lippa, based on the 1928 poem by Joseph Moncure March. Gabriel Barre is the director. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Amadeus—From London, a revival of Peter Shaffer's drama, starring Michael Sheen as Mozart and David Suchet as Salieri. Sir Peter Hall is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Richard Foreman's forty-seventh play. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

The Bomb-Itty of Errors—In this exuberant take on "The Comedy of Errors," the action has been shifted to a hip-hop realm, but the basic ideas remain the same. Like the Shakespeare original, "Bomb-Itty" is witty, lewd, allusive, and chaotic, and it plays fast and loose with stereotypes, but the four extravagantly talented writer-actors (who play all of the parts) make it seem altogether new. Their enthusiasm for the material is infectious. (45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St. 307-4100.)

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Former housewife turned international entertainer Dame Edna Everage (the sublime comic creation of the Australian Dadaist and dandy Barry Humphries) is, to adopt her penchant for alliteration, a virago of vitriol, a harpy of happiness, a megastar of maliciousness. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/1/99.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Dinner with Friends—Donald Margulies's new play is a perceptive depiction of the mystery and the mundanity of marriage, and the cast give well-rounded performances. (Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Dirty Blonde—Claudia Shear stars in a play she wrote, about two single New Yorkers who meet at the grave of Mae West. (2/7/00) (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes Feb. 13.)

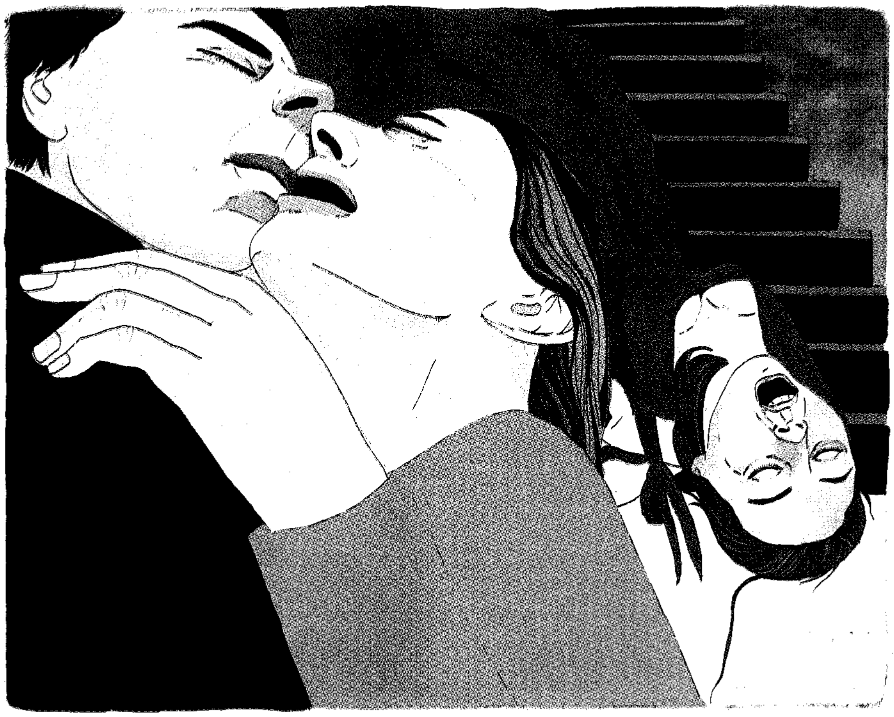
Extreme Girl—Barbara Blackburn, a former model, stars in a one-woman show of satirical monologues investigating the psyche of the American female. (Curtican, 154 W. 29th St. 532-8887. Closes Feb. 27.)

Fuddy Meers—The very promising playwright David Lindsay-Abaire's kitchen-sink comedy, starring J. Smith-Cameron. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

Fully Committed—In this hilarious one-man comedy, Mark Setlock plays a lovable reservations clerk at an unnamed tony Manhattan restaurant, who deals with the daily deluge of calls from dying-to-be-guests. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

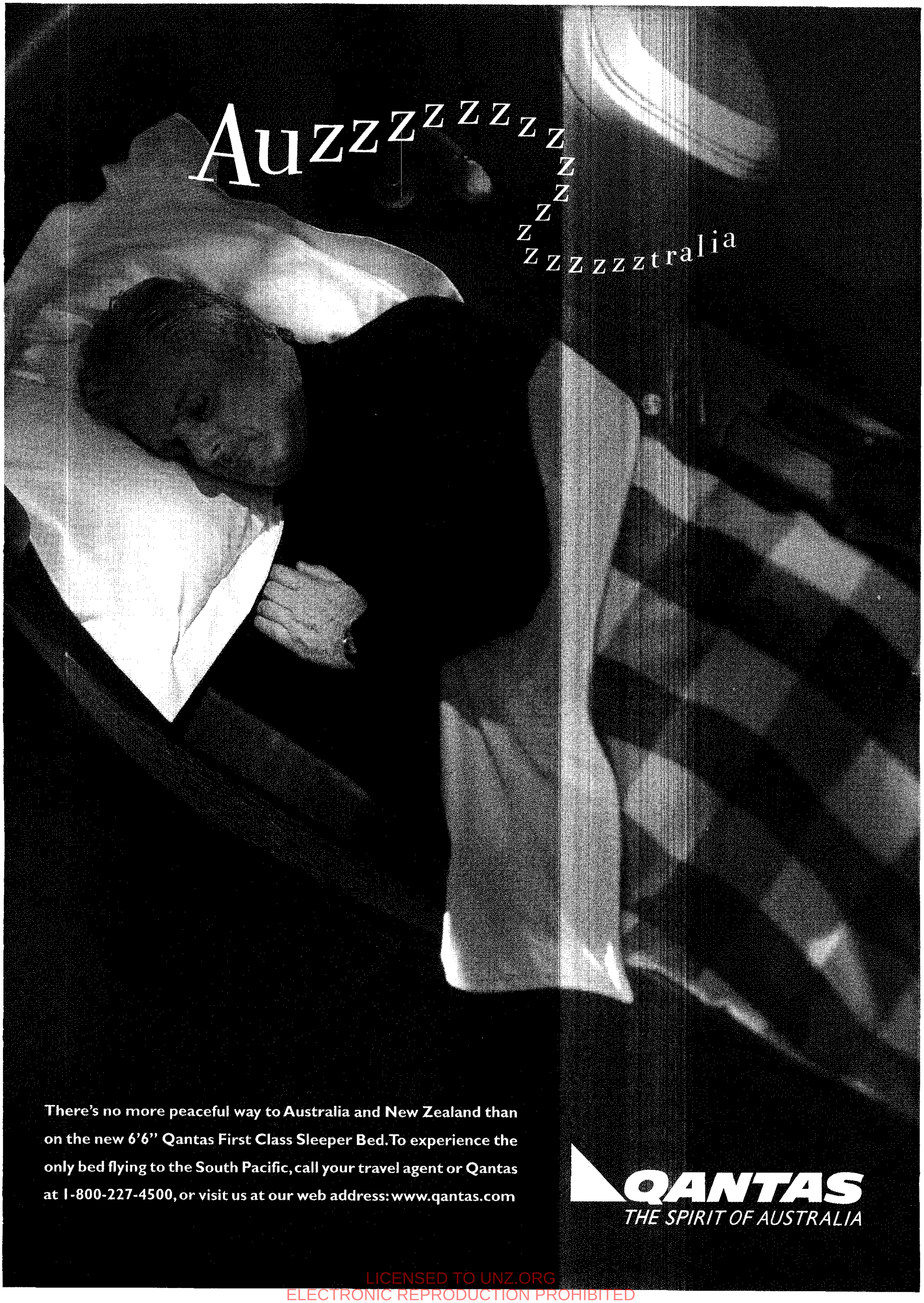
Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—Deborah Swisher's autobiographical one-woman play, which looks back on her childhood experiences in a California commune. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Jackie Mason: Much Ado About Everything—The comic is back on Broadway with a new show. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)



A stage version of "Jane Eyre," from the British troupe Shared Experience.

LARA TOMLIN



There's no more peaceful way to Australia and New Zealand than on the new 6'6" Qantas First Class Sleeper Bed. To experience the only bed flying to the South Pacific, call your travel agent or Qantas at 1-800-227-4500, or visit us at our web address: www.qantas.com

QANTAS
THE SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES JOYCE'S THE DEAD—Playwrights Horizons' musical version of the short story has moved to Broadway's Belasco Theatre for a limited-run encore engagement. (11/8/99) (111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

JANE EYRE—An adaptatation of the Brontë novel, written and directed by Polly Teale. Six performances only. Feb. 9-12 at 7:30 and Feb. 13 at 8. (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100.)

KING JOHN—This is one of the justly neglected Shakespeare plays—too much history shoehorned into too many speeches—but the fictional Sir Robert Plantagenet, who carries the plot and saves the day, is a sharp needle poked at the balloons of rationalization and hypocrisy. As played by the energetic Derek Smith, he's also a delight. As with her 1995 staging of "Henry VI," the director Karin Coonrod has created a splashy yet lucid evening, in which language matters as much as spectacle and both combine to create a fine production of an unwieldy script. Of the rest of the cast, Myra Carter, as Eleanor of Aquitaine, and Michael Rogers, as a put-upon burgher, stand out in a very strong field. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 20.)

KISS ME, KATE—This revival of the Cole Porter musical represents the highest level of theatrical collaboration currently on Broadway. With all its admirable expertise and its various delights, though, the production is oddly earthbound: it comes down to the vexing issue of chemistry. The leads, Marin Mazzie and Brian Stokes Mitchell, are expert players, but they are not—in the true meaning of the words—star performers, the kind who bring something larger than life to musical stories. (11/29/99) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LADY/SPEAK/EASY—A seductive evening in a speakeasy with Billie Holiday. The house is set up as a night club, where a seasoned band of jazz performers plays music of a quality rarely heard in the theatre. Sean Power's script is cleverly structured so that Holiday's patter from the mike alternates with bits of gossip passed on by other characters—friends, lovers, managers—and the audience gets a sense of Holiday's life without any of the distracting speeches or flashbacks common to this kind of show. It is, of course, a sad evening in the end, but there's a fierce energy and intelligence running through the production that makes you understand Holiday's desire and her gift, as well as her pain. Bemshi Shearer, as Holiday, is ravishing, and the rest of the cast are up to her standard (Kwana Martinez does a brilliant comic turn as a cigarette girl with ambitions). (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Feb. 13.)

THE MEMOIRS OF GLÜCKEL OF HAMELN—An adaptation of the seventeenth-century German-Jewish widow's recollections (the first known text in Yiddish by a woman). (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Feb. 13.)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—The Pearl Theatre Company's staging of Shakespeare's comedy. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Feb. 17.)

NIGHT VISION: A NEW THIRD TO FIRST WORLD VAMPYRE OPERA—A two-thousand-year-old vampire takes the pop-music world by storm, in an Afro-Asian jazz musical by Fred Ho (music) and Ruth Margraff (book and lyrics). (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Feb. 19.)

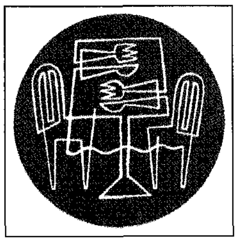
NORTH ATLANTIC—The Wooster Group's multimedia play, set aboard an aircraft carrier during the Cold War. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

OUR PLACE IN TIME—Six actors portray more than thirty New York characters, in a collection of interwoven scenes by Clare Coss. (Women's Project and Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

THE PRICE—In Arthur Miller's 1968 play, a failed, dutiful brother, who thinks that life has given him a bad deal, cuts another bad deal, this time with a furniture dealer. But when his successful sibling turns up, the play becomes a negotiation about their family history, an agreement that can't be reached. As the rivalry is played out, the audience watches the riveting spectacle of a man clinging to a self-destructive illusion, despite all evidence to the contrary. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PUTTING IT TOGETHER—A revue celebrating the songs of Stephen Sondheim, starring Carol Burnett. Directed by Eric D. Schaeffer. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 20.)

TABLES FOR TWO



LA MAISON DU CHOCOLAT, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7117)—Like a Broadway producer who inserts a notice into a *Playbill* when the show's leading lady is indisposed, the master chocolatier Robert Linxe recently issued the following memorandum to his patrons: "Taking into consideration the fragile nature of Jolika, we are replacing it with Maïko . . . a rare and subtle ganache flavored with fresh grated ginger." Whatever may have befallen delicate Jolika, chocolate fanatics can rest assured that Linxe has chosen an understudy with star quality.

Linxe's five Paris boutiques feel slightly more *quotidiennes* than this sleek Madison Avenue outpost. Here, the front room is decked in La Maison's familiar cocoa and taupe monochromes, and rows of exquisite, jewel-like sweets line the display cases, like the watches down the street at Tourneau. In the back, up a few marbled steps, is an intimate, softly lit salon where customers can order pastries accompanied by excellent coffee or tea—or, better yet, a steaming cup or iced glass of powerfully rich cocoa. (The pastries are less impressive; most are flown in from Paris once a week, and some seem to have been built as supports for Le Pont Neuf. The macaroons, however, are delicious.)

In sampling the main event on the tiny menu—a *dégustation* of seven chocolates, chosen by the customer—it's a good idea to follow Linxe's instructions. With French punctiliousness, a card advises you to consume the morsels starting with the lightest, creamiest one and ending with the darkest, most intense one. The recommended beverage is non-sparkling mineral water, all the better to "fully experience the aromas and flavors." Among the "Grands Crus" chocolates that have real Proustian potential are the Salvador, a ganache flavored with puréed fresh raspberries; the Guarrigue, which carries an unexpected hint of fennel; and the Traviata, an almond praline topped with caramelized almonds and wrapped in dark chocolate. It crowns an assortment of chocolates named after Italian grand operas, the most lethal of which is the honey-sweet Othello. (Pastries and hot and iced chocolate $4-$7. Open daily.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER—The musical, based on the 1977 film. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SWING!—A musical salute to the genre, directed and choreographed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON—John Patrick's play won all the awards back in the mid-fifties and was made into a film with Marlon Brando, but it hasn't seen much action for the last decade or two. The plot—American soldiers try to democratize a small Japanese village after the Second World War, and make it turn a profit—could easily come off as patronizing or precious, but this nimble update by the Pan Asian Rep brings out its gentle satire. Ernest Abuba's Sakini (he's the translator) is sly and quick with a quip, and his wry observations about the culture clash are the greatest of the production's many pleasures. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 13.)

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES—A one-woman show that Eve Ensler based on interviews she conducted with two hundred women about their vaginas. There's a certain amount of shtick involved, but most of the stories are touching and memorable. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

WAITING IN THE WINGS—In the best of Noël Coward's post-war plays, old gallant theatricals duke it out in a retirement home, where they fire off some terrific one-liners. Although the play itself is somewhat creaky, the pros who bring it to life here aren't: Bette Henritze, Elizabeth Wilson, Rosemary Harris, Dana Ivey, and the evergreen Lauren Bacall. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CABARET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE COUNTESS:** Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. . . . **DE LA GUARDA:** Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOOTLOOSE:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **FOSSE:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **WIT:** Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Feb. 9 and Feb. 15 at 8 and Feb. 12 at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: "Ballo Della Regina," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3: "Ballo Della Regina," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

"SECRET CLUB . . . FLOATING ANGELS 2000"—The Japanese company H. Art Chaos, which gives an S & M twist to Cirque de Soleil-style effects, presents the American première of a twelve-scene piece for ten women, who perform both on the stage and above it, suspended from wires behind a glass wall through which the ensemble breaks by the end of the eighty-minute work. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 8-12 at 8 and Feb. 13 at 2.)

Molissa Fenley—The choreographer, who for many years made provocative solo works in collaboration with such artists and composers as Louise Bourgeois, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, and Philip Glass, has in recent outings added duets and group works to her repertoire. For her solos at the Kitchen, she dances among Carol Hepper's translucent sculptures made of fish skin in "Island" and in "Voices" creates a call-and-response piece with cellist Joan Jeanrenaud, in which she answers musical phrases with snatches of choreography. A great roster of dancers have lined up for her group works and duets, including Paz Tanjuaquio, Meg Wolfe, and the former Cunningham dancer Foofwa d'Imobilité (formerly Frederic Gafner). (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Feb. 9-12 at 8. Through Feb. 19.)

"Grass/Bird/Rodeo"—The inclusive and inventive choreographer Ann Carlson, who has performed on dairy farms, frozen ponds, and proscenium stages, and with live animals, birds, strangers, and other unpredictable collaborators, presents a three-part solo work, in which she dresses by turns in a turf suit, the feathered finery of a Vegas showgirl, and the chaps and six-shooters of a rodeo rider. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at Ninth St. 477-5288. Feb. 10-13 at 8:30. Through Feb. 20.)

"Tell Me the Truth About Love"—The tenor Thomas Bogdan collaborates with the choreographer Terry Creach and an ad-hoc company of six dancers, who sing and dance to the poems of W. H. Auden. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Feb. 10-13 at 8:30.)

"Leonard and Minky"—The swaggering American Ballet Theatre dancer and choreographer John Selya joins forces with composer Joel Diamond for a full-length ballet about the romance between a clumsy tomcat who believes he's a conductor and a shameless, street-smart kitten with a sizable fan club. Ed Koch appears, on tape, as the narrator. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 10-12 at 8 and Feb. 13 at 3.)

Kevin Wynn Collection—The thirteen-member troupe in four works, including the premières of "Corpuscle Madness" and "Territorial Boogie." (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 625-8369. Feb. 11 at 9 and Feb. 12-13 at 8.)

"Stars of the 21st Century International Ballet Gala"—Actually, carryovers from a recent century, including Darcey Bussell from Royal Ballet, Susan Jaffe and Giuseppe Picone from American Ballet Theatre, and Igor Zelensky from the Kirov. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Feb. 14 at 8.)

Jeune Ballet de France—Stripling stars of Gallic dance. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Feb. 10-12 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Lee (Scratch) Perry—With the possible exception of George Clinton, the sexagenarian Jamaican dub specialist and studio wizard moves to the beat of the oddest drummer on the planet. He proselytizes about extraterrestrial life, he once walked backward for several miles banging a hammer on the ground, and he reportedly burned his legendary Black Ark studios to the ground in 1979 in a fit of intoxicated madness. After the demise of Black Ark, where Perry pioneered the use of echo effects, reverb, and four-track mixing, he moved to the Swiss Alps. As his personal eccentricities grow, so does the influence of his music. The Beastie Boys' 1998 album, "Hello Nasty," for example, features Perry on the track "Dr. Lee, PhD." When he takes the stage in his bejewelled costume and wild headgear, it quickly becomes clear why Perry thrives. The house won't stop grooving until long after Perry finishes waving his last spliff in the air. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 307-7171. Feb. 9 at 9:30.)

Marc Anthony—His much-hyped, self-titled English début, featuring the single "I Need to Know," may have failed to turn Anthony into another Ricky Martin, but this performer should never be confused with the former Menudo member. Anthony's the anti-Ricky: a superior singer whose terrific vocal chops and knotty artistry don't mix comfortably with cover-boy charisma. (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Feb. 9-10 at 8.)

The Dramatics / The Delfonics / Harold Melvin's Blue Notes—A pre-Valentine's Day triple bill of romantic soul. (Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. Feb. 12 at 8.)

Macy Gray—The helium-voiced R. & B. sensation, whose effortlessly memorable songs and heavy-duty soul make her sound alarmingly like Al Green's long-lost little sister. With rapper Mos Def. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Feb. 12 at 8.)

Nathan & the Zydeco Cha-Chas—The accordionist Nathan Williams named his group for a song by the late zydeco monarch Clifton Chenier, but Williams is no nostalgic traditionalist. His band mixes R. & B. influences into its musical stew (they once recorded a French version of Stevie Wonder's "Isn't She Lovely"), and the result is some of the best dance music around. Dance lessons are offered half an hour before the show. (Hungarian House, 213 E. 82nd St. For more information, call 685-7597. Feb. 13 at 7:30.)

Beck—The genius collagist of folk, punk, rock, and hip-hop, touring in support of his latest release, "Midnite Vultures." A gig at this newly restored hallowed hall proves how far this loser has come. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Feb. 14 at 8.)

CLUBS

(Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Feb. 12-13: **STEVE FORBERT.** This folk-rock troubadour from Meridian, Mississippi, can always be counted on to offer a solid live show, and the full-bodied songs about love and loss on his latest release, "Evergreen Boy," hit the mark more often than not. With the perpetually angry young man **GRAHAM PARKER,** who has kept up with the times: his latest release, "Loose Monkeys: Spare Tracks and Lost Demos," is available only over the Internet. "Carp Fishing on Valium," his short-story collection, is due out in June.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Feb. 10: The **BOTTLE ROCKETS,** a hirsute combo from Festus, Missouri, have mastered the Sturm und Twang of deep-fried rock and roll.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Three years ago singer-songwriter **DAVID POE** filled his eponymous major-label début with intimate, elliptical tales of love, and bitterness, all marked by a knack for desolate honesty ("I know you're happier than me to be alone at your window"). Since then he's continued to skulk around the shadowy corners of relationships, and on Feb. 12 he takes a break from recording his follow-up album to share what he's seen. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Feb. 11: The barn-burning country-punk of **OLD 97'S,** who came out of Dallas in the early nineties, and, by way of Chicago's Bloodshot records, landed in the majors when they signed with Elektra, in 1996. The forthcoming merger between Time Warner's music business, of which Elektra is a part, and the British music company EMI might not bode well for an original, quirky band that can mix Raymond Carver references with the high lonesome. Its latest release, "Fight Songs," did produce the minor hit "Jagged," and perhaps this success will keep the band from landing on the streets.

Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—Feb. 12: A rare appearance by old-school rapper **BIG DADDY KANE.** Feb. 13: The young lead singer of **ANTONY AND THE JOHNSONS ORCHESTRA** possesses a sweet and haunting voice reminiscent of Brian Ferry and a theatrical, pansexual stage presence that recalls early Marc Bolan.

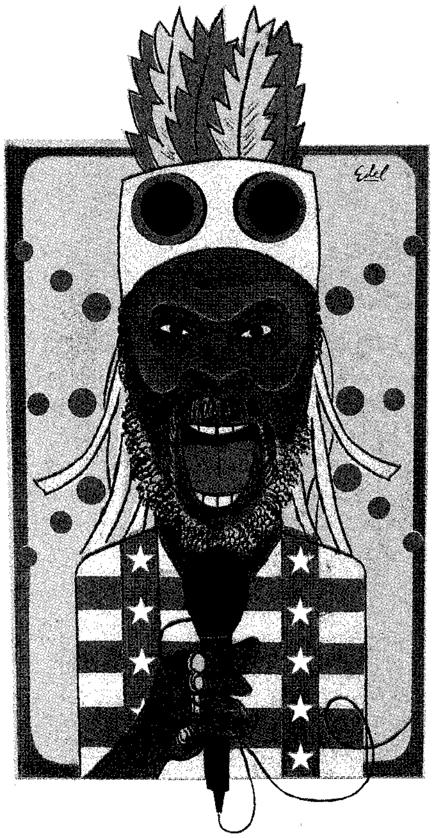
Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (601-1000)—Feb. 10: **CHOCOLATE GENIUS** is Marc Anthony Thompson, a vocalist with a gift for incisive personal narratives and an emotionally keyed-up delivery.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—Feb. 9: The cast-iron vocalist **PETER SEARCY** has grown up nicely since the early eighties, when he fronted the Louisville, Kentucky, punk band Squirrel Bait. Searcy, whose solo début, "Could You Please and Thank You," will be released at the end of the month, writes powerful and economical tracks about the changes lovers put each other through. "In the interest of time / I'll get straight to the point / You can make me what you want me to be," he sings in the song "Invent."

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

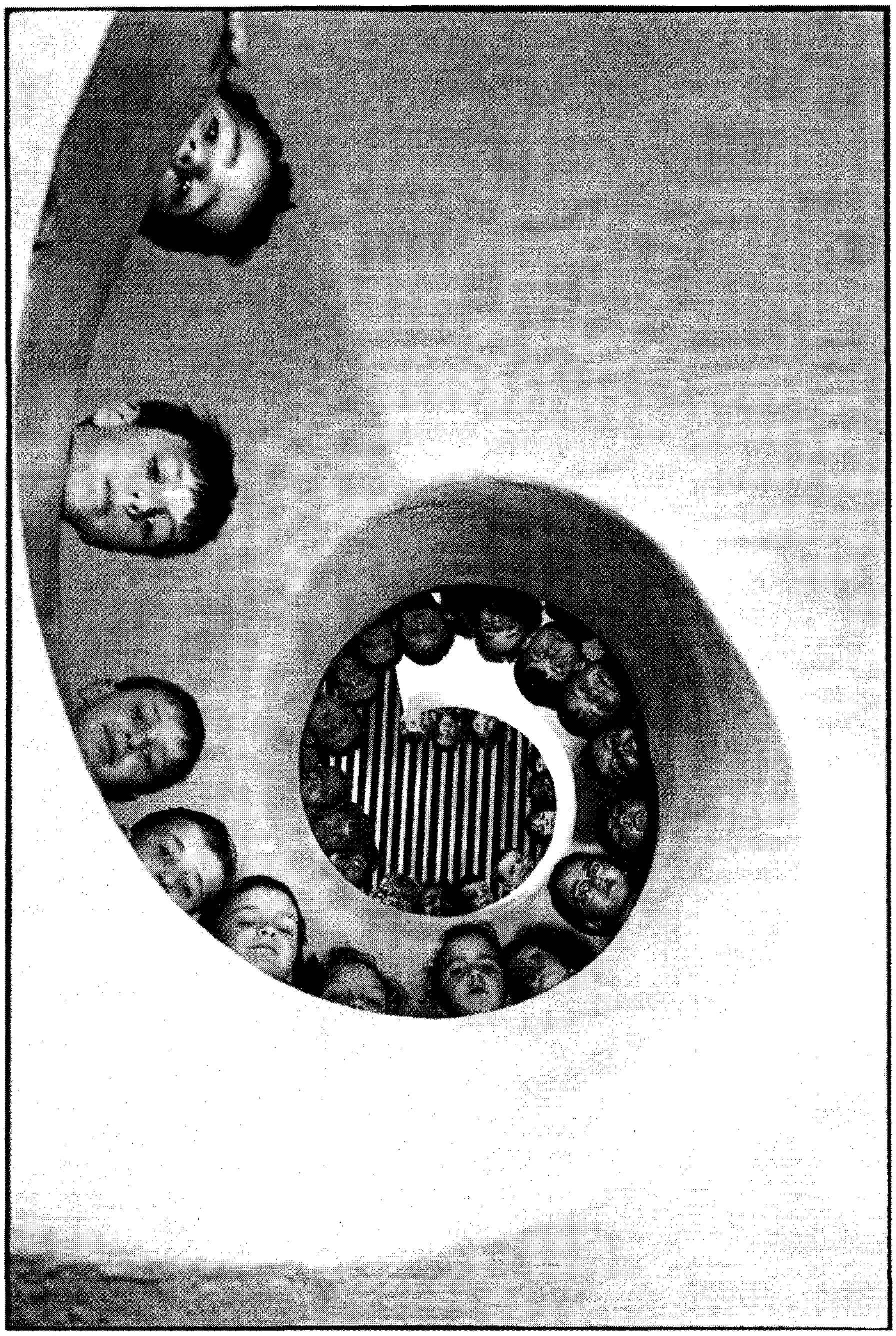
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Feb. 13: For decades, **LARRY CARLTON** was best known as the preëminent session guitarist: he could be heard on everything from Steely Dan records to TV theme songs. A few years back, he suffered nerve damage from a gunshot wound, which nearly ended his career. After extensive rehab, he's back, and he now plays with an evangelical fire. Dining.

City Hall, 131 Duane St., between Church and West Broadway (227-7777)—The Whitmanesque Charles Mingus contained multitudes. A blustery musical polymath who threw everything into the pot and then cajoled impassioned soloists to pry things out, Mingus was also a refined composer and arranger fascinated by instrumental texture and for-



Lee (Scratch) Perry, at the Roxy.

EDEL RODRIGUEZ



LOOKING BEFORE THEY LEAP: *Capturing what Henri Cartier-Bresson called "the decisive moment" is not exactly what his wife, the photojournalist Martine Franck, has been trying to do in the thirty years that she has been taking pictures of everyday life around the globe. In a retrospective of her work at the Howard Greenberg Gallery (though March 4) and in a new book, "One Day to the Next" (Aperture), Franck's eye doesn't so much look at what has already happened, as at what might happen next. The kids in this 1976 shot of a children's library in Clamart, France, are not frozen in time—they're all set to jump into the future.*

mal voicings. Leaving the heft to the Mingus Big Band (Thursdays at Fez), the **MINGUS ORCHESTRA** (in on Mondays) resurrects the reined-in, but hardly passive, Mingus.

FEINSTEIN'S AT THE REGENCY, 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4095)—Through Feb. 14: The **JOHN PIZZARELLI** trio, with special guest **BUCKY PIZZARELLI.**

IRIDIUM, 48 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Feb. 13: The **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet. Guitarist Scofield favors tricky, asymmetrical lines over generic flash. Where his peers tend to be marathon runners, he's an ambler. The key to his appeal is simple: within this cultivated improviser beats the heart of a twisted bluesman; Scofield flaunts the funk, grabs the groove, and generally proves that, for a father figure to a younger generation, he's still got plenty of juice. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

JAZZ STANDARD, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Feb. 9-13: The **JIMMY GREENE** quintet. What the tenor saxophonist Greene has going for him can't be bought at any price—an apprenticeship with the hard-bop architect Horace Silver. Greene was all over Silver's delightful 1999 album, "Jazz Has a Sense of Humor," displaying a full-throated tone and pithy ideas. Greene's major-label début, "Brand New World," is straightforward neo-bop, the kind of music that only works, as it does this time, if played with conviction. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Feb. 10-13: The down-home funk that lurks in the corners of **RAY ANDERSON'S** rangy trombone playing comes into the sunshine in virtually all of the innumerable settings he's assembled over the past decade. Bleating, splatting, and moaning on his horn, he's a delightful extrovert.

UP OVER JAZZ CAFE, 351 Flatbush Ave., at Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413)—Feb. 11-12: The **BROOKLYN FOUR.** Baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE** is experiencing the kind of second wind that should be mandatory for those in their seventies. A dyed-in-the-wool bop musician who came up with Dizzy Gillespie's original late-forties big band, Payne's burly blowing has the unmistakable ring of authenticity that can't be taught in schools. He's featured in the Brooklyn Four alongside bassist **LEONARD GASKIN,** pianist **ED STOUTE,** and drummer **WADE BARNES.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** (here with his quartet through Feb. 13) has called the West Coast home for decades now, but he hasn't gone cool on us yet. With a steaming rhythm section behind him, he can still conjure up the intensity of his classic early-sixties albums for Prestige. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINC BAR, 90 W. Houston St. (477-8337)—Feb. 8-9: **DAVE KIKOSKI,** an agile post-bop pianist most frequently heard with drummer Roy Haynes, fronts a trio with the superbly volatile rhythm team of bassist **JAMES GENUS** and drummer **JEFF (TAIN) WATTS.**

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—The Walker Evans retrospective presents a hundred and seventy-five photographs, including examples of his documentary work in nineteen-thirties Cuba and in the New Deal South, his photo essays for *Fortune,* and his images of New York City subway riders. Through May 14. . . . ¶ "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings" offers more than thirty stones, some as small as paperweights, others as large as boulders, and nearly a hundred paintings that include such rocks, which were prized in the Song dynasty. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." Opens Feb. 10. . . . ¶ "Only the Best," the title of an exhibition of eighty works from the Gulbenkian Museum in Lisbon, may sound like fatuous P.R., but the show makes good on its promise. The founder of the collection, the Armenian oil magnate Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869-1955), known as Mr. Five Percent for the fee he retained for helping reorganize oil companies in the Middle East, began collecting as a child, starting with antique coins; by the time of his death he had amassed a princely trove of nearly six thousand works of art, from the ancient Egyptians to the Impressionists. Gulbenkian didn't have an adventurous eye, but he certainly had a discriminating one. The show's many highlights include examples of Ming porcelain, Turkish carpets, and rococo silver, as well as exceptional paintings by Watteau, Fragonard, Rubens, Gainsborough, Turner, and Manet. It's almost a relief to find a few pieces, such as a bland life-size statue of Apollo by Houdon, that are second-rate. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ From Elvis Presley's gold lamé suit, visibly worn at the knees, to the varied sartorial inspirations of Mick, Cher, Diana, and Sonny, "Rock Style" at the Costume Institute offers an adoring MTV-style walk down Golden Oldie Lane. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "Sean Scully on Paper." Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Places" and "Things," two parts of the tripartite "Modern Starts" exhibition, offering works drawn from MOMA's permanent collection, all focussed on the years 1880-1920, continue through March 14. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik," a retrospective devoted to the works of the Korean-born aritst, features video installations, TV sculptures, and two site-specific laser projections, "Jacob's Ladder," which presents a waterfall of light tumbling down the rotunda, and "Sweet and Sublime," which projects changing geometric shapes onto the rotunda floor. Through April 26. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Part two of "The American Century" closes Feb. 13. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

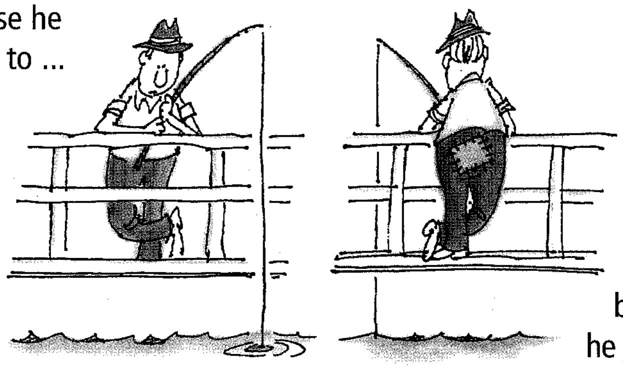
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—*National Geographic* meets the East Village in "Body Art: Marks of Identity," which features pre-Columbian nose ornaments from Peru next to contemporary photographs of the pierced and tattooed natives of New York and San Francisco. Through May 29. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—The latest installment in the museum's "Working in Brooklyn" exhibitions showcases artists' books, including "Gazelle in the Donkey Stable," by Louise Bourgeois, "Miss Gowanus," by Meg Belichick, Janet Zweig's flip-book "Scheherezade," and Peggy Doody's "A Very Famous Artist in a Williamsburg Studio Tour." Through April 16. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Dahesh Museum, 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606)—"Women of the Académie Julian" showcases the works of the young aristocrats and bourgeoises who payed twice the men's tuition to attend this rare coed artistic prep school in Paris. The prolifically named Marie-Louise-Catherine Breslau's stark palette and lanky, insouciant subject in "Portrait d'Henry Davison" show stylistic links to Sargent. Marie Bashkirtseva's "In the Studio," apparently much promoted in the eighteen-eighties by Monsieur Julian for advertising purposes, shows a group of finely dressed women working indifferently around a barely clothed preadolescent boy model on a pedestal, in the midst of easels, skeletons, stacked canvases, and other paraphernalia of the well-supplied atelier. Through May 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800)—"The Corset: Fashioning the Body" offers a historical overview of this torso-shaping foundation garment, with a selection of corsets, *soutiens-gorge*, and Merry Widows, including examples made with iron, leather, whalebone, cotton, silk, nylon, and lycra. A single gentleman's stay, a turn-of-the-century piece in metal and khaki lace, only emphasizes the exclusively feminine nature of the business. Modern examples include Alvin Booth's front-lacing one-piece latex sheath and Vivienne Westwood's "Queen of Sheba" dress, the bodice of which features a vivid bead-and-rhinestone rendering of the naked female torso. The curator's notes suggest that the decline of corset use has coincided with the appearance of new, and sometimes equally torturous, methods of waist-cinching: diet,

Is this man fishing
because he
wants to ...



... or
because
he has to?

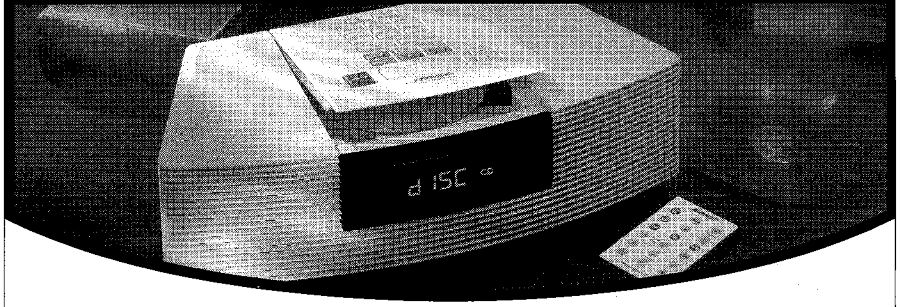
Are You Absolutely Sure
You Are Financially Secure?

Before you answer, why not find out:
How much money will it take to provide what you want?

You can call or visit our Web site to learn more about ideas created by James E. Stowers, founder and Chairman of the Board of American Century Companies, a well-known family of mutual funds.

www.deerinternational.com
1-800-234-3445

It makes radio sound "simply amazing."
Imagine what it can do for your CDs.



Introducing the Bose® Wave® radio/CD. When the Bose Wave radio was introduced it woke up an entire industry, delivering breakthrough sound the critics at *Radio World* called "simply amazing." How could we top that? The answer: combine the Wave radio's revolutionary Acoustic Waveguide™ speaker technology with a CD player, all while adding only ¼ inch to the radio's size. The result is a countertop marvel that brings out the full clarity and richness of your CDs, and you can still tune in great radio. Buy direct from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Or enjoy the option of six interest-free payments. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. In fact, we believe once you hear the simply amazing sound of your Wave radio/CD, parting with it will seem unimaginable.

Call 1-800-375-2073, ext. T4562.
For information on all our products: **www.bose.com/t4562**

Please specify your color choice when ordering. Wave radio/CD: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray
Wave radio: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray

Mr./Mrs./Ms. ( ) ( )
Name (Please Print) Daytime Telephone Evening Telephone

Address

City State Zip

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

Bose Corporation, Dept. DMG-T4562, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168. ©2000 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan not to be combined with any other offer and available on credit card orders only. Payment plan subject to change without notice. Frank Beacham, *Radio World*, 12/93.

exercise, and plastic surgery. Through April 22. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Carmen Calvo—Though she has exhibited widely in Europe, this show marks the Spanish artist's New York début. Over quaint sepia photographs, handwritten receipts, invoices, and envelopes from her native Valencia, Calvo draws and paints fragmentary motifs, often implicitly sexual and violent. The contrast between the dutiful commercial records and the artist's improvised grafitti is dramatic, but it's not clear where Calvo's sympathies lie. Is she mocking the unruffled surface of bourgeois life, or lamenting its demise? In any case, the pictures are exuberant and resourceful. Through Feb. 19. (Galeria Ramis Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. 644-9090.)

John Ferren (1905-1970)—"The Paris Years" explores this talented American painter's work during the thirties, when he absorbed European modernism at its source and developed his own radiant abstract style. Ferren spent time with Picasso (he helped to stretch the canvas for "Guernica"), but the most visible influence is that of Kandinsky. With their colliding flocks of aerodynamic arcs and disks, Ferren's compositions sometimes resemble scoops of delicious rainbow-colored sherbet piling up across an arctic landscape. They may not have changed the course of art history, but the best of them, especially the pastels and watercolors, look bracingly fresh. Through Feb. 12. (Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. 644-7171.)

Tim Prentice—Glinting and flashing as their hundreds of silvery components respond to air currents, these whimsical, lightweight sculptures have been designed with an appealing subtlety. Wall-mounted planar pieces rumple like curtains; hanging axial pieces twist and curve like eels; and a circular piece called "Oculus," suspended in the middle of the gallery, contracts and dilates irregularly, like a ring of dancers doing a very slow, quiet version of the hora in midair. Through Feb. 12. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. 759-7555.)

Short List—**JAMES COLEMAN,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160. Through Feb. 19. . . . **BYRON DOBELL,** Van Doren Studio, 130 W. 57th St. 586-8342. Through Feb. 17. . . . **LOIS DODD,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. 759-2345. Through March 11. . . . **PHILIP EVERGOOD,** ACA, 41 E. 47th St. 644-8300. Through Feb. 26. . . . **JANET FISH,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111. Through March 11. . . . **HELEN FRANKENTHALER,** Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. 935-1110. Through March 11. . . . **ROBERT PARKE HARRISON,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through March 4. . . . **JULIE HEDRICK** and **VALERIE HIRD,** Haime, 41 E. 57th St. 888-3550. Both shows through March 4. . . . **MARTIN KLINE,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Through Feb. 19. . . . **DAMIAN LOEB,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through Feb. 12. . . . **WES MILLS,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888. Through Feb. 26. . . . **JACKSON POLLOCK,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. 397-6780. Through Feb. 26. . . . **RON SCHWERIN,** Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 987-4997. Through Feb. 29. . . . **RAPHAEL SOYER,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through March 4.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

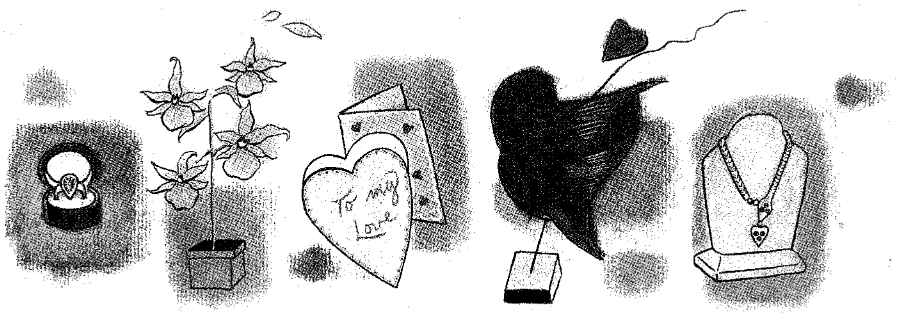
Harry Bertoia (1915-78)—The Robert Miller gallery, until recently an anchor of Fifty-seventh Street, celebrates the opening of its new Chelsea space with a display of musical sculptures by this Italian-born designer. Though his best-known work is the 1951 "Diamond Chair" for Knoll Incorporated, Bertoia devoted most of his later career to more easygoing, austere works. Resembling natural forms such as cattails, weeping willows, and pine branches, the constructions are

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

Love Objects

Of all the occasions marked by gift-giving, February 14 must be the most mired in convention: with all due respect for the sentimental value of grocery-store roses, drugstore greeting cards, and department-store chocolates, Valentine's Day could benefit from a little out-of-the-box thinking.

At **Moss** (146 Greene St.; 226-2190), the kind of design showplace where a bathtub or a colander has been known to induce intense longing, there's a halogen table lamp called a Mamo Nouchie, whose base is made of crinkled scarlet paper that looks like a cross between the dress Marilyn Monroe wore in *The Seven Year Itch* and a skittish bird poised for takeoff. As if that weren't enough, a floating antenna holds a heart-shaped mirror that, when properly positioned, projects a haunting heart-shaped beam on a darkened wall ($1,235).



There are also plenty of hearts at **Once Upon a Time** (36 E. 11th St.; 473-6424), though that's where the similarity ends: while Moss specializes in the shock of the new, most of this place's merchandise predates the electric light. A fourteen-karat-gold serpent bracelet from the mid-nineteenth century, when such items were at the height of their popularity (Queen Victoria favored snakes), has a trio of cabochon garnets embedded in its head and another three in the heart that dangles from its mouth ($1,650). Less intimidating is a small etched ring in the shape of a heart, decorated with turquoise stones encircling a tiny seed pearl ($675).

Sentimentalists who aren't scared off by silliness are the intended audience for the spring handbags at **Prada** (724 Fifth Ave.; 664-0010), a collection that's miles away from the black nylon backpacks that made this house's reputation. A *boîte*-ready reticule covered with pink pearlized paillettes resembles nothing so much as one of Phyllis Diller's hats, circa 1965 ($900). A more sober satchel has a thick nylon strap, but utility isn't the main point here: the body is candy-pink patent leather, the trim is shiny caramel, and the whole thing snaps shut with a metal lip that has "Prada" engraved upon it ($680).

There's no shortage of goofiness at **SoWhatsHot.com** (153 Prince St.; 505-7615), where those with shallower pockets will feel at home with a fuzzy picture frame of coral fake fur printed with hearts ($9.99), ruby rhinestone heart bracelets ($5.99), and a red plastic heart brooch with a blinking light ($1.99). You might want to test the brooches before buying, since on a recent visit, a number of pins failed to pulse. (Like love itself, they follow their own mysterious logic.)

More reliable are the flowering plants at **Chelsea Garden Center** (435 Hudson St.; 727-7100), newly opened in the West Village and as elegant a nursery as you'll find anywhere. Among the baby-blue beribboned coverlets, aromatic soaps, and panne-velvet pillow shams are a variety of orchids that will survive surprisingly well in a city apartment ($35 to $175). A glazed ceramic cachepot decorated with crescent-moon and star cutouts increases the price by $28.

Finally, for inveterate card-senders, **The Gallery at Century Framing** (105 Christopher St.; 989-1058) carries valentines from the last 150 or so years. "I'm putting lots of pep into this!" declares a 1940s chorine whose bouquet-bearing arm moves up and down ($10). An elaborate paper-lace confection still envelops, more than a century later, its original packet of potpourri, along with a stolid poem that concludes, "When I see thy blushing cheek I find my roses there" ($35). And a mere $5 secures a handmade paper heart, circa the First World War, that sports a glittery if dilapidated border, with the legend "To my love" scrawled in a childish hand, and the no-nonsense dedication "Doris from Ruby."

—Lynn Yeager

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

mild on the eye and on the ear. Blow or brush against the smaller ones and they respond with pleasant rustlings and sighings. For a more substantial thrill, borrow a mallet from the gallery staff and you can listen to the big bronze gongs reverberate down the block. Through Feb. 26. (526 W. 26th St. 366-4774.)

Martin Creed—Two years ago this young British artist filled the gallery with a riot of colored balloons; this time out, the lights blink on and off every five seconds in an empty room, as if to signal that the party's over. Though it may strike some as an exasperating conceptual prank, this show raises questions about the dematerialization of art with economy and wit. Following in the footsteps of John Cage, Creed has nothing to say and he is saying it. Through Feb. 12. (Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258.)

Jeff Elrod—Abstract paintings based on computer-generated images created in a rudimentary drawing program. Their striking, superflat authority is undermined by too many knowing winks in art history's direction. "Code Act" suggests Malevich in its simple geometry, and the giant "Wicked Ass" recalls Ellsworth Kelly. The frequent resemblance to Matisse cutouts should come as no surprise given that Elrod creates most of his forms by razoring a stencil into masking tape adhered to the canvas. Through Feb. 26. (Pat Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. 727-7366.)

Perry Hoberman—Technophobes and technophiles alike will revel in the carnival atmosphere of "Cathartic User Interface." Gallerygoers are invited to pelt Koosh balls at a wall of obsolete computer keyboards, triggering a series of projected images, from the error message "There is not enough RAM in the known universe to complete the task you have requested" to the artist's own head, looming large like the great and powerful Oz. Hoberman's playful take on interactivity attempts to demystify technology, putting the fun back in functionality. Through Feb. 19. (Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323.)

James Hyde—Unwilling to choose between painting and sculpture, this Brooklyn-based artist has been making wry, enigmatic objects for more than a decade. Here, he offers variations on a basic volumetric form: the pillow. The results are delicately comical, even when they are enormous. It's easy to imagine Hyde's "Massive Pillow," a linen behemoth painted in cool blues and rusts, as an Action painting that has ceased exercising, gorged on crumpled newspaper, and grown happily, hugely, plump. In the back room, Hyde has filled a wall with frescoes made on Styrofoam, paint-slathered fragments of carpet, and other teasing, pleasing oddities. Through Feb. 12. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262.)

Sam Taylor-Wood—A seven-part film installation, projected on four walls, re-creating the kind of small party where no one ever really loosens up. (Even that girl dancing alone in a corner on precariously high heels looks woefully self-conscious.) At first, the soundtrack registers as a cacophony of clinking glasses and ambient party chatter, but close attention allows eavesdropping on one-sided conversations. Taylor-Wood's cast includes recognizable figures—worldly chanteuse Marianne Faithfull, and scrappy actor Ray Winstone, a young Harvey Keitel sort—in a short-hand version of character development. Through Feb. 26. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-1650.)

"Against an Infinite Horizon"—A show of art inspired by natural wonders. The best of the lot is Eric Wolf's stylized black-and-white painting, "Sky," which combines the calligraphic stroke of Asian scroll paintings with the stylized illustration of Aubrey Beardsley. The worst is by John Kalymnios, whose grid of sixteen motorized disks mounted with photographs of daisies gives a new and boringly literal definition to "spin art." Through Feb. 19. (Caren Golden, 526 W. 26th St. 727-8304.)

Short List—**HALUK AKAKÇE**, Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. 627-0974. Through March 11. . . . **MICHAEL ASHKIN**, Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000. Through March 4. . . . **JEANNE**

Principle No. 20

LEAVE THE DENTS As They ARE.

The first copper stills used to distill Glenfiddich were purchased from Mrs. Cummings, who was replacing her own copperworks. On the wagon journey to Dufftown, the stills were dented. The resulting whisky was outstanding. Therefore, all Glenfiddich stills are created to precisely match the originals, dents included.

— REMINDER —

Anyone who makes any attempt to correct or alter the dents in the copperworks will be terminated immediately. Thank you for your cooperation in this matter.

EST. 1887

Glenfiddich®

Single Malt

SCOTCH WHISKY

FAMILY OWNED AND DOMINATED SINCE 1887

40% ALC.BY VOL. IMPORTED BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS NEW YORK, NY. MATURITY IMPROVES EVERYTHING YOU DRINK

WWW.GLENFIDDICH.COM

DUNNING, Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. 929-0500. Through March 4. . . . **ROBERT GROSVENOR,** Cooper, 524 W. 21st St. 255-1105. Through March 4. . . . **LOUISE LAWLER,** Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through March 4. . . . **SANTI MOIX,** Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 27th St. 563-4474. Through March 11. . . . **BETTY WOODMAN,** Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Through Feb. 12. . . . **CARRIE YAMAOKA,** Debs, 525 W. 26th St. 643-2070. Through Feb. 13.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Jason Dodge—Walking into this show, you may feel as though you've stumbled into a scene from "Last Year at Marienbad." Five sculptural installations, all set in a fictional palace hotel in France, present traces of recent activity—a zebra-wood Ping-Pong table strewn with abandoned glasses, a lion's skin littered with mints, receipts, and Hope cigarettes. But the object of desire, presumably a woman, is conspicuously absent. There's a seductive elegance to the objects, but the obsession with life style (Burberry plaid on sunbathing cushions) smacks of art for the *Wallpaper* generation. Through Feb. 12. (Kaplan, 48 Greene St. 226-6131.)

Sue de Beer and Laura Parnes—The artists have teamed up to make a sequel ("Heidi 2") to Mike Kelley and Paul McCarthy's collaborative video. The puppet-show-cum-horror-flick aesthetic of the original work remains intact in this two-channel tape, projected on adjacent walls in a room carpeted with Astro-Turf and peppered with artificial trees. When the talking vulva appears after the opening credits, you know you're in for a feminist twist on an already twisted version of the children's tale. Through Feb. 19. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

Raymond Pettibon—Unframed drawings, rendered in the artist's signature comic-book style and accompanied by text, generally cribbed from literary sources ranging from pulp fiction to Proust. The thematic cohesion of the front gallery, which is devoted exclusively to baseball players, is an odd introduction to the eclectic installation that follows, where vipers, lovers, and surfers (to name just a few) hang cheek by jowl. Pettibon's drawings are to contemporary art what the low-budget indie is to Hollywood: once deemed subversive, now all the rage. Through Feb. 12. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074.)

Short List—**CECILY BROWN,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828. Through Feb. 19. . . . **KEITH EDMIER** and **RICHARD PHILLIPS,** Petzel, 26 Wooster St. 334-9466. Both shows through Feb. 12. . . . **TOM HOLLAND,** Cowles, 74 Grand St. 925-3500. Through March 5. . . . **DONALD LIPSKI,** Gibson, 568 Broadway. 925-1192. Through Feb. 26. . . . **CHLOE PIENE,** Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888. Through Feb. 18. . . . **CAROLEE SCHNEEMANN,** Harvey, 537 Broadway. 925-7651. Through Feb. 26. . . . **CHARLES SWISHER,** Bowery, 121 Wooster St. 226-9543. Through Feb. 23. . . . **SHERYL L. RUBINSTEIN,** Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld, 560 Broadway. 941-6355. Through March 11. . . . **H. C. WESTERMANN,** Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. 941-0012. Through Feb. 26.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—An auction of wines, particularly notable for its offerings of Burgundies. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000. Feb. 11.) . . . ¶ At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** Twentieth-century and contemporary art. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0430. Feb. 15.)

Doyle—Feb. 9: Decorative art works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. . . . ¶ Feb. 15: An auction of paintings and other art works featuring dogs and cats, cleverly timed to coincide with the Westminster Kennel Club Annual Dog Show. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730.)

Swann—Feb. 10: Autographs, including many political items, and a group of testimonials to Steinway pianos from twentieth-century musical luminaries. . . . ¶ Feb. 14: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photography, including a portfolio of ninety-nine large-format photogravures from Edward Curtis's "The North American Indian." (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—A hundred dealers offer a wide variety of antiques. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Feb. 9-13. For information, call 472-1180.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frantisek Vobecky (1902-91)—Surrealist-influenced photomontages from the thirties, by this Czech avant-gardist. Through Feb. 26. (Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444.)

"Artist/Object"—Still-lifes from nature by Gwen Akin and Allan Ludwig, Amanda Means, Michael Martone, and Janet Russek. Through Feb. 19. (Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819.)

"Ecstasy"—Photographs of the male figure from the past hundred and twenty years. Artists on view include Eadweard Muybridge, Glen Walls, Bruce of Los Angeles, and Harriet Leibowitz. Through Feb. 20. (Wessel and O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. 242-8811. Open Sundays.)

"Picturing Guatemala"—More than a century's worth of images from the archives of CIRMA (Centro de Investigaciones Regionales de Mesoamérica), including cartes de visite, funerary portraits, plantation promotions, and photographs of an execution during the Estrada Cabrera regime. Through April 16. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950.)

"Witness"—Images of lynchings in America, from the collections of James Allen and John Littlefield. Through Feb. 12. (Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. 717-9067. Open noon to 4.)

International Center of Photography—"Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and the US." Through Feb. 13. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Short List—**ANTONIO,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Through March 4. . . . **GIACOMO COSTA** and **WALKER EVANS,** Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 397-3930. Both shows through Feb. 26. . . . **MARTINE FRANCK,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through March 4. . . . **BOHDAN HOLOMICEK,** Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Feb. 26. . . . **ANNIE LEIBOVITZ,** Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through March 4. . . . **ROBERT LYONS,** Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. 327-2526. Through Feb. 19. . . . **FRED W. MC DARRAH,** Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. 242-2581. Open Sundays; through Feb. 27. . . . **DUANE MICHALS,** Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through March 4. . . . **MARVIN E. NEWMAN,** De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Through March 25. . . . **GRETA PRATT,** OK Harris, 383 West Broadway. 431-3600. Through Feb. 12. . . . **DAVID STEPHENSON** and **TOD HIDO,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Both shows through Feb. 26. . . . **PATRICK TOSANI,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Through March 4.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**LA TRAVIATA,** with Cristina Gallardo-Domas, Roberto Aronica, and Thomas Hampson; conducted by Roberto Abbado. (Feb. 9 at 7:30 and Feb. 12 at 8:30.) . . . **DER ROSENKAVALIER,** the final performance of Strauss's paean to the passage of time and love, with a much-admired cast headed by Renée Fleming, Susan Graham, Heidi Grant Murphy, Matthew Polenzani,

BOOK CURRENTS

Filial Memory

If biographies sometimes seem too distanced and autobiographies too subjective, then consider a life filtered through the all too knowing eyes of a child.

William Murray, the author of **Janet, My Mother, and Me** (Simon & Schuster) and the son of Natalia Danesi Murray, was a staff writer for this magazine for more than thirty years. His memoir is less an account of his own life, and more the story of the passionate and enduring romantic relationship between his mother and another *New Yorker* correspondent, Janet Flanner. In a 1946 letter, which Murray recovered after his mother's death, in 1994, Flanner writes to her lover from Paris, "I love you with my pain as well as my pleasure, my weakness as well as what is my windy strength. . . . We shall walk up to Teresina's terrace together and lie down in the night and the sun."

Although Maria Cooper Janis writes that she "would like [her] father's own voice to speak" in **Gary Cooper Off Camera: A Daughter Remembers** (Abrams), Cooper's debonair presence—captured in eloquent black-and-white prints by Robert Capa and Edward Weston, among others—speaks for itself. Whether napping on the set, wearing goofy glasses with Picasso, or getting whacked in the head with a snowball, Cooper never lost his cool. Nor did his laconic sense of humor ever betray him. In the book's introduction, Tom Hanks recalls a Cooper legend: when asked by another actor what he looked for in a script, the star replied, "Days off."

In **The Real James Herriot** (Ballantine), Jim Wight shows the father behind the popular veterinarian, who captivated readers with his stories of animal care in the Yorkshire countryside. Herriot was equally dedicated to family and work, though there was not always a clear distinction between the two: Wight accompanied his father on his rounds before going on to vet school himself. Herriot also had his foibles; at Glasgow Veterinary College, he failed his physiology, histology, and animal-husbandry exams, and scraped through biology with a forty-six per cent. The pass mark was forty-five.

—Nicole LaPorte

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

Books.
[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

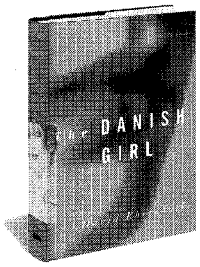
Five Reasons Not to Watch Television

THE DANISH GIRL

by David Ebershoff

The true 1920s love story of Danish painter Einar Wegener and his American wife is the starting point for this extraordinary literary debut, the tale of a man who discovers that he is actually a woman and the "other" woman who must live with his shocking discovery. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $23.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $19.16

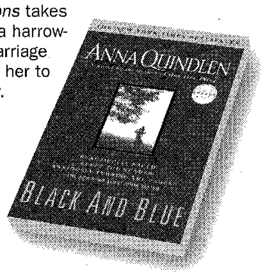


BLACK AND BLUE

by Anna Quindlen

The bestselling author of *Object Lessons* takes readers to a very personal place with a harrowing fictional account of a woman, a marriage and the violence that ultimately forces her to leave the man she cares for so deeply. (Delta Fiction)

Pub. Price: $12.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $10.36

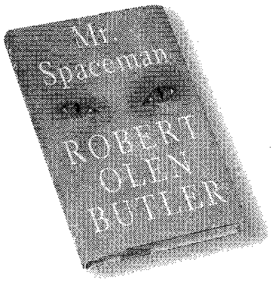


MR. SPACEMAN

by Robert Olen Butler

The uniqueness of the human condition comes under sympathetic scrutiny when an extraterrestrial named Desi boards a tour bus on the eve of the millennium, in a new novel by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *A Good Scent from a Strange Mountain.* (Grove Press)

Pub. Price: $23.00
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $18.40

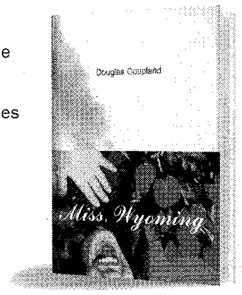


MISS WYOMING

by Douglas Coupland

The bestselling author of *Generation X* is back with a hilarious, hard-driving tale about a former child-beauty-pageant contestant, an action-movie producer and their bizarre trip through Los Angeles in search of love. (Pantheon)

Pub. Price: $23.00
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $18.40

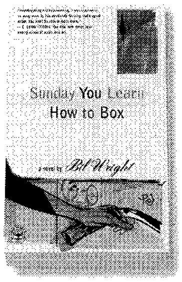


SUNDAY YOU LEARN HOW TO BOX

by Bil Wright

As a teenager growing up in the projects in the late 1960s, Louis Bowman faces enough battles just trying to survive... and then he develops a crush on the local bad boy. In this powerful first novel, Wright brilliantly captures the confusion inherent in emerging sexuality. (Scribner Paperback Fiction)

Pub. Price: $12.00
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $9.60



BARNES & NOBLE

shop online at bn.com *or visit our stores*

© 2000 Barnes & Noble, Inc.

Prices effective at store locations through 2/21/00

John Fanning, and Franz Hawlata; James Levine. (Feb. 10 at 7:30.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY**, with Michele Crider, Wendy White, Sergej Larin, and Kim Josephson; Julius Rudel. (Feb. 11 and Feb. 14 at 8.) . . . **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN**, with Ruth Ann Swenson (portraying all four of the soprano heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Neil Shicoff, and Bryn Terfel; Mr. Levine. (Feb. 12 at 1:30.) . . . With Ms. Swenson, Theodora Hanslowe, Keith Ikaia-Purdy, and Mr. Terfel; Mr. Rudel. (Feb. 15 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A rare performance of Peter Maxwell Davies's 1978 theatre piece "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," a masque-like work for a mime/juggler, a solo baritone (singing in English), a six-piece chamber ensemble (whose members "converse," in the manner of actors, through their instruments), and a children's band. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 11-12 at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducts Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," with soprano Renée Fleming, mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe, tenor Marcello Giordani, and bass-baritone Dean Peterson heading the cast. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 14 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta, who served as the orchestra's music director from 1978 to 1991, leads one of the immense monuments of the symphonic repertoire, Mahler's Symphony No. 2 (the "Resurrection"), with soloists Elizabeth Futral (soprano) and Anna Larsson (mezzo-soprano) and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 10-12 at 8 and Feb. 15 at 7:30.)

Gothenburg Symphony Orchestra—Neeme Järvi conducts the Swedish ensemble in Arvo Pärt's Symphony No. 3; songs with orchestral accompaniment by Grieg, Sibelius, Wilhelm Stenhammar, and Hugo Alfvén, all featuring soprano Barbara Bonney; and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 6. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 9 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Kenneth Klein conducts music by African-American composers, including Ellington's "Come Sunday" (with the Abyssinian Baptist Church Choir) and William Banfield's recently unveiled Piano Concerto (featuring Leon Bates). (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra Amsterdam—At Carnegie Hall, Riccardo Chailly conducting. Feb. 9 at 8: Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1 (featuring Jean-Yves Thibaudet) and Bruckner's Symphony No. 7. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: Varèse's "Tuning Up," Ligeti's "Atmosphères" and "Lontano" (two large-orchestra classics from the nineteen-sixties), and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with Ruth Ziesak as the solo soprano). The performance of the Varèse piece represents a homecoming of sorts, since it was originally commissioned for the 1947 film "Carnegie Hall." Varèse carried out the assignment with such seriousness that his contribution disappointed the movie's producers, who had hoped for a more lighthearted parody of an orchestra's pre-performance noodling. As a result, "Tuning Up" never made it into the film, and Varèse's score was lost or destroyed except for about three minutes of sketches, which largely juxtapose quotations from his other compositions. In 1998, the composer Chou Wen-chung developed these drafts into a practical edition, which is used in this performance.

Kurt Weill Salute—A gathering of musical and theatrical luminaries, including tenor Jerry Hadley and actor Jerry Orbach. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave: 718-636-4182. Feb. 10 at 7. A benefit concert.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson leads Viennese favorites. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 11 at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony Orchestra—Jens Nygaard leads a suite of dances by Lully, Respighi's rarely played "Concerto a Cinque," and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Feb. 14 at 2 and 7 and Feb. 15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

RECITALS

Concertante Chamber Players—This young ensemble, which focusses on chamber music for five or more players, here offers the première of David Ludwig's "Seven Ages of Man," in addition to piano quintets by Korngold and Brahms (both with pianist Jeremy Denk). (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 9 at 8.)

Extra Hands—Piano benches about town will be densely occupied this week. Feb. 9 at 8: Tatiana Goncharova, Richard Bishop, and Joan Thomson Kretschmer perform four-hand music by Mozart, Schubert, and Liszt; violinist Anne-Estelle Médouze comes on board for Grieg's C-Minor Violin Sonata. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.) . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: Jerome and Carmel Lowenthal team up with Mykola Suk to offer pieces for piano three-hands (by Schumann), four-hands (Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite), five-hands (by Rimsky-Korsakov), and six-hands (by Czerny), the last two formulations being more frequently glimpsed at musical parties than on the recital stage. (Ukrainian Institute, 2 E. 79th St. 288-8660.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Feb. 10 at 6:45: Presenting the Miami String Quartet in a performance of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet. (Rose Rehearsal Studio, Rose Building, Lincoln Center. For information about tickets, call 875-5788.) . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5 and Feb. 15 at 7:30: In this concert, the Society sponsors the public début of Opus One, which is envisioned as an ongoing, self-standing piano quartet. Three of the quartet's members—violinist Ida Kavafian, violist Steven Tenenbom (her husband), and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott—also appear on the Society's roster; the fourth, cellist Peter Wiley, is a frequent guest. The ensemble here performs pieces by Ned Rorem and Aaron Jay Kernis, in addition to piano quartets by Stephen Hartke and Brahms (in A Major). (Alice Tully Hall.)

Bargemusic—Feb. 10 and Feb. 12 at 7:30: Chamber works by J. S. Bach and two of his sons (J.C.F. and J.C.), as well as by Schumann and the nineteenth-century Wagner apostle August Klughardt. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 7:30 and Feb. 13 at 4: Flutist Michael Parloff and harpist Deborah Hoffman provide the continuity in a wide-ranging program of chamber works by Arnold Bax, Ravel, Ervín Schulhoff, and others. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

New York Philomusica—Performing Mozart's Piano-and-Winds Quintet and his Divertimento for String Trio in E-Flat Major (K. 563), in addition to Janáček's "Mládí." (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 10 at 8.)

Music at the Anthology—Concluding concerts of this midwinter modern-music festival, which includes numerous premières. Feb. 10 at 8: Pianist Eleanor Sandresky and double-bassist Robert Black are among the featured performers in this concert, which focusses on pieces composed for specific soloists. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: Newband performs microtonal works by Harry Partch, Julia Wolfe, and others. (Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. 969-0250.)

Lynette Tapia—This soprano, California-born of Bolivian extraction, may be the only current classical singer who spent her early years training to become an Olympic gymnast. In this recital she performs songs by Strauss, Debussy, and many others, with pianist Thomas Bagwell assisting. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 11 at 8.)

Olivier Latry—In 1984, when he was only twenty-three, this musician won a competition to become one of the three titular organists of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris. He has held that post ever since and

IT'S NEVER
EASY TO LEAVE,
NOW IT'S
EASY TO STAY.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, but now you can postpone the inevitable for one more day with The Peninsula Hong Kong's Millennium Special. Simply stay two nights in a Deluxe Room at only US$425 per night and the third night will be yours for only US$100. Of course this includes our legendary attention to personal service and unmatched luxury. To pamper yourself in the new Millennium, please contact The Peninsula Hong Kong and ask for our Millennium Special.

Offer valid until 28 December, 2000; Minimum of 3 nights' stay; Rates are subject to 10% service charge and 3% government tax

THE PENINSULA
HONG KONG

Salisbury Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong. Tel: (852) 2920-2888 • Fax: (852) 2722-4170
E-mail: pen@peninsula.com • Website: www.peninsula.com

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide — Toll Free: (800) 323-7500
one of The Leading Hotels of the World — Toll Free: (800) 223-6800
UTELL INTERNATIONAL — Toll Free: (800) 44 UTELL

in 1995 became one of two teachers tapped to succeed Michel Chapuis as organ professor of the Paris Conservatoire. This season, he is immersing himself in the intensely spiritual oeuvre of Messiaen. Earlier this month he finished a six-concert survey of that composer's complete organ music, a project he repeats this month on the highly regarded Mander instrument of the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, and then performs at London's St. Paul's Cathedral in March and April. The first two installments of his New York survey take place this week. Feb. 11 at 8: "La Nativité du Seigneur," a suite of nine "meditations" composed in 1935. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: The "Diptyque" and "Les Corps Glorieux." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. The series continues through Feb. 29.)

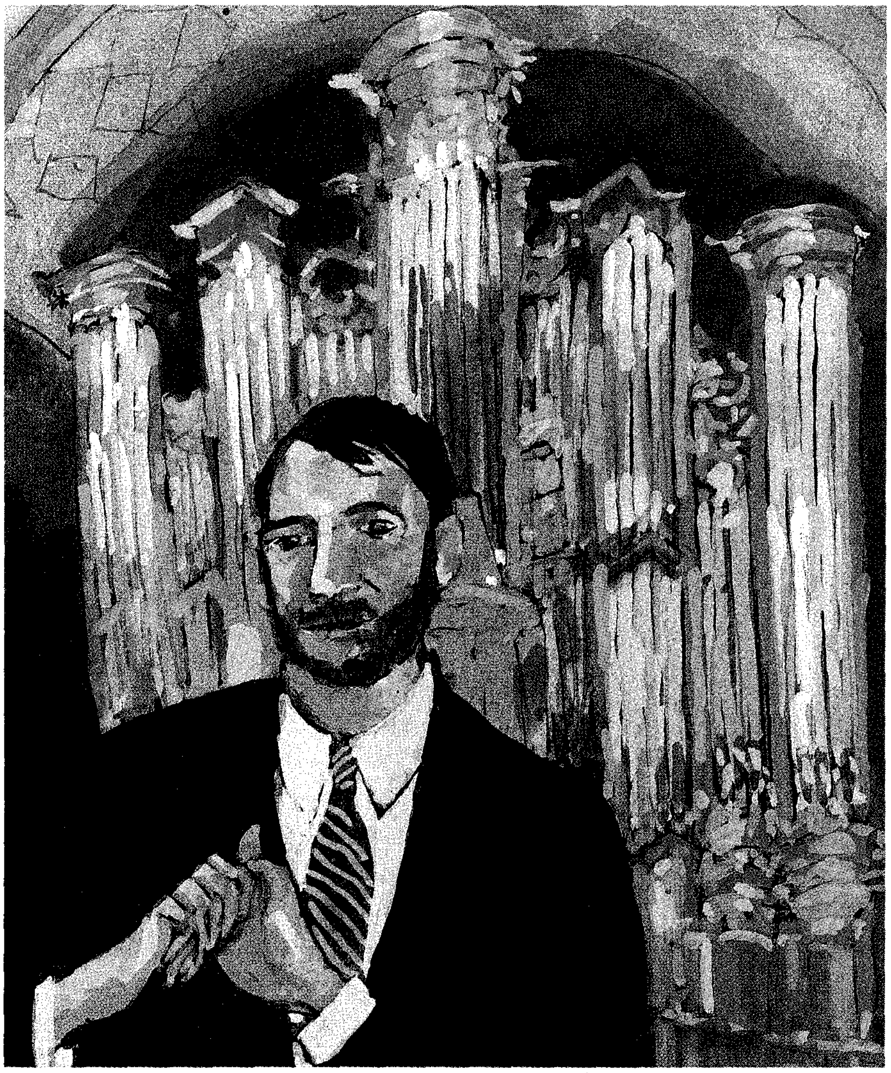
Seeking Shostakovich—A giant of twentieth-century music, Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975) remains a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside a blintz. The vagaries of Soviet politics not only helped make his existence miserable but also obscured many details about his life and political convictions, or lack thereof. As a result, he has proved so irresistible to modern interpreters, at least in this country, that Shostakovich festivals seem to pop up more seasons than not—which is not a bad thing, given the quality of his music. This one, hosted by Lincoln Center, is tied to performances by the ultra-polished Emerson String Quartet of his fifteen string quartets (often cited, with considerable exaggeration, as revealing "the true Shostakovich"), which, in turn, have been scheduled to coincide with the foursome's new recording of those works, just released on the Deutsche Grammophon label. Feb. 12, from 10 A.M. to 5: Roundtables and musical performances (with the Emerson String Quartet) focussing on the composer's life, politics, and compositions. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, Lincoln Center. Open to holders of tickets for any of Lincoln Center's Shostakovich Festival performances; seating is on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: The Emersons play Shostakovich's Quartets No. 4, No. 5, and No. 6. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: A screening of the 1997 film "Rothschild's Violin," a Shostakovich bio-pic that includes a complete performance of a Chekhov-derived opera composed by his student Benjamin Fleischmann. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.) . . . **NOTE:** The Shostakovich festival continues through March 5.

Andreas Boyde—Pianist, performing an all-Schumann program that includes his own reconstruction of a work whose incomplete manuscript is housed in the Morgan Library. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Feb. 12 at 3.)

Music from Japan—The twenty-fifth year of the annual festival. Feb. 12 at 8: Solo-piano, chamber, and choral music by Hikaru Hayashi, whose works reflect both his penchant for diatonic lyricism and his commitment to social causes. Highlights of the program include his "Little Landscapes of Hiroshima" (in its revised version, from 1971) and the première of his "Lament for String Quartet," performed by the Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: Folk music from northern Japan, plus experimental compositions for shamisen and voice by Chikuzan Takahashi II. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 4: A symposium on modern Japanese music and its folk roots. (Merkin Concert Hall.)

Met Orchestra Percussionists—In a concert sponsored by the New York Public Library, James Levine leads his battery in George Antheil's "Ballet Méchanique" and John Cage's Quartet—the manuscripts of both reside in the library's collections—as well as pieces by Steve Reich and Mark Saya. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Feb. 13 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

David Taylor and Dale Stuckenbruck—Listeners on the prowl for new sound combinations should not overlook this evening of music for bass trombone and musical saws (both alto and tenor). (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Feb. 13 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)



Olivier Latry embarks on a survey of Messiaen's complete organ music, at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

András Schiff—The pianist, one of our era's most distinguished Bach interpreters, concludes a residency at Lincoln Center by performing all six of the composer's partitas, composed—as Bach reported on his title pages—"for music lovers, to delight their spirits." (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 13 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist perform music by Bach, including his Flute Sonatas in B Minor and F Major. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0855. Feb. 15 at 6.)

Thomas Hampson—The baritone, assisted by pianist Wolfram Rieger, presents the first of two recitals of Mahler songs. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 15 at 7:30. The second installment takes place on Feb. 17.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Escape from New York—Just as any half-observant Manhattanite en route to the Peter Luger Steak House in Williamsburg has noticed the preponderance of hipster artists in that neighborhood, those in the publishing business who ride each morning from Brooklyn to Manhattan aboard the D or F trains can testify to the sheer number of writers and editors who live on the other side of the East River. For the benighted souls in the rest of the world who haven't yet realized that scribes, painters, and musicians are colonizing the borough of Kings, the Brooklyn Historical Society has gathered a number of the area's cultural avatars—including BAM impresario Harvey Lichtenstein, novelist Jonathan Lethem, restaurateur Alan Harding, and Coney Island promoter Dick Zigun—to discuss what it calls the "New Bohemia." Real-estate agents take note. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. Feb. 9 at 6:30. For more information, call 718-254-9830.)

Readings—Feb. 9 at 6:30: By actors Joe Grifasi, Elaine Bromka, and Joe Morton, from the short stories of Steve Stern, Elizabeth Hardwick, and Rick DeMarinis. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 7:30: By Star Black and David Lehman, from their poetry. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8:15: By poets Rachel Hadas and C. D. Wright. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

More Talks—Feb. 12 at 1: Commercial diver and marine consultant Adam Brown discusses what it's like beneath the murky waters of New York Harbor. (South Street Seaport Museum's Children's Center, 165 John St. 748-8758.) . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: Biologist Donna Fernandes gives a pre-Valentine's Day multimedia lecture on the mating habits of animals. (Central Park Zoo, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. For reservations, which are required, call 439-6583.)

ENGRAVED STATIONERY SALE
$119.
(REGULARLY $183)

SOLID ANTIQUE ROMAN
1. Veronica Shante Lilly
MEDIUM GOTHIC
2. COLLIN B. NEWMAN
CLASSIC ROMAN
3. GEORGE R. MACMILLAN
FLORIDIAN SCRIPT
4. Stephanie D. Peterson

100 WHITE OR ECRU
CORRESPONDENCE CARDS AND ENVELOPES

NAME ENGRAVED ON CARDS IN
RED, BLUE, GREEN OR BLACK INK
NEW NAME DIE INCLUDED

RETURN ADDRESS, BORDERS, ENVELOPE
LINING AND DEMPSEY BLUE STOCK
AVAILABLE AT AN ADDITIONAL CHARGE

Limited Time Only

DEMPSEY & CARROLL
Stationery Engravers
since 1878

ORDER ON-LINE AT: WWW.DEMPSEYANDCARROLL.COM
800.444.4019

Hike the Alps.

Author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson leads special hiking trips in the Swiss and Italian Alps–Appenzell, Kandersteg, Merano, Pontresina, Poschiavo, Sils Maria and Zermatt. Spectacular scenery. Challenging trails. Delightful inns and fine cuisine. For active outdoor people who also like their creature comforts. Our **28th** summer!

For information contact: **Alpine Travel Inc.**
P.O. Box 159 - NY
White Plains, NY 10605
Telephone: (800) 291-8126
E-Mail: *ati@bestweb.net*
or visit us at: www.alptrails.com

WOOD CLASSICS
free catalog

Precision-Cut Kits
or Fully Assembled

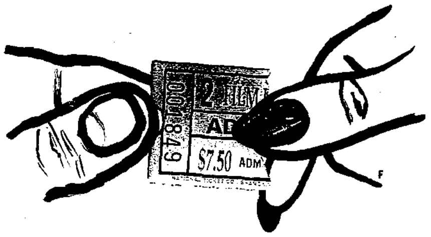
Handcrafted in the U.S.A.

Lifetime Teak

An extensive collection of the finest
garden furniture available anywhere.

Our teak is of the highest
quality and comes with
a lifetime guarantee.

Box 100Y0610 Gardiner, NY 12525
914 · 255 · 5651
shop! online @ www.woodclassics.com



ROBERT MELEE

THE MOVIES

OPENING

The Beach—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Feb. 11.

The Ice Rink—Jean-Philippe Toussaint wrote and directed this comedy about a director who is trying (and failing) to film a hockey movie. With Jean-Pierre Cassel and Marie-France Pisier. In French. Opening Feb. 11. (Anthology Film Archives.)

Sex: The Annabel Chong Story—A documentary by Gough Lewis about Grace Quek, a graduate student who had on-camera sex with two hundred and fifty-one men in ten hours. Opening Feb. 11. (Quad Cinema.)

Snow Day—A winter storm closes school, and the kids must foil the attempts of the snowplow man (Chris Elliott) to reopen the roads. With Chevy Chase, Pam Grier, and Iggy Pop. Directed by Chris Koch. Opening Feb. 11.

The Tigger Movie—Winnie the Pooh and the gang help prepare a winter home for Eeyore while Tigger goes looking for other tiggers. Animated. Directed by Jun Falkenstein. Opening Feb. 11.

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Any Given Sunday—In Oliver Stone's pro-football movie, everything happens at once: the ball is snapped, thighs churn, bodies lock together, and, as the coach screams, an arm is raised to throw the ball. Stone takes us so deep inside the action that we feel we're being threshed by the teeth of a machine. The movie is ostensibly a protest against corporate control of sport but is itself a prime example of corporate art. With Al Pacino, haggard and magnificent, as the aging, traditionalist coach Tony D'Amato; Dennis Quaid as the star quarterback who, in his late thirties, is fading fast; Jamie Foxx as the young hot shot who wants to replace him, and who must be taught to play not just for himself but for the team; Cameron Diaz as the blond-bitch team owner; and football great Lawrence Taylor as a defensive genius who risks maiming himself.—*David Denby* (1/10/00) (42nd Street E Walk and 72nd Street East.)

Basic Training (1971)—This wrenching chronicle of how the U.S. Army militarized young men in the Vietnam era is one of Frederick Wiseman's most dramatically cohesive and visually arresting documentaries. The officers and drill instructors at Fort Knox, Kentucky, connect war-readiness with sports, phallic prowess, and manhood itself. Wiseman doesn't buy this red-blooded-American rhetoric—he shows that it's a way for the Army to arouse the inductees' appetites for honor, service, and courage. The sequence in which a suicidal recruit seeks counsel from a homiletic chaplain is as piercing as any in the Wiseman canon.—*Michael Sragow* (Feb. 12-13; Walter Reade Theatre.)

The Cup—If Buddha had made a movie, what would it be like? This film, directed by Khyentse Norbu, a Tibetan incarnate lama, is a spare, simply produced picture that tells the story of a group of young monks who ask their abbot for permission to rent a television set so they can watch the final match of the 1998 World Cup. (The monks root for France, "the only country that has always supported Tibet.") Norbu shot the film at Chokling monastery in India, and all of the "characters" are actual monks, who mostly play themselves. The Tibet typically shown to us by Hollywood is so freighted with consequence that it's refreshing to see a monastery depicted as a kind of New Age prep school, complete with a jocular give-and-take among the masters and pupils and surreptitious peeks at girlie magazines. A thirteen-year-old novice, Jamyang Lordo, shines as a cheeky troublemaker who worships the Brazilian superstar Ronaldo. ("He has a shaved head, but he is not a monk.") All is not lightness, though. The Chinese occupation of Tibet is frequently hinted at, and the young monks' love of soccer, while mirthful and humanizing, shows the difficulty of preserving Tibetan culture in exile. Norbu does much here with very little; his film is a testament to the power of understatement. In Tibetan and Hindi.—*Michael Agger* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Galaxy Quest—Tim Allen plays a William Shatneresque TV space captain of a cancelled series whose current mission is to lead his fellow cast members where they have boldly gone many times before—to "Galaxy Quest" conventions. At one of these events, some actual space travellers mingle with the fans. Soon, Allen and the other actors have embarked on a mission way beyond their old scriptwriters' imaginings. Writers David Howard and Robert Gordon and director Dean Parisot exploit the comic dichotomy between actor and action hero for all it's worth, adding a surprisingly effective seasoning of special effects and emotion. Allen succeeds with equal measures of heart and bluster; Alan Rickman is a classically trained actor sick to death of his Spock-like persona; Sigourney Weaver, the only crew member the on-board computer can understand, scores warmly as a blonde. Much like "Trekkies," the delightful documentary that opened and closed at warp speed last year, this deft comedy both pokes fun at the "Star Trek" phenomenon and embraces it.—*Ken Marks* (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, and Union Square.)

Girl, Interrupted—It's 1967 and a depressed and "promiscuous" upper-middle-class Boston girl seems to have just two choices: the Seven Sisters or the psychiatric ward. Susanna Kaysen's memoir of the time she spent "resting" in the élite McLean Psychiatric Hospital (Sylvia Plath was an alumna) has been adapted by James Mangold, with Winona Ryder, using her doe eyes and rheumy voice to good effect, as Kaysen. However, Angelina Jolie, the ward's truth-telling sociopath, provides the main spark and delivers the film's sharpest lines. Sanity arrives in the form of rock and roll, the talking cure, and Whoopi Goldberg, who plays a worldly-wise nurse. With his mental-ward setting, Mangold wants to provide a fresh perspective on the sixties, but he ends up merely institutionalizing them.—*M.A.* (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, and Union Square.)

Holy Smoke—A mad new movie from Jane Campion, who has forsaken the incisiveness of "An Angel at My Table" and "The Piano" for something close to an acid trip. Kate Winslet plays Ruth, a young Australian woman who travels to India and falls victim to—or, from her point of view, finds peace and poise with—a religious cult. Her family lures her back to Sydney and hires an "exit counselor" to clear out her mind. Given that this counselor is supposed to be the voice of sanity in the movie, it is unfortunate that Campion assigned the role to Harvey Keitel. Winslet, by comparison, seems wholly in control—by turns lucid and lubricious, and always alive to the comedy of the situation. Thank heaven somebody is, because, long before the end, the film drifts into the outback and starts wandering around in circles. The forced weirdness of the imagery and the slightly weary satire of bourgeois existence do not make for an appetizing mix. In fact, the whole thing could use a little exit counselling.—*Anthony Lane* (1/17/00) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

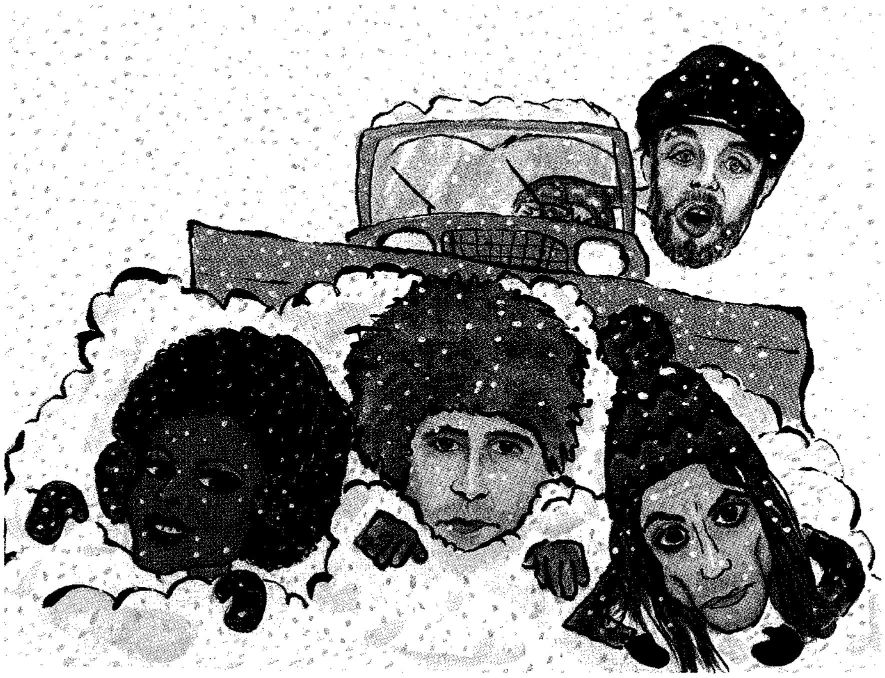
The Hurricane—A very square inspirational movie, factually untrustworthy, about the black boxer Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, a contender for the middleweight crown, who was locked up in 1967 for murders that he did not commit, and who spent years in prison refashioning himself as a lean, ascetic thinker and militant—the icon of the African-American male unjustly incarcerated. As Carter, Denzel Washington offers his usual concentration, quickness, and stern, appraising gaze; he's great, but the movie is a crock, a liberal fairy tale about a black American teen-ager (Vicellous Reon Shannon) and three white Canadian do-gooders (Liev Schreiber, John Hannah, and Deborah Kara Unger) who perform the investigative work that leads to Carter's release. The movie slights the work of lawyers who worked for Carter without fees for years, and neglects to tell us that Carter had been imprisoned once for three muggings before his arrest for the murders. Directed, clunkily, by Norman Jewison; written by Armyan Bernstein and Dan Gordon.—*D.D.* (1/10/00) (Beekman, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

Isn't She Great—Not in this version. The movie is a thoroughly tawdry and entirely pointless attempt to turn the publicity-fuelled rise of author Jacqueline Susann (Bette Midler) into a low-camp celebration, and it manages to both lionize Susann as a brass-balled media revolutionary and patronize her as an idiot. Nathan Lane plays Jackie's devoted press-agent husband, Irving Mansfield. Paul Rudnick wrote the screenplay; Andrew Bergman directs, without style or wit.—*D.D.* (2/7/00) (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Murray Hill Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Union Square.)

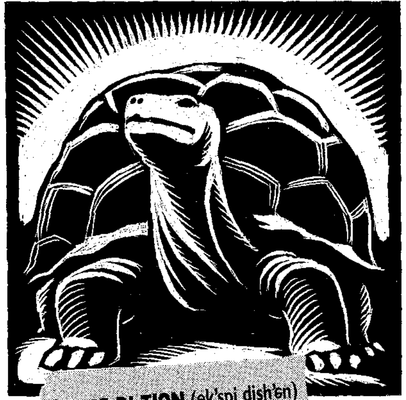
Magnolia—In Paul Thomas Anderson's new movie, the characters break down, fall apart, and denounce themselves and others. "Magnolia" consists of multiple vignettes set in the San Fernando Valley, but since there's no common theme, the picture becomes a kind of mad crackup derby. Much of the material is earnest Arthur Miller-type stuff about how we can't escape the past, we can't escape the evil we've done, we all need to be truthful with one another, and so on. The ideas are banal, but Anderson ("Boogie Nights") plays each sequence in real time and cuts among them with remarkable fluency, and the actors have some tremendous arialike moments—especially Julianne Moore as an adulterous young wife, John C. Reilly as an angelic cop looking for love, and Tom Cruise as some sort of sex guru who hosts a cable-TV show called "Seduce and Destroy." With Jason Robards, Philip Seymour Hoffman, and William H. Macy.—*D.D.* (12/20/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey, as the surrealist comic Andy Kaufman, who died in 1984, captures Kaufman's infantile grandiosity, the taunting ironic schmuckiness that dared anyone to take offense. Unfortunately, the moviemakers' intention is not to illuminate Kaufman but to enshrine him as a pure performer and beautiful nut case. We are too intimidated to ask such obvious questions as, Is Kaufman calculating and shrewd or is he just unconscious—a semi-psychotic set loose in the media? Our desire to understand him is recast as some sort of existential weakness; the movie turns into an exercise in one-upmanship. With Paul Giamatti, Danny DeVito, and Courtney Love. Written by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski.—*D.D.* (12/27/99-1/3/00) (19th Street East 6 and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

A Map of the World—Sigourney Weaver, of the high-altitude clavicle and formidable brow, plays Alice, an intellectual farmwife who, in a moment of inattention, fails to prevent a little girl from drowning in a pond and becomes an enemy of the people. This serious, morally alert adaptation of the nuanced Jane Hamilton novel doesn't allow us to admire its heroine too easily. Alice is unlucky, but, like other bright people trying to live with integrity in a conformist society, she willfully brings trouble on herself, and Weaver makes her vain, haughty, a little scary, and also vulnerable. It's a fine performance, with shades of humor and ruefulness that are new to Weaver's accomplished work as a film actress. With David Strathairn as Alice's husband and Julianne Moore as her next-



Pam Grier, Chevy Chase, Iggy Pop, and Chris Elliott in "Snow Day."



Galapagos

EX·PE·DI·TION (ek'spi dish'ən) n. la. A journey undertaken by an organized group of people with a definite objective.

Explore the world with the family that pioneered expedition travel.

Lindblad Special Expeditions

FOR INFORMATION ON GALAPAGOS AND OUR OTHER WORLDWIDE EXPEDITIONS, SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:

1-800-EXPEDITION
(800-397-3348)
WWW.EXPEDITIONS.COM

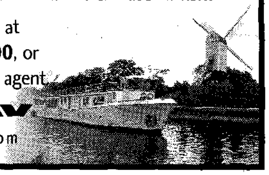
REFER TO: 3NY-GA059

SAVORER.COM
THE ONLINE GOURMET GIFT STORE

YIELD TO TEMPTATION & CLICK ON US.
Exquisite gourmet gifts from $32 to $5,000
WWW.SAVORER.COM

GIFT BASKETS
CHOCOLATES
COFFEES & TEAS
CAVIAR & SMOKED FOODS
NUTS & DRIED FRUITS

WE TRAVEL THE WORLD ON YOUR BEHALF.
Our delicacies come from France, Belgium, Russia, Scotland, Canada, India, China, Hawaii, Columbia, Costa Rica, Yemen, Japan, Brazil & other fine places.



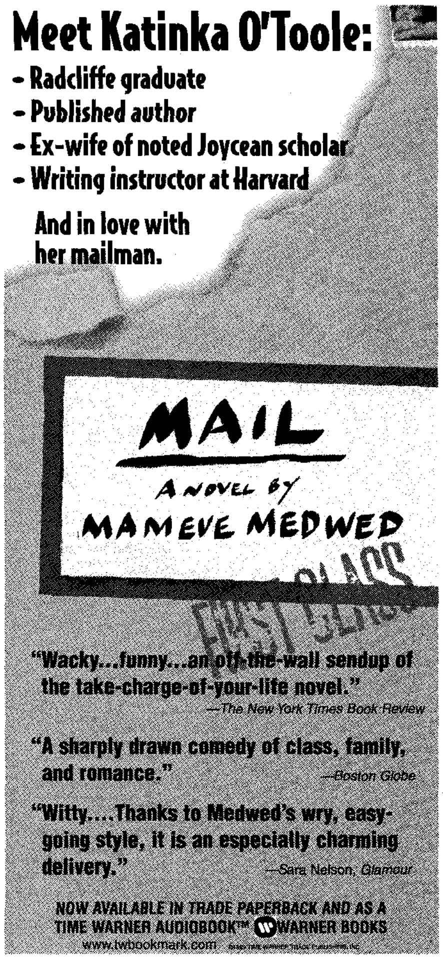
Rubens, Rembrandt & Vermeer

See the great masters while exploring the waterways of Holland and Flanders on an art cruise aboard the exclusively chartered, 30-passenger *Vincent van Gogh.* Dr. Karen Pope, a specialist in European and American art, will escort this unique voyage.

DEPARTING JUNE 10, 24 & SEPTEMBER 2, 2000
14 DAYS/13 NIGHTS
Rates from $6,990 per person, including international airfare, and all meals & museum visits

Call us toll free at
1-800-964-0500, or
contact your travel agent

INTRAV
www.intrav.com


Meet Katinka O'Toole:

- Radcliffe graduate
- Published author
- Ex-wife of noted Joycean scholar
- Writing instructor at Harvard

And in love with her mailman.

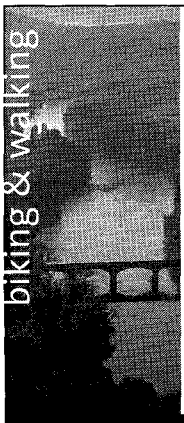
MAIL
A novel by
Mameve Medwed

"Wacky...funny...an off-the-wall sendup of the take-charge-of-your-life novel."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"A sharply drawn comedy of class, family, and romance."
—*Boston Globe*

"Witty....Thanks to Medwed's wry, easy-going style, it is an especially charming delivery."
—Sara Nelson, *Glamour*

NOW AVAILABLE IN TRADE PAPERBACK AND AS A TIME WARNER AUDIOBOOK™ WARNER BOOKS
www.twbookmark.com


biking & walking

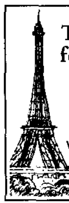
Perfectly-paced itineraries,
expert guides, and a fun,
unpretentious attitude.
There's never been a better
time to enjoy Europe
by bike or foot!

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL•SOBEK'S
LA DOLCE VIA
THE GOOD LIFE ON THE ROAD

Call today for a free catalog
of biking and walking tours
in France & Italy

LNY20

CALL TOLL-FREE 1.877.77DOLCE (773.6523)


The Newsletter
for People Who
Love Paris

PARIS
notes

To order call toll free:
1-800-677-9660
www.parisnotes.com

publishing since 1992
current events, culture
history, restaurants
hotels, travel tips
$39 10x/yr

TURKEY

Discover the best—in style. Hike to remote ruins, balloon over Cappadocia, sail the Turquoise Coast. Luxuriate at Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul.

SMALL GROUPS. FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE.

INCA *(Inca Floats, Inc.)*
1311-YT 63rd Street, Emeryville, CA 94608
510-420-1550 incafloats@aol.com

door neighbor. Screenplay by Peter Hedges and Polly Platt. Scott Elliott is the extremely competent first-time director.—*D.D.* (2/7/00) (Angelika Film Center.)

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's new documentary is one of the great movies about stupidity. Morris's dunce hero is Fred A. Leuchter, Jr., a Massachusetts man who spent years repairing and perfecting execution equipment—electric chairs at first and then gallows and lethal-injection machines—before meeting a neo-Nazi named Ernst Zündel, who sent Leuchter to Auschwitz on a revisionist mission. Leuchter brought back chunks of the crumbling walls of one of the crematoria and "proved," by ersatz chemical analysis, that no one had been executed there by gas. In part, the movie is an attempt by Morris to destroy one of the central "proofs" of the Holocaust deniers, but its real subject is the cult of expertise, a peculiar kind of American dimness which blinds the so-called expert to every form of knowledge save the one that he understands. Brilliant and disturbing.—*D.D.* (1/24/00) (Quad Cinema.)

Modern Times (1936)—After "City Lights," which was silent, with a musical accompaniment and sound effects, Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. Influenced by René Clair's "À Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech). As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental, time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a break off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality.—*Pauline Kael* (Anthology Film Archives; Feb. 12-13.)

Next Friday—Ice Cube reprises his role as the Los Angeles homeboy Craig in this sequel to the 1995 comedy "Friday." It's four years later and Debo, the neighborhood thug, is getting out of jail, so Craig leaves South Central and goes to live with his Uncle Elroy (Don "DC" Curry) in Rancho Cucamonga, "The City Away from the City." Uncle Elroy lives large off of his lottery winnings, smoking blunts and taking Viagra, but his crib is on a wack cul-de-sac: the three Latino brothers across the way are running drugs. The action starts rolling when Craig and his cousin Day-Day (Mike Epps) must scheme to get a couple of grand to prevent foreclosure on Uncle Elroy's house. The film has a great soundtrack and some good laughs, but it lacks the backbeat of quotidian life and the sly evasion of stereotypes that made "Friday" a classic. And motormouth Chris Tucker, who lit up the original, is sorely missed. Ice Cube wrote the script, and he knows his demographic: a white skateboard punk plays a major role. Steve Carr, the noted hip-hop video director, makes his big-screen début.—*M.A.* (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the character until she has the audience in thrall, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome. The princess flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it's enough. With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati.—*P.K.* (BAM Rose Cinemas; Feb. 14.)

Simpatico—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Murray Hill Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.)

The Talented Mr. Ripley—For his first outing since "The English Patient," the writer and director Anthony Minghella has returned to the roasted light of Italy. The source is Patricia Highsmith's spooky, misanthropic novel of 1955; Matt Damon plays Tom Ripley, her murderous hero, although he lacks the quicksilver elusiveness that the role demands. He is outshone by Jude Law, whose violent disappearance, halfway through the picture, is a grievous wound. Law is sunny, slippery, and pansexual; he might have

THEATRE ADDRESSES

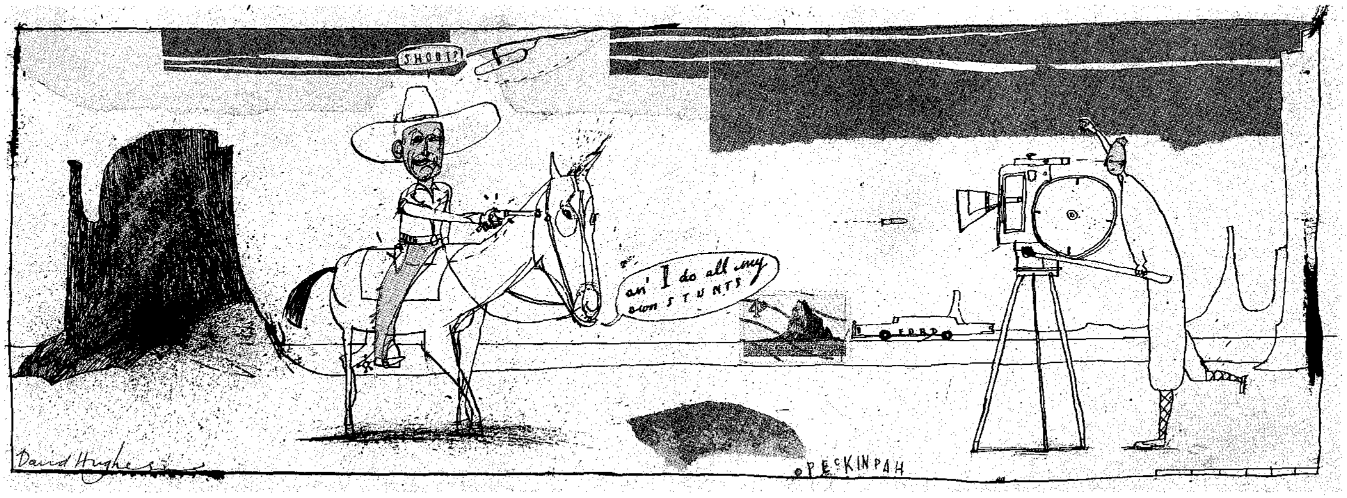
•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077).
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

made a better Ripley himself. In the female roles, Gwyneth Paltrow struggles to find anything much in the stony Marge, whom Highsmith so loftily scorned; more rewarding is the dreamy Cate Blanchett as an heiress named Meredith Logue—a part invented by Minghella. Her fine features are like a flawless period detail in themselves. The film feels warm but unsettled, as if hinting at approaching storms; the score, too, flits from lugubrious to manic. With Philip Seymour Hoffman, perfectly cast once again, this time as another of Tom's victims.—*A.L.* (12/27/99-1/3/00) (East 85th Street, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, and Village Theatre VII.)

Topsy-Turvy—Mike Leigh's brilliant re-creation of the most famous partnership in the British theatre—the collaboration of W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan in the glory era of imperial rule. There are elements here of a traditional bio-pic—failure, triumph, intimations of immortality—but none of the stodginess and self-congratulation that usually plague the form. Sullivan (Allan Corduner), a libertine who nevertheless had serious pretensions as a composer, and Gilbert (Jim Broadbent), formal, irascible, and asexual, but a great theatrical pro, are so dissimilar in temperament that they can hardly bear each other's company. Leigh suggests that the combination of sentimental languor and incisiveness produced the art of "The Mikado," whose preparation and first performance take up the second half of the movie. The authentic period stage lighting produces a glow on the painted faces; the fragile beauty of Sullivan's tunes is piercing when they are played, as they are here, at slower tempos than we are used to hearing. In all, one of the greatest movies about the theatre. With Lesley Manville, Timothy Spall, Ron Cook, and Wendy Nottingham.—*D.D.* (12/27/99-1/3/00) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Paris, and Village Theatre VII.)



Through February 21, "The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western," a retrospective at MOMA.

ALSO PLAYING

ALL ABOUT MY MOTHER (11/22/99): Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **AMERICAN BEAUTY** (9/20/99): First & 62nd Cinemas and State. . . . **AMERICAN MOVIE:** Cinema Village. . . . **BEING JOHN MALKOVITCH** (10/29/99): Kips Bay Theatres, 64th and 2nd, 62nd & Broadway, and Waverly. . . . **THE BIG TEASE:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **BOYS DON'T CRY** (10/18-25/99): Criterion Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Quad Cinema, and 64th and 2nd. . . . **THE CIDER HOUSE RULES** (12/13/99): Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Square. . . . **DOWN TO YOU:** Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatres, New York Twin, State, and Union Square. . . . **THE END OF THE AFFAIR** (12/6/99): BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **EYE OF THE BEHOLDER:** Chelsea West, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, and Union Square. . . . **THE GREEN MILE** (12/20/99): 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square. . . . **GUN SHY:** Cinema II, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **NIGHTMARE ALLEY:** Cinema Village. . . . **PLAY IT TO THE BONE:** Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Lincoln Square, and Union Square. . . . **SCREAM 3:** 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Sutton 1 and 2. . . . **SUPERNOVA:** Criterion Center. . . . **SWEET AND LOWDOWN** (12/6/99): First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square. . . . **TITUS:** Cinema II, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—The New York Film Critics Circle presents its choices for the best films of the 1990s. Feb. 12 at 2: "The Rapture" (1991, Michael Tolkin). . . . Feb. 12 at 4:15: "Flirting" (1992, John Duigan). . . . Feb. 13 at 2: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (1993, Walter Hill). . . . Feb. 13 at 4:30: "The Miracle" (1990, Neil Jordan).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—A retrospective of the films of director Sergei Eisenstein. Feb. 10 at 7: "Que Viva Mexico!" (1932; with Russian intertitles). . . . Feb. 11 at 8: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; in Russian). . . . Feb. 13 at 6: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-1946; in Russian). . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2 and Feb. 13 at 4 and 10: "Modern Times" (†).

BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770)—Feb. 9 at 7 and 9:30: "Cold Feet" (1999, Brian Evans). . . . Feb. 10 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Jane Eyre" (1996, Franco Zeffirelli). . . . Feb. 12 at 2, 5:25, and 8:45: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965, David Lean). . . . Feb. 13 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Like Water for Chocolate" (1992, Alfonso Arau). . . . Feb. 14 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Roman Holiday" (†). . . . Feb. 15 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Xala" (1974, Ousmane Sembene; in Wolof and French).

Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Feb. 9-10: "Rear Window" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock). A restored print, using vintage dye-transfer Technicolor. . . . ¶ Feb. 11-15: "Mad Max" (1979, George Miller). A remixed version featuring the original Australian dialogue.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 15 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Monsieur Hire" (1989, Patrice Leconte; in French).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Feb. 21: "The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western (and a Few Later Classics)." Feb. 10 at 2:30: "Over Silent Paths" (1910, D. W. Griffith) and "Rio Grande" (1950, John Ford). . . . Feb. 10 at 6 and Feb. 13 at 2: "The Yaqui Cur" (1913, Griffith) and "The Testing Block" (1920, Lambert Hillyer). . . . Feb. 11 at 2:30 and Feb. 12 at 5: "The Goddess of Sagebrush Gulch" (1912, Griffith), "An Outcast among Outcasts" (1912, Wilfred Lucas), "The God Within" (1912, Griffith), and "The Battle at Elderbush Gulch" (1913, Griffith). . . . Feb. 11 at 6 and Feb. 12 at 2: "The Gaucho" (1928, F. Richard Jones). . . . Feb. 11 at 8: "Just Gold" (1913, Griffith) and "Dead Man" (1996, Jim Jarmusch). . . . Feb. 13 at 5: "White Oak" (1921, Hillyer) and "His Bitter Pill" (1916, Mack Sennett). . . . Feb. 14 at 4 and Feb. 15 at 3: "The Great K & A Train Robbery" (1926, Lewis Seiler) and "Riders of the Purple Cows" (1924, Sennett).

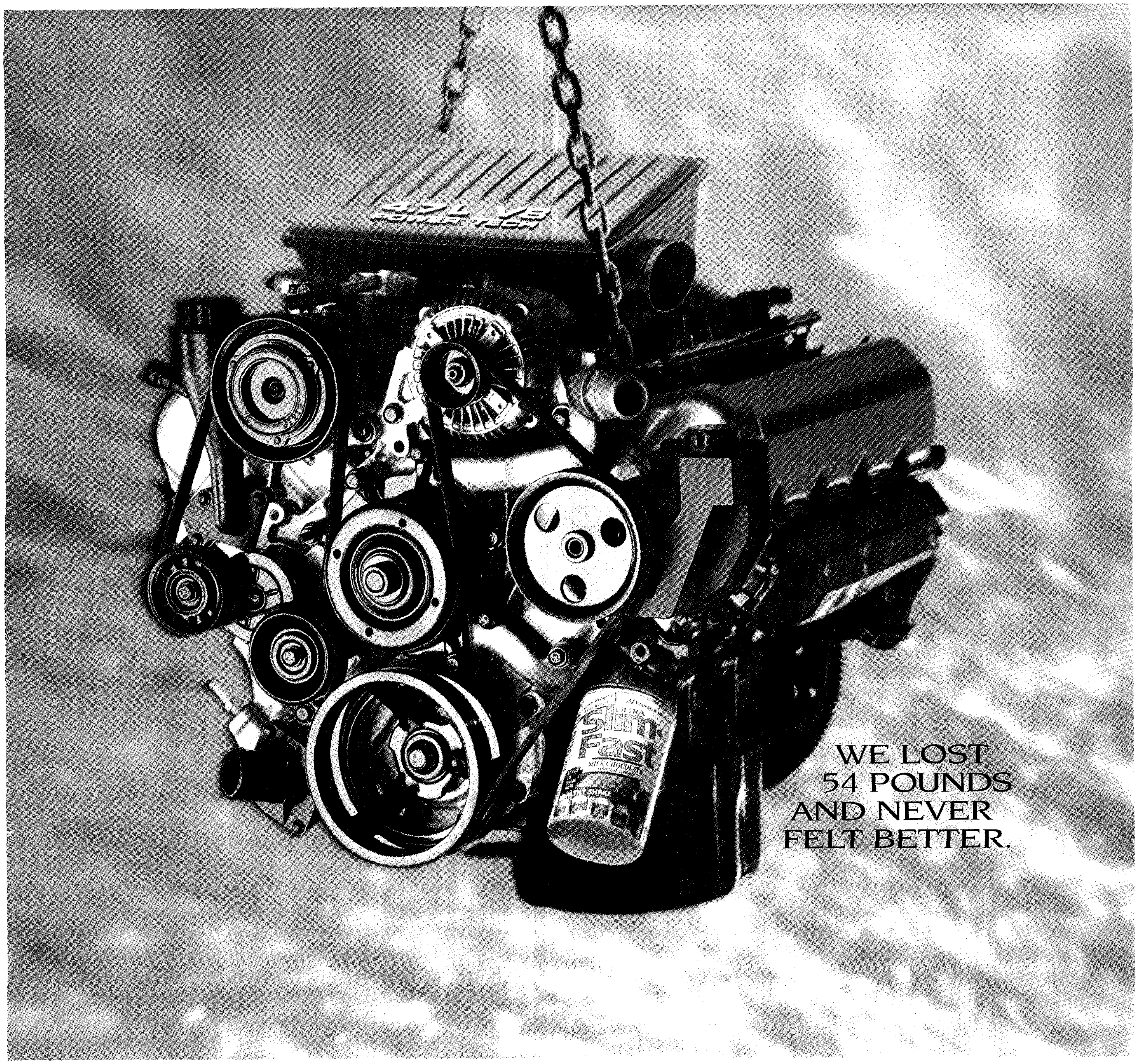
Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—The Kurt Weill centennial celebration begins with a German television production of "The Threepenny Opera" (1972; in German) on Feb. 11 and Feb. 13 at 2.

The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100)—Feb. 9-10: "Beloved/Friend" (1999, Ventura Pons; in Catalan). . . . ¶ The films of director John Frankenheimer. Feb. 11-12 at 3:30 and 7:50: "Seconds" (1966). . . . Feb. 11-12 at 5:35 and 9:55: "Seven Days in May" (1964). . . . Feb. 13-14 at 4:10 and 9:30: "The Train" (1964). . . . Feb. 13-14 at 6:40: "Birdman of Alcatraz" (1962). . . . Feb. 15 at 3:10 and 7:40: "All Fall Down" (1962). . . . Feb. 15 at 5:15 and 9:50: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Feb. 24: "Frederick Wiseman: American Filmmaker," a retrospective of the noted documentarian's work. Feb. 9 at 1: "Zoo" (1993). . . . Feb. 9 at 3:30: "Central Park" (1989). . . . Feb. 9 at 7: "Titicut Follies" (1967). . . . Feb. 9 at 8:45: "Law and Order" (1969). . . . Feb. 10 at 1: "Ballet" (1995). . . . Feb. 10 at 4:15 and Feb. 11 at 1 and 6: "Hospital" (1970). . . . Feb. 11 at 3 and 9: "Blind" (1986). . . . Feb. 12 at 4:30 and 8:40: "Manoeuvre" (1979). . . . Feb. 12 at 6:45 and Feb. 13 at 4: "Basic Training" (†). . . . Feb. 14 at 1: "Near Death" (1989). . . . Feb. 15 at 1: "La Comédie Française" (1996; in French).

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Through Feb. 13: "The Cool World: Film and Video in America 1950-2000," eclectic shorts, documentaries, and videos from the museum's collection.

DAVID HUGHES



JEEP® GRAND CHEROKEE

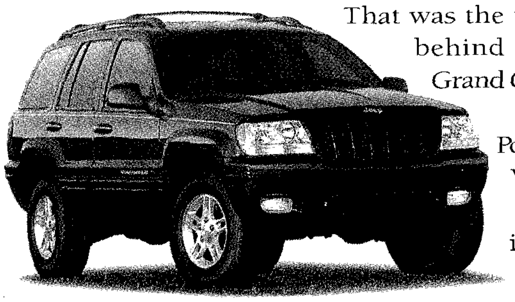
When people lose weight, they have more energy. So shouldn't the same hold true for an engine? That was the thinking behind the Jeep Grand Cherokee 4.7 litre Power Tech V8.* This engine is lighter than its predecessor, yet remarkably more powerful. It also boasts better fuel economy** and reduced emissions.

The gutsy 235 horsepower† Power Tech V8 has both a powerful initial surge and impressive on-the-go acceleration. So you can always pass man and beast with confidence and ease.

To find out how good it feels to lose 54 pounds, take Jeep Grand Cherokee for a test-drive. Visit us at www.jeep.com or call 1-800-925-JEEP.

Jeep®
THERE'S ONLY ONE

*Optional. **EPA est. mpg: 15 city/19 hwy. †The horsepower rating is 230 in the following Low Emission Vehicle states: CA, CT, DE, MA, MD, NH, NJ, NY, RI, PA, VA, VT and the District of Columbia. Jeep is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler.



THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

The fascinatin' John McCain.

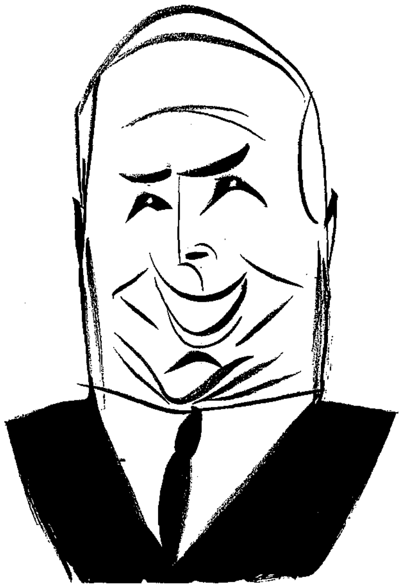
In the days before the New Hampshire primary, as the sketchy overnight polls bounced and skittered, predicting new fates for the candidates each morning—and spawning endless effusions of analytical poppycock—an acolyte asked the dean of American political writers, David Broder, of the Washington *Post*, how to determine what was real. Broder, who looks a bit like a lanky Yoda, smiled beatifically and said, "Trust your eyes."

Ah, so. Only one candidate seemed to be having fun on the stump as the vote approached, drawing vast crowds, answering questions from all comers, and inspiring his audiences in the process—and only one candidate emerged from New Hampshire a true, unfettered winner. John McCain's style and prospects have been chewed over endlessly in the ensuing days, but his victory was particularly satisfying and deserves to be savored.

Actually, McCain—a wildly unique human specimen—ran a campaign that was not completely sui generis. It was the continuation of an intermittent, decade-long rebellion of moderate, middle-class voters against a political system that has been hijacked by a variety of extremists—corporate and cause-afflicted special interests—and by marketing consultants, media experts, and talking heads.

The last candidate to capture the public imagination in this way, however briefly, was also a straight-talking outsider, a self-possessed Naval Academy graduate with an acute sense of humor who appealed to alienated independents—especially white, middle-aged, middle-class people—with a message of political reform and fiscal responsibility. His name was Ross Perot. And the McCain stampede in New Hampshire resembled nothing so much as the movement Perot spawned, the Reform Party, in the days before it was overwhelmed by charlatans and gold diggers.

There are, of course, significant differences between John McCain and Ross Perot. McCain has actually faced electorates in the past, and won elections. His name has appeared on significant legislation. He has not yet claimed that the President of the United States tried to disrupt his daughter's wedding, or that mysterious sappers tried to assassinate him. Most important, McCain is a populist who also happens to be an optimist; Perot was brought to earth not just by his lunatic egomania but by a pessimism—the same straitened, nativist, protectionist paranoia that has crippled most American populist movements in the past.



John McCain

But, like Perot, McCain had his finest moments when he burst the orthodoxies of the two prevailing parties and told the truth. On the reform of health-maintenance organizations, for example: "The problem is, the Democrats are in the pocket of the trial lawyers and we Republicans are in the pocket of the insurance companies. And so there is gridlock, and there will continue to be, until we get the special-interest influence out of politics."

None of the other candidates traversing New Hampshire ever sounded so clear a note. George Bush ran a solid and honorable, though not very convincing, campaign. He has a significant threshold problem: just as Bob Dole seemed, at first glance, too old to be President in 1996, George W. Bush appears too green to succeed in 2000. The agony of the Republican establishment, as it attempts to drag its favorite son to victory, will be awful to behold—and the surreptitious efforts to kneecap the hated McCain are likely to grow uglier as the South Carolina primary approaches. Bush will probably let the private pro-gun and anti-abortion and low-tax lobbying groups do much of the heavy lifting for him, through the same sort of paid advertisements that didn't work in New Hampshire but may prove more effective elsewhere.

As for the Democrats, the less said the better. Both Al Gore and Bill Bradley ran mingy, whiny, depressing campaigns consumed with personal attacks, self-righteousness, and minutiae. Neither candidate inspired much enthusiasm; the percentage of registered Democrats voting this year in both Iowa and New Hampshire was lower than in contested primaries past. Neither man seems to enjoy politics, or people, very much.

By contrast, John McCain has made the process invigorating again—not only for the reporters (and their bosses) who jammed his bus in the final days but also for a public weary of market-tested

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

WESTMINSTER
EL CLUB
Best in Show
Best of

blather. McCain faces a new test now: the temptation to tell the Republicans what they want to hear in order to keep winning. No doubt the Senator will have more to say about the "truth-twisting politics" of the Clinton-Gore Administration. One would hope that his waffling on whether South Carolina should continue to fly the Confederate battle flag will prove an exceptional moment of cowardice. But the prospect of success does awful things to politicians and, as Ross Perot's sad journey proves, we've been down this road before. —JOE KLEIN

• •

RAG TRADE

A New York hostess helps interpret some Fashion Week invitations.

"I'VE decided I live in a whole other world," Nan Kempner said as she drank a cup of tea in her Park Avenue duplex one evening last week and inspected a pile of creative invitations for New York Fashion Week. "I've never seen anything like this." Between two long, skinny fingers, she held a tattered piece of beige nylon decorated with metal studs, an invitation to a fashion show. "This one looks like a condom. Yuck."

Kempner, who is one of Manhattan's most indefatigable hostesses and guests, has just finished writing a new book called "R.S.V.P.," a compilation of dinner-party recipes and photographs that she describes as "a sort of voyeuristic name-dropping cookbook." For the endpapers, she envisions a collage of invitations to her own parties.

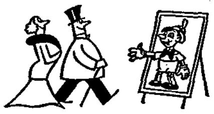
"Now, that's really pretty," Kempner said, holding up an invitation for the première showing of Sean John, the men's clothing line conceived by Sean (Puffy) Combs. The invitation, printed on clear plastic, was delivered in a folded piece of thick glossy paper decorated with ten plastic rhinestones. A moment later, Paul Wilmot, Combs's P.R. representative and the originator of the invitation, happened to call to invite Kempner to a cocktail party. "I just think your invitation with the dots on it is very cute," she told him. "Puffy designed that himself?" Wilmot's voice could be heard through the receiver as he responded: "It's all about flash."

Further down the pile, beneath a fluorescent painted matchbook and a miniature Hot Wheels racing car, Kempner picked up a silver Ziploc bag from the German men's designer Joop! "This one looks like it will kill you," she said as she struggled to open the bag. It was imprinted with the words "Attention: Contents static-sensitive. Handling precautions required." After a few seconds, she gave up and turned her attention to a small red patent-leather change purse from Chaiken, a women's-wear designer. "This you can use. It's very chic. Attach that to a belt, that's a fashion feature. Of course, you have no idea what the clothes are."

Kempner has been a fixture in the front rows of fashion shows since 1967, when she became fashion-features editor at *Harper's Bazaar*. "In the old days, I can remember, they had shows in their showrooms on Seventh Avenue. Bill Blass and Oscar de la Renta and Jimmy Galanos—it was old friends. Now it's like you're going to the opening of a discothèque." This week, she has time to attend only one show, de la Renta's. As for the others, she said, "I may not go, but I'd love to be invited." —ERICA YOUNGREN

THE PICTURES

Jeffrey Katzenberg's road to the gold.



JEFFREY KATZENBERG, the animation specialist in the DreamWorks SKG moviemaking trio, surfaced at the Ziegfeld Theatre on a very cold night last week to screen an unfinished print of his new, seventy-million-dollar animated movie, "The Road to El Dorado," which will open next month. About two hundred invitees were on hand, mostly people who might help promote the film—"the people who count," according to DreamWorks' marketing head, Terry Press, an attractive, authoritative young woman who was part of Katzenberg's entourage from the Coast.

Just before the movie started, the trim, boyish-looking Katzenberg—who was subtly tanned, had on silver-rimmed eyeglasses, and wore a fastidiously pressed black blazer over a black polo shirt, charcoal-gray pants, and shiny black loafers—waited calmly in the Ziegfeld's upstairs equivalent of a greenroom.

"This is a buddy movie, you know, like Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their road pictures," Katzenberg said. "These buddies, on the road to El Dorado, a legendary city of gold, are Tulio, played by the voice of Kevin Kline, and Miguel, played by Kenneth Branagh. The songs are by Tim Rice and Elton John, sung by Elton John."

An aide, also attired in black, explained mildly that Katzenberg had recently received a settlement of around two hundred and fifty million dollars from his former employer, Disney, after suing the company for his "incentive bonus"—two per cent of the profits from "The Lion King" and other films and television projects.

"These films take four years to make. We're working now on 'Shrek,' based on William Steig's book about an ogre, with Mike Myers and Eddie Murphy," Katzenberg said. "In June, we'll be releasing 'Chicken Run.' It's 'The Great Escape,' but with chickens."

"Oh, Tim!" Katzenberg said as Tim Rice turned up, very red in the face, blowing on his hands and looking about eight feet tall and almost as wide in a too small overcoat. "Cold, cold," Rice said. "Too cold for us Brits." He hovered like a giant over Katzenberg. "Freezing," Katzenberg said. "I came in last night in the storm. Terrible."

"I come to you straight from the revival of 'Jesus Christ Superstar' and from 'Aida,'" Rice said, referring to the Disney musical-theatre version of the Verdi opera, which opens on Broadway in March.

"It was colder in Atlanta last week," Katzenberg said. "I took the twins to see Emory University. We're visiting the colleges. My wife, Marilyn, didn't let our kids get spoiled. She's down-to-earth, born and raised in Brooklyn—from New York, like me."

"These long trips," Rice said, still blowing on his hands. "The overnights, trying to sleep in those little bunks—there's too much of me. I can't fit."

"I curl up in those little airplane beds," Katzenberg said, grinning. "I sleep very well. For 'Chicken Run,' once every three weeks I'd fly to Bristol, in England, to the Aardman shop, where we did the animation. I'd arrive at seven-thirty in the morning, start at eight, finish at eleven that night, and fly right back."

Before the screening began, Tim Rice, Kevin Kline, Kenneth Branagh, Armand Assante, Edward James Olmos, and Rosie Perez—owner of the voice of the seductive native girl, Chel, the Dorothy Lamour of this road picture—went up front and stood before the people who count. Perez was wearing a low-cut pink blouse and a neck brace, because she had hurt herself sledding on Suicide Hill in Riverside Park. "This movie was the first time I ever did a love scene in a booth by myself," she told the audience.

"Ours was a real environment of love," Katzenberg said.

After the screening, everyone adjourned to a restaurant next door, where a magnificent Yamaha concert grand piano was being played by Andy Marx, the grandson of Groucho. He was playing "Makin' Whoopee," written by Gus Kahn, his other grandfather. Then Elton John, wearing a bright-orange-red suit with lapels edged in diamonds, walked in and took possession of the Yamaha. He played and sang his throbbing and passionate songs from the movie:

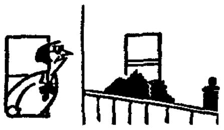
Our glorious city
Was built by the divinities, by gods
Who saw fit to bestow
The gift of a paradise
Peaceful and harmonious upon
Us mere mortals below . . .
El Dorado. El Dorado. El Dorado . . .

Katzenberg stood at the piano, throbbing, passionate, and looking peaceful and harmonious, too.

—LILLIAN ROSS

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

A sneak peek at Woody Allen's newest project.



THERE are two things you can reliably say about Woody Allen's movies: they run about an hour and a half, and their auteur doesn't like people to know much about them until they open. Allen's latest effort, however, is less than three minutes long, and he is talking about it to anyone who will listen. The film—a video, actually—doesn't have a title, and it doesn't have much of a plot, though it connects pretty closely to the themes Allen has been playing with throughout his career. You might call this new effort Woody Allen's first propaganda project, since he made it to try to persuade the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission to reject plans for a high-rise apartment tower that has been proposed for the corner of Ninety-first Street and Madison Avenue, just around the block from the handsome, double-width Georgian town house that Allen and his wife, Soon-Yi Previn, recently purchased. If the seventeen-story tower is built, it will change the streetscape of the landmark-rich Carnegie Hill neighborhood on upper Madison Avenue, and it will throw Allen's garden into shadow.

Allen originally agreed to make the video with no soundtrack, to provide a visual backdrop for a presentation that Carol McFadden, one of the leaders of a neighborhood campaign against the tower, was planning to make at a hearing this week before the Landmarks Commission. Last week, while he was putting the finishing touches on the video, Allen said, “Then the word came that they didn’t want a film shown at the hearing”—even a film specially made for the occasion by Woody Allen. So Allen decided to increase the production values and distribute the video himself. “I put in myself as narrator, and added music,” Allen said. “It’s my view of Carnegie Hill—it’s an emotional appeal.”

Woody Allen

Allen and the neighborhood group plan to send copies of the video to Mayor Giuliani and to members of the Landmarks Commission. When the commissioners pop the cassettes into their VCRs, they will hear Woody Allen introducing himself while in the background a pianist plays Rodgers and Hart’s “Manhattan.” “I’ve been shooting movies in this town for more than thirty years, and when I really want to show Manhattan as a warm place I always return to Carnegie Hill to film,” Allen says in the video. The camera glides, in the style of a travel video, past Madison Avenue shopfronts to the elegant mansions of East Ninety-first and East Ninety-second Streets and on to the spire of the Brick Church, on Park Avenue. There is not an ugly high-rise to be seen, although a couple of towers have already intruded on upper Madison Avenue.

“People have criticized me for years for seeing the city through rose-colored glasses, but it’s the way I see it,” Allen said to me. “I’m not against skyscrapers and development—that’s what gives the city its muscular energy. But there’s got to be Carnegie Hill and places like Jane Street in the Village, or you have Houston, Texas.”

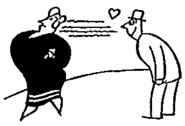
The architect who designed the proposed tower, Charles Platt, lives a block away from the building site, and doesn’t like the notion that replacing a one-story Citibank branch would turn Carnegie Hill into Houston. Platt, who is better known as a preservation advocate than as an architect of intrusive towers, thinks that his building fits in gracefully. But he is in something of a bind, because the developer of the tower, the Tamarkin Company, bought an adjacent brownstone and was able to use its air rights to make the tower several stories taller than it would have been. It’s a miniature version of the gimmick that allowed Donald Trump to put up Trump World Tower, the monstrously big apartment building in midtown.

Allen isn’t the only prominent resident of Carnegie Hill who is fighting the tower—Roger Altman, the former Deputy Treasury Secretary, Representative Carolyn Maloney, and the food entrepreneur Eli Zabar are also involved in the fight—but his video clearly represents a new level of public engagement for the reclusive filmmaker. Then again, he says, this isn’t the first time he’s fought to save a landmark. “I was against the addendum they put onto the Guggenheim, and I fought to save the cottages on Third Avenue, and I tried to save Books & Company,” he said. “I’ve been on the losing side of a lot of development battles.”

—PAUL GOLDBERGER

BE MINE DEPT.

On patrol at Barneys with a professional matchmaker.



ONE recent Saturday afternoon on the main floor of Barneys, R., an attorney in his early thirties, huddled near the Chanel counter with an auburn-haired woman. She was too old to be his girlfriend but too young to be his mother. They spoke quietly, their eyes scanning the cosmetics department. Finally, R. focussed on a young woman with wet dark hair and a black backpack. He pointed discreetly. “What about that one?”

Janis Spindel left R. and walked toward the girl, who was outlining her mouth in nude lip pencil. Spindel leaned into the counter, staring intently. The girl didn’t notice her. Spindel came back, shaking her head. “She could be awesome, except for the nose,” she said.

Spindel is a professional matchmaker who started her business seven years ago, when she realized that she had set up dozens of her friends for free. Each of her male clients pays her ten thousand dollars a year for a minimum of twelve dates.

She and R. moved on, gliding past parents with infants in Snuglis and middle-aged men in weekend leather. “There’s nobody here today,” Spindel said. “Maybe we should try Bloomingdale’s.” Then she spotted a small-boned, very young woman riffling through a basket of tortoiseshell hair ornaments. “What about that one?” she asked. R. shook his head. “She’s, like, fourteen,” he said.

“I beg to differ,” replied Spindel, who briskly walked over and struck up a conversation with the young woman. She returned, triumphant. “She’s twenty. Goes to B.U.,” she said. “Still too young for you. Adorable, though.”

They moved on, to the Stila counter, where an array of pretty women were squeezing lip gloss from industrial-looking aluminum tubes. An Amazonian blonde in orange spandex running pants stood out among them. “Check her out,” the five-foot-seven-inch attorney said. He looked up at her through rectangular wire-rimmed glasses and ran a hand through his hair.

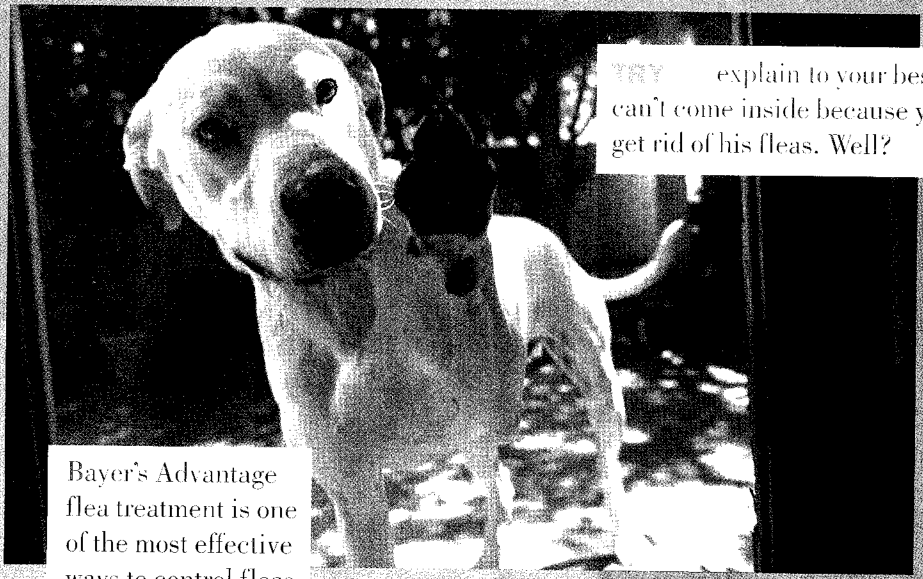
In a flash, Spindel was by her side. “Excuse me,” Spindel interrupted. The blonde paused, two different shades of shimmering pink goo on the tips of two long fingers. “I know this is going to sound like an insane question, but are you married or single?” A flush spread across the woman’s healthy cheeks, and she smiled broadly. Lip gloss momentarily forgotten, she dug through her bag for a business card.

“She’s thirty-four. An agent for fashion-industry photographers,” Spindel reported back to her client, who had been watching from across the aisle by a glass case filled with chiffon scarves. “Not for you.”

“N.M.O.T.?” R. queried.

“Certainly not,” Spindel answered,

TRY explain to your best buddy that he can't come inside because you can't seem to get rid of his fleas. Well?



Bayer's Advantage flea treatment is one of the most effective ways to control fleas ever developed.

Bayer

Changing the world
with great care.

© Bayer Corporation 1999

BayerUS.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and then explained, "He needs to marry a Jewish girl. She was clearly Not a Member of the Tribe."

Spindel and R. proceeded downstairs to Fred's, the lower-level restaurant. They passed two thirtyish women who were eating soup and drinking cappuccino at the bar. They had salon-fresh hair tucked behind diamond-studded ears, and each had a small Fendi croissant bag on her lap. "What was wrong with them?" Spindel asked. R. looked over at them. "They were chewing with their mouths open," he said.

An elegant, angular woman in a fur-collared coat stood near the maître d's station, talking on a cell phone. Spindel homed in on her, eyes narrowing. While she went off to check out her target, R. took a deep breath. "You know, I'm just a friend of Janis's. I'm not a client," he said. "I'd never pay five dollars for a date. I don't have to."

Janis Spindel

Spindel came back, looking dejected. "Married. Mega-diamond on her finger."

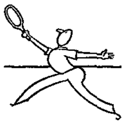
Not to be deterred, Spindel struck up a conversation with the two young women at the bar, despite R.'s reservations about their table manners. After all, this is what her clients pay her to do. If these women aren't right for R., they might be right for someone else.

Outside, on Madison, R. kissed Spindel goodbye. As he disappeared into the crowd of weekend shoppers, Spindel pulled out her cell phone and hailed a taxi. "He's very neurotic about the whole matchmaking thing," she said. "No one wants to admit to being a client. It breaks my heart." In the back of the taxi, she checked her beeper. "Out of seventy weddings, I haven't been invited to one."

—Dani Shapiro

THE SPORTING LIFE

Tribal pride at a New York squash tournament.



The other day, Amjad Khan, a squash player from Pakistan, carried a singular burden into his first-round match in the annual Tournament of Champions, which is held in a Plexiglas court in Grand Central Terminal. It was bad enough that his uncle Jansher had been for years the best squash player in the world. But, back in the nineteen-eighties, their fellow Pathan clansman from Peshawar, Jahangir Khan, had been a world champion, too, and before Jahangir there was his father, Roshan, and before Roshan came Roshan's cousin Azam, and before Azam came the patriarch of the clan, Hashim Khan.

Amjad, who turns twenty later this month, is currently the seventeenth-ranked squash player in the world. His uncle Jansher was the world champion for much of the nineteen-nineties. Jansher and his forebears so dominated the game that otherwise estimable opponents approached their matches with no illusions about winning anything but the occasional point.

Amjad's first-round match was against Simon Parke, an Englishman who is the world's fourth-ranked player. Waiting to play, Amjad sat alone, without the entourage of trainers and hangers-on that used to accompany Jansher. Then, as if he needed any more pressure, he spotted Hashim, the clan elder, coming through the crowd at Grand Central. Amjad rose and approached him tentatively. He introduced himself and reminded Hashim that they had met years earlier, briefly, at a squash clinic when Hashim, who lives in Denver now, had visited Pakistan.

Hashim Khan, who is now eighty-five, possesses mythic stature in the squash world, not only for having won the British Open, the sport's Wimbledon, seven times—the last at the Methuselan age of forty-two—but also for having spawned a dynasty that emerged from a remote village near the Khyber Pass to rule a sport that has its origins among the British upper classes. He was dressed in a blue suit, an oxford-cloth shirt, and a university tie. He listened to Amjad, nodded, and said, "You must win this tournament."

Amjad did not start well. Between the points being won by Simon Parke, Amjad could look back and see the small, impassive face of Hashim Khan. The older man sat without moving, his coat draped across his lap and his hands folded on top of it. Amjad, he said, appeared to be beating himself. "He needs to relax," he said.

Time and again, Amjad committed the unforced errors that come when confidence and concentration wane. With each mistake, Hashim Khan permitted himself a small wincing smile. Perhaps, he said, Jansher, who now coaches Amjad, should have more carefully groomed a successor. "When I played, I trained my brother so that when I retired he could take my place," he said. "It's important to keep the championship in the family, and in Pakistan."

Then Amjad's racquet broke, and when he returned to the court he could not find his rhythm. "His opponent changed his game," Hashim Khan said. "He stayed the same."

In the fifth and deciding contest, Amjad fell apart. "I just lost my concentration," he said. Hashim Khan rose from his seat, slowly descended a few stairs, and came to Amjad. He placed a hand on the younger man's shoulder and, trying to encourage him, said, "You're better than him."

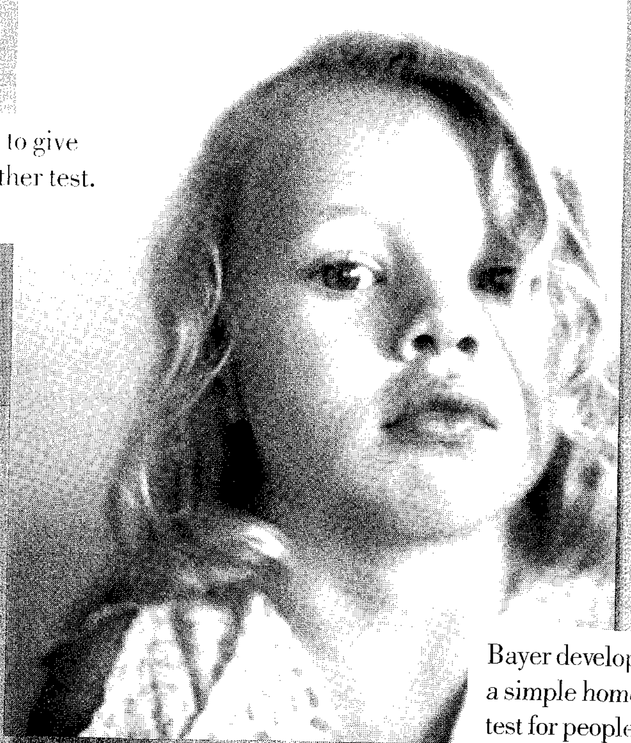
Amjad smiled, thanked him, and began to pack his gear. With his part in the tournament over, he would leave the following day for Pakistan. He knew the questions that awaited him from his uncle Jansher.

"He always says to me, 'You have to do it. You have to move up,' " Amjad said. " 'You have to win. You have to beat everybody. Why did you lose?'

"I say, 'Next time. Next time.' "

—Michael Shapiro

ASK THIS diabetes patient to give even more blood for yet another test. Go ahead, ask her.



Bayer developed a simple home blood test for people with diabetes that uses just a tiny drop of blood.

Bayer

Changing the world with great care.

© Bayer Corporation 1999

BayerUS.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University Vacations

For the Wandering Scholars
of the World

Oxford Cambridge
Harvard Yale
Sorbonne Dublin
Edinburgh London
Bologna Florence
Verona Venice
Prague Coimbra

Gracious living, dining and learning. One-week cultural vacations for adults.

19th Annual Programs
FREE COLOR CATALOG
1-800-792-0100
e-mail:univac@gate.net

THE
SEVEN CONTINENTS
VOYAGE
110 Days — departs Nov. 28, 2000, returns Mar. 13, 2001

Join us on a remarkable around-the-world cruise to remote ports. Our unique features include:

- Stimulating educational and activity programs
- Zodiac excursions to secluded shores
- Single accommodation at no surcharge
- Rates from $10,990 — airfare included!
- Book before March 15th and *SAVE* up to *10%!*

For a free brochure, call 1-888-558-0887 ref. 610

THE WORLD CRUISE COMPANY
www.worldcruiseco.com

Vacation Rentals
France, Italy, Spain, Portugal & The U.K.
We have a wonderful selection of personally inspected Country Homes, Villas and Apartments. Rentals available from a week to a year.
Call Vacances Provençales Vacations, 1-800-263-7152, FAX (416)322-0706. www.inforamp.net/~vpv

Half Moon
JAMAICA
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 1-800-237-3237
JUMBY BAY
RESORT, ANTIGUA

LETTER FROM LONDON

THE MARIA PROBLEM

Going wild for "The Sound of Music"—with subtitles.

BY ANTHONY LANE

LET'S start at the very beginning. (It's a very good place to start.) Maria Augusta Kutschera was born in 1905. As a young woman, she became a postulant at the Nonnberg Abbey, in Salzburg, Austria, but suffered from ill health. It was deemed beneficial that she should venture outside and adopt the post of governess in the home of a naval captain. She married him in 1927, which put an end to any postulating. The captain already had seven children; Maria bore him three more and formed a family musical group, whose success was cut short when Hitler invaded his native land. Even now, no historian has been able to ascertain if this was a genuine bid for power or the only possible means whereby the Führer could eradicate the threat of close-harmony singing.

Maria and her family fled to Italy, England, and, finally, the United States. The captain died in 1947; two years later, Maria published "The Story of the Trapp Family Singers." In 1956, the book was turned into a hit German movie; theatrical producers began to sniff around, and in November, 1959, "The Sound of Music," with original songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein, opened on Broadway. Twentieth Century Fox soon acquired the movie rights, but the film proved hard to bring to birth. After nearly five years of wrangles and pangs, "The Sound of Music," directed by Robert Wise and starring Julie Andrews, had its New York première, on March 2, 1965. To date, the picture has earned a hundred and sixty million dollars. It remains the most popular musical film in history. One woman in Wales has seen it almost a thousand times. In Hong Kong, it is entitled "Fairy Music Blow Fragrant Place, Place Hear."

All of which is how I came to be standing on a sidewalk on a dark December evening, waving a foam nun.

THE Prince Charles Cinema sits in central London, a hundred yards east of Piccadilly, between the Notre Dame dance hall and a row of Chinese restaurants. When it opened, in 1991, the idea was that you could catch new and recent pictures for less than two dollars—a fraction of what they cost around the corner, in the plush movie theatres of Leicester Square. Even now, the Prince Charles has nobly resisted the urge to smarten up; the furnishings are a touching tribute to wartime brown, and the stalls, flouting a rule of theatrical design which has obtained since the fifth century B.C., appear to slope downward toward the back, so that customers in the rear seats can enjoy an uncluttered view of their own knees. The cinema shows three or four films a day; come the weekend, everything explodes. Since August, every Friday evening and Sunday afternoon the program has been the same: "Singalong-a-Sound-of-Music."

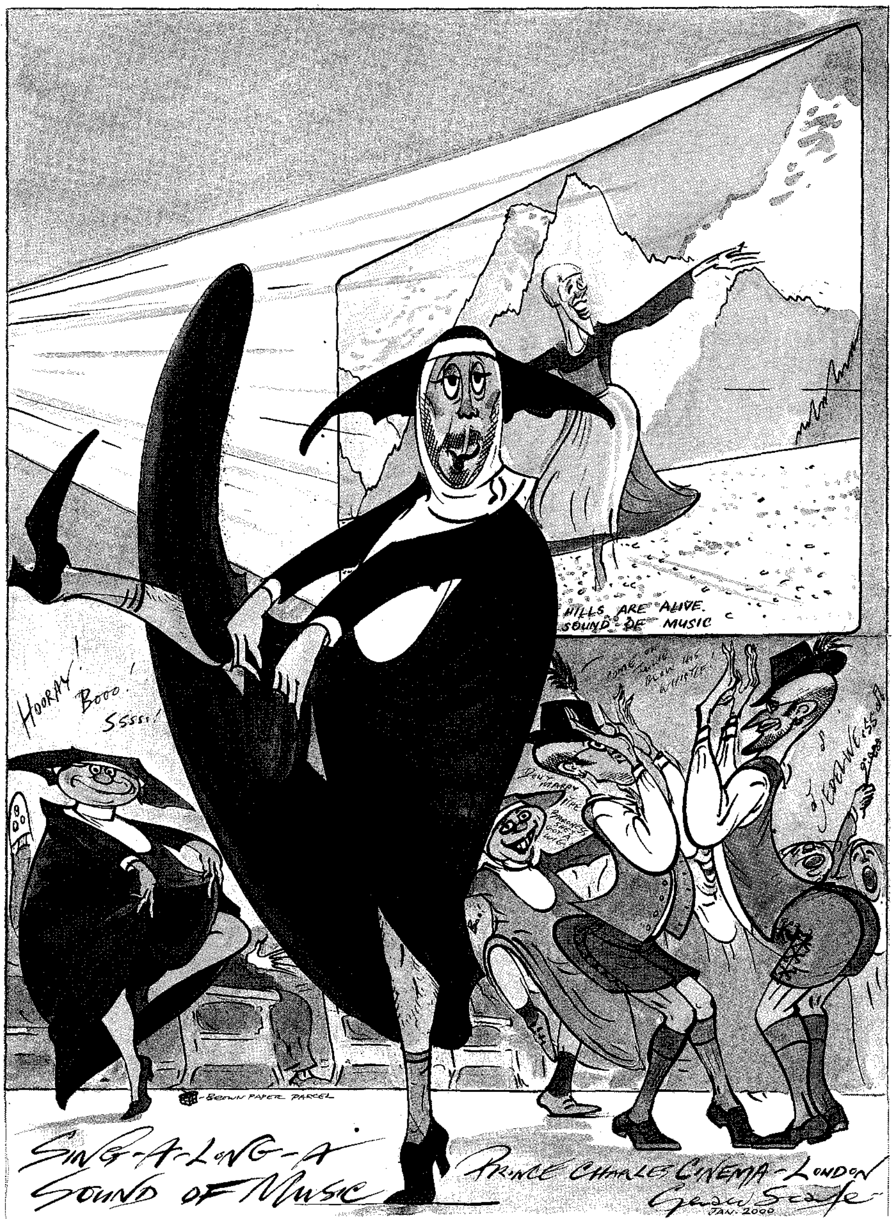
The idea is simple. You watch the film—uncut, as nature intended, in a scuzzy print, with alarming color shifts as the reels change. The only difference is the added subtitles, which come alive, like the hills, during every song. These enable viewers to join in, which they do with undisguised lustiness. The titling of "The Sound of Music" was prepared by Martin Wagner, for London's National Film Theatre, and it struck me as the one work of unquestionable genius that I encountered last year. I tend to be embarrassed by subtitles; their audacious efforts to snatch at foreign vernaculars end up stressing, rather than allaying, the alien qualities of the setting. With "The Sound of Music," however, they bring home just how tightly, even soothingly, we are wrapped in this unignorable film. In a sense, Wagner had a head start; what was required was not translation from another tongue but the simple transcription, for karaoke purposes, of words that most of us know pretty well. (I was appalled to discover that, after a thirty-year break, I was close to word perfect.) This, however, is where Wagner shows his hand; who else would have thought to include the *Latin chant* that rises from the abbey as we pan down from Julie Andrews on a hillside and get ready for "(How Do You Solve a Problem Like) Maria?" I had never noticed it before—no audience is meant to notice filler, the blah that keeps a soundtrack ticking along—but suddenly there it was at the bottom of the screen ("*In saecula saeculorum*"). Things get even better halfway through the picture, as the children gather at the foot of the stairs to bid the party guests good night. Friedrich sings, and the titles follow him closely:

So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen, adieu,
Adieu, adieu, to yieu and yieu and yieu.

That was it for me. For thirty years, I have wondered about this torturing little rhyme. It should have been easy to avoid; if you want "Adieu" to chime with "you," don't pronounce it in French—simply opt for the Anglicized version, "Adyoo," and take it from there. But no: "The Sound of Music" made a tragic move to sound classy, and it paid the price. As for the yodelling in the puppet scene, it inspires Wagner to his finest work—a cluster bomb of meaningless vowels. For anyone who believes that "The Sound of Music" shows Hollywood at its most hopelessly square, what could be more bracing than to see it reborn as a Dadaist art happening?

All nonsense is a pleasure, of course, from Lewis Carroll down to Alexander Haig, but what lends particular spice to "The Sound of Music" is that it is known nonsense, remembered and revered. And that is why the Prince Charles has become a place of pilgrimage. It occasionally screens "The Rocky Horror Show," too, to a gathering of addicts. But that film is already armored by a sense of camp; nothing you can throw at it will dent its knowingness, whereas "The Sound of Music," the most unwitting of cults, is blissfully up for grabs.

When I arrived on a Friday night, an hour before the start, the area around the cinema was packed. To be specific, it was packed with nuns. Many of them bore guitars. I was one of the few pathetic creatures who had not made the effort to come in costume. There were Nazis, naturally, as in every major city, plus a load of people who looked like giant parcels. I didn't get it. "Who are they?" I said to a nun who was having a quick cigarette before the film. She looked at me with celestial pity and blew smoke. "Brown Paper Packages Tied Up with Strings," she replied. I am relieved, on the whole, that I missed the rugby team who piled into one screening as Girls in White Dresses with Blue Satin Sashes; on the other hand, it is a source of infinite sadness to me that I wasn't at the Prince Charles when a guy turned up in a skintight, all-over body costume in bright yellow; asked which character he was intended to represent, he explained that he was Ray, a Drop of Golden Sun. I have hung around the entrance a couple of times as showtime approached, just in case this heroic gentleman returns as Warm Woollen Mittens—or, more challenging still, as Tea, a Drink with Jam and Bread—but no luck so far.


HILLS ARE ALIVE.
SOUND OF MUSIC
HOORAY!
Booo!
Ssss!
DON'T MARRY THE BARONESS SHE'S GOT A WIG
Edelweiss
BROWN PAPER PARCEL
SING-A-LONG-A SOUND OF MUSIC
PRINCE CHARLES CINEMA - LONDON
Gerald Scarfe
JAN. 2000

The Rodgers and Hammerstein musical is reborn as a Dadaist art happening.

GERALD SCARFE

The impressive thing about all this is the apostolic level of dedication. I sat in a whole row of nuns—nurses from a private hospital, as it happened, having a cheap night out. (One had lovingly constructed her wimple from black cloth and a rolled-up pair of white knickers.) During the screening, they drank beer in almost Austrian quantities; one of them kept jumping up and hurrying to the exit. "What's the matter with that nun?" I asked the beefy sister beside me. "Pregnant," she said.

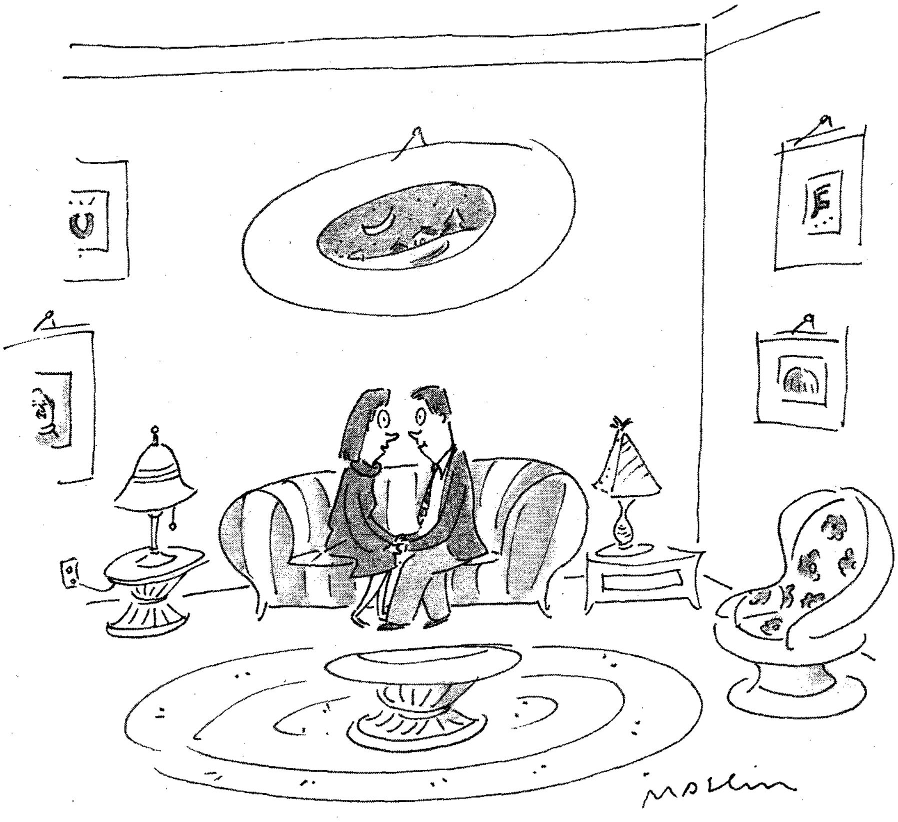
Nominally a reserved people, the British like to bottle up their exhibitionist tendencies and then, at opportune moments, let them flood out in a rush; this is the basis of pantomime, for instance, with its flagrant worship of cross-dressing. Even now, there is almost certainly a quiet soul who is preparing to attend "The Sound of Music" as Schnitzel with Noodles. To brush yourself with egg and roll around in bread crumbs for a while requires a nerveless ingenuity; but to walk to the nearest tube trailing ribbons of buttered pasta, and to sit on the train with a dignified expression, in the thick of the Friday rush hour, argues a fortitude bordering on the superhuman. I couldn't do it, but somebody will, and I think I know who that somebody will be. "Singalong-a-Sound-of-Music" is currently starting a British national tour, and then, in April, it will hit America, where bottling is less of an issue. Twentieth Century Fox will not yet name the lucky cinemas where it will screen, but I can safely reveal that New York and San Francisco, among others, should be girding their loins for Schnitzel Time.

It goes without saying that "Singalong-a-Sound-of-Music" is now a compulsory fixture on the gay calendar; it began life, indeed, as a one-off special for the London Lesbian and Gay Film Festival. Every screening gets its own m.c., who oversees a Best Costume competition during the intermission. (One week, just to confuse the issue, the winner was a real nun. What did she think the other nuns were?) At my screening, there was Rhona Cameron, a cheery Scottish lesbian who hosts a gay show on British TV. Rhona checked that there were no children in the audience, and then issued instructions: "Don't worry if you can't sing; the gay men in the audience will carry you." Fragrant music blow fairy place, place go wild.

I usually loathe any hint of live entertainment at the movies, preferring to hibernate in peace and quiet; but "Singalong-a-Sound-of-Music" launches so frontal an assault on reticence that everyone caves in. It is a stout rebuke to the couch culture of "home cinema"—a contradiction in terms, if ever I heard one. The bloodless interaction promised by DVD technology, for instance, in which the lone viewer can pause "The Matrix" to command a reverse view of Keanu Reeves's butt, cannot hold a candle to the sight of two hundred people whistling at Christopher Plummer when he enters with a riding crop, and waving their lighters above their heads, like a rock crowd, during his rendition of "Edelweiss." For an extra five dollars, ticket-holders at the Prince Charles can buy a helpful gift pack that includes a fake edelweiss, a packet of cough drops for sore throats, a head scarf, and, yes, a small foam-rubber nun, in which you are urged to "stick your fingers" and "sway along."

The repartee at "Singalong-a-Sound-of-Music" is of the very highest order. "Free the nuns!" was the cry as the sisters clustered behind an iron grille during Maria's wedding. Some of the back-chat involves a dexterous cross-reference to other works; when Maria, having been ticked off by the Baroness (Eleanor Parker), packs her bag to leave, someone shouted, "Don't forget the hat stand!"—reminding us of a similar scene in "Mary Poppins." And, as the Mother Abbess lingered in the shadows in preparation for "Climb Ev'ry Mountain," she was told in no uncertain terms, "Do not go into the light!"—the tag line from "Poltergeist," if you please. The instructions issued to Rolf as he danced with Liesl in the gazebo came from somewhere behind my shoulder; they were explicit, and they were repeated with such urgency that, after a while, they acquired the pathos of a plea—as if it were in some way unsportsmanlike, even unromantic, for a seventeen-year-old Nazi not to deflower a motherless sixteen-year-old while he had the chance. "You need someone older and wiser telling you what to do," crooned Rolf, and we sniggered at his nerve.

The joke is, of course, that Charmian Carr, who plays Liesl, was already twenty-one when the film was made (she kept quiet at the audition), and thus in no need of tutelage from a mere boy; the deeper joke is that, in the history of blockbusting movies, nothing can touch "The Sound of Music" for sheer, blank indifference to the reproductive act. No wonder Heather Menzies, who played Louisa, answered the call to strip for *Playboy* in the nineteen-seventies; the



"I'll be right back—I'm going to blink."

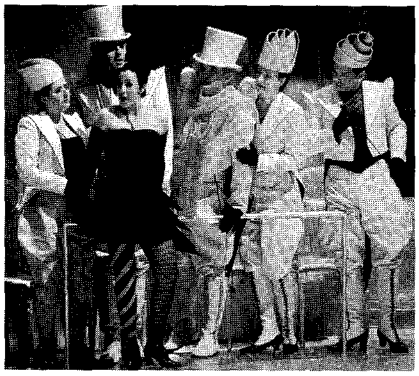
pressure of untouchability must have felt like prison. Captain Von Trapp has seven children, but the enigma of his fertility remains as unplumbed as his willingness, as a serving naval officer, to play the guitar in public. The Baroness, with her glinting coiffure and cinched suits, could be taken, in a certain light, for a woman of the world; yet the Captain throws her over for the sake of a certifiable virgin with a boy's haircut. "For here you are, standing there, loving me," he and Maria sing to one another; love, in so immaculate a world, is pure abstraction, unruffled by the physical. In the intermission at the Prince Charles, Rhona Cameron asked one nun what she liked best about the film. Without hesitation, the nun replied, "The sex."

"The Sound of Music" is not a good film. It is blithe, efficient, and constructed with care; the songs are carolled con brio; but it is not a good film. Famously, it received some of the most noxious notices of its era. Steeped in the flow of the counterculture, American critics should have been ready for the sight of small children dressed in flowery curtains, but somehow the psychedelic properties of the film eluded them. In the *Herald Tribune*, Judith Crist called it "icky sticky," as if she'd needed to rinse her hands afterward. In *McCall's*, Pauline Kael continued the candy motif, trashing the movie as a "sugar-coated lie that people seem to want to eat"; her review so affronted readers that she was fired from her post and landed shortly afterward at this magazine. Here she reigned supreme for the next quarter of a century, thus proving that "The Sound of Music" is so saintly that it confers a happy ending on all who touch its hem, even those of little faith. The film did more than any other, perhaps, to widen the split between critics and public from crack to chasm; it encouraged producers, like political hopefuls, to reach out over the heads of professional carpers and appeal directly to popular taste. (That it collared the Academy Award for Best Picture in 1966 merely sealed the deal.) The way to solve a problem like Maria is to love her for what she is, with or without wimple, and the movie begs the same indulgence; by ignoring the mean of spirit, it wishes them away.

All of which serves only to confirm the Kael line, and to demonstrate that you can fool all of the people all of the time. The lies perpetuated by Wise's film range from the personal—the real Maria Von Trapp, for instance, looked nothing like Julie Andrews and an awful lot like Nice Guy Eddie from "Reservoir Dogs"—to the broadly historical. If the Nazis' worst crime had indeed been to hang swastikas over people's doorways, the twentieth century would have been somewhat easier to bear. I was a sucker for such untruths; my family even travelled to Salzburg in order to haunt the byways where Julie Andrews had made so ringingly clear what the first three notes just happened to be. Being below critical age, I did not yet grasp the criteria by which a film could be adjudged good or bad, much less the procedures by which it arrived onscreen. If you had explained that the screenplay for "The Sound of Music" came from the pen of one Ernest Lehman, who had written "North by Northwest" and "Sweet Smell of Success," this bewildering detail would have been lost on me.

To be fair, even some of his friends had trouble taking it in. When Burt Lancaster ran into Lehman at the Fox commissary and learned what he was working on, he said, "Jesus, you must need the money." That story comes from Julia Antopol Hirsch's "The Sound of Music: The Making of America's Favorite Movie," a loving compendium of arcana. Here we learn, for instance, that both Walter Matthau and Sean (Edelweish) Connery were considered for the role of the captain. A more damning fact is that some of the Osmond boys turned up to audition, thus demonstrating that, however much "The Sound of Music" makes your flesh crawl, it could have been so much worse.

You could argue that the triumphal saga of the Von Trapp family was so sweetly outlandish that any dramatic representation of it was doomed to rot the teeth. But consider another family, the Smiths of Missouri—equally close, no less pure of heart, and, like the Von Trapps, given to bursting into song at the slightest provocation. So why does "Meet Me in St. Louis" maintain the status of a nimble masterpiece, while "The Sound of Music" limps along behind? Then again, how come Vincente Minnelli's picture of 1944 was reckoned



Salzburg Festival
The world's most exciting music festival
JULY 23 — AUGUST 31, 2000
800.209.1353 or www.salzburgfestival.com

Explore Italy, Greece, Turkey, And the Iberian Peninsula
Our nimble, 122-passenger *Clipper Adventurer* takes you to small islands, harbors & waterways where big Mediterranean cruise ships can't navigate. On-board historians and naturalists provide insight, and our friendly staff offers award-winning food and service. May departures.
From $5,410 for 13 days, including international air. Call us toll free at **1-800-964-0500**, or contact your travel agent.
CLIPPER The Beauty of Small-Ship Adventure Travel
www.clippercruise.com

A Glimpse Into The Wonders of JAPAN
510.540.1284
www.eliteintl.com
eliteinter@aol.com
ELITE INTERNATIONAL
Custom Designed Tours

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY
Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Venice, Sicily & more.
800 280 2811
www.theparkercompany.com
THE PARKER COMPANY
Italian Villas & Tours

EMERALD LITERARY AGENCY
"Great ideas make great books"
PLEASE SEND QUERY LETTERS ONLY
393 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012
T. 212.431.0202 F. 212.925.2612
Email: emeraldlit@att.net

kiawah.com
Free 28-Page Color Guides to Great Beach Vacations
1-800-247-5050 • Ad # 396
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Kiawah • Seabrook • Isle of Palms

merely a success, while Robert Wise's picture, made twenty years later, is a gold-plated phenomenon? The answer to both questions is the same: because Minnelli showed happiness to be the most fragile of possessions, whereas Wise backed it as a sure thing. For all the highs and lows of its melodrama, "The Sound of Music" never dreams that there is any way but up, whether you are ascending a scale or an alp; and that, today and forever, is what moviegoers want to hear. "From now on, our troubles will be out of sight," Judy Garland sings near the end of "Meet Me in St. Louis," but the throb and catch in her voice give the lie to such game hope, and, by the penultimate line of the number, the message is decidedly mixed: "We'll have to muddle through somehow." Julie Andrews, by comparison, is a muddle-free zone: "I have confidence in confidence alone; Besides which, you see, I have confidence in me!"

Garland was singing during the Second World War, of course, when a certain lyrical worry was inevitable. Andrews hit her stride in the midst of the Cold War; the whole of "The Sound of Music" can perhaps be read as the artistic equivalent of antifreeze. It offered one of the last breaths of innocence in American cinema—after all, the same year saw female nudity in "The Pawnbroker," and "Bonnie and Clyde" was only two years away. That is why we go back to Wise's film; we all know better now, but most of us secretly wish that we didn't. The atmosphere at the Prince Charles, during "Singalong-a-Sound-of-Music," was strangely unmocking, even in its coarsest moments. We assume that deconstruction is a heartless business, in which the vengeful ironist strips the decorous past to its underclothes; but the hoarse crowd that streamed out into Leicester Square seemed to have drawn strength from a communal act of fond consolidation. When they cried at "Edelweiss," it was not because the song is, in itself, anything more than slush; it was because they had cried at it in 1965.

Film, in other words, has revivified the Proustian principle that memory is not ours to command; that, for all our searchings and suppressings, the past comes unbidden or not at all. If, for millions of people, that past consists of a lonely goatherd on strings, so be it. Proust himself was more fortunate; for him, a typical throwback consisted of tripping over a paving stone and suddenly recalling a similar stumble in Venice. Few of us can rely on such tasteful apparitions. It is generally agreed, for example, that the last Golden Age of cinema occurred in the mid-seventies—the epoch of "The Godfather," "Chinatown," and "McCabe and Mrs. Miller." I feel privileged to have been there; unfortunately, I spent my pocket money on tickets for "Zeppelin," "Earthquake," and "Rollercoaster" (in Sensurround). I now realize that "Chinatown" is a great picture and that "The Towering Inferno" is dreck; but the sight of a weary, begrimed Steve McQueen emerging from the tower is burned into my mind with a fierceness that Jack Nicholson, with his nicked nostril, can never match. I missed the Golden Age; catching up later was an education, but nothing I can do will bring it back.

What we feel about a movie—or, indeed, about any work of art, high or low—matters less than the rise and fall of our feelings over time. The "King Lear" that we see as sons and daughters (of Cordelia's age, say) can never be the same play that we attend as parents; the sound of paternal fury, and of the mortal fears that echo beyond it, will knock ever more insistently at our hearts. Weekly critics cannot do justice to that process; when we are asked to nominate favorite films, all we can say is "Well, just now I quite like 'Citizen Kane' or 'Police Academy 4,' but ask me again next year." By then we will have grown, by a small but significant slippage, into someone else, and we have yet to know who that person will be, or what friable convictions he or she will hold. The revellers at the Prince Charles Cinema were all in their thirties and forties; no one younger than us would have had the remotest clue what we were doing there, or why we were having such fun. Even our younger selves, of ten years ago, would probably have been mystified, if not humiliated, by the air of semi-delirium that prevailed; how could consenting adults join forces to declare their love for a bad film? Time, as ever, has played its comic trick, and all I can do is adapt the words of Captain Von Trapp and his lovely governess: somewhere in our youth or childhood, we must have seen something good. ♦

ADVERTISEMENT

ON THE town

Our advertisers invite you to mark your calendars for some of the best events and promotions coming to your town in the months ahead.

NEW YORK'S ADVENTURE TRAVEL SHOW
March 3, 4, & 5
The Metropolitan Pavilion
125 W. 18th Street, NYC
(between 6th & 7th Avenues)

Win a Kenya safari, around the world ticket, trip to Tonga, Tall Ship cruise, Tanzania Rail Safari and more.

Visit www.boldventure.com, or call 1.888.366.BOLD.

PERRIER JOUËT INVITES YOU TO BE THE "TOAST OF THE TOWN"

Entrance us with your most romantic turn of phrase. The writer of the most poetic toast will win a weekend for two to New York City, including transportation, luxurious accommodations, intimate meals at some of the city's most charming eateries, and tickets to a Broadway show.

Perrier Jouët, the champagne of romance, raises its glass to an unforgettable weekend!

Submit entries to: Perrier Jouët "Toast of the Town" Contest, *The New Yorker*—Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square, 21st Floor, New York, NY 10036. For complete rules and regulations, please see our RSVP page in this issue or visit *The New Yorker's* marketing Web site at: www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

MEET LEE LORENZ ON A SILVERSEA CRUISE

Sail aboard Silver Wind with *The New Yorker's* own Lee Lorenz on Silversea Cruise Line, October 14, from New York to Nassau. Intimate, luxurious ships feature all-suites (most with veranda), exquisite cuisine and all-inclusive value. Lee Lorenz, Art Editor of *The New Yorker* from the early 70s to the mid 90s, and author of "The Art of *The New Yorker*," among other books, will provide an informed but light-hearted survey of the magazine's art as it has evolved over the years. For a brochure call 1-800-722-9955 or visit our Web site at www.silversea.com.

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

SHOUTS & MURMURS

THE NORTON POP-UP ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY FRANK GANNON

HOLY SONNET 10

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me. . . .
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die.
—JOHN DONNE

The Reverend Donald Wildmon thought that "Mighty" Mouse was "dreadful" and should be banned because he appeared to be snorting cocaine in one cartoon.

People over sixty awaken as many as one hundred and fifty times a night.

Around a hundred people die in Japan each year from eating incorrectly prepared blowfish.

John Donne died in 1631. He's still dead.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side . . .
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.
—ANDREW MARVELL

Almost any way of having sex except the missionary position is against the law in Mississippi.

Sodomy is still a crime in Mississippi.

The Indian sex manual, the Kama Sutra, contains hundreds of ways of having sex.

Andrew Marvell didn't run that long. He died at fifty-seven. He may have been gay. He never lived in Mississippi.

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night. . . .
And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
—DYLAN THOMAS

Dennis Rodman and Carmen Electra didn't have a "good night" last November in Florida. They were arrested after scuffling with each other in a Miami Beach hotel.

Carmen Electra and Dennis Rodman did plenty of cursing that night.

Bud Light is the second most popular beer in America.

Because of their "rage" Carmen and Dennis were ordered to stay at least five hundred feet away from each other. Their "light" died a while back. They are now divorced.

Dylan Thomas did not go gently. According to a bartender, Thomas drank eighteen scotches and collapsed. The last thing he reportedly said was, "That, I believe, is the record."

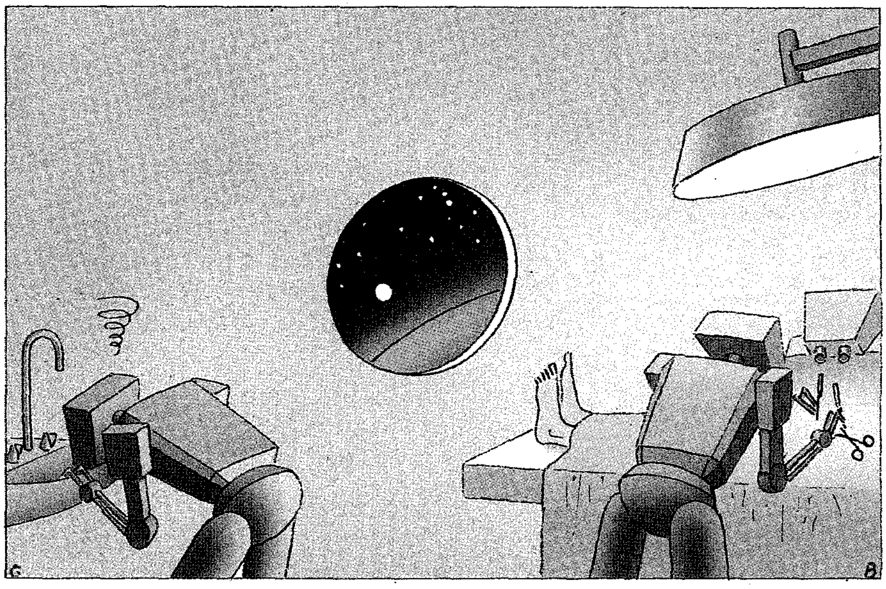
PHOTOS CORBIS

MEDICAL DISPATCH

MEDICINE ON MARS

How sick can you get during three years in deep space?

BY JEROME GROOPMAN



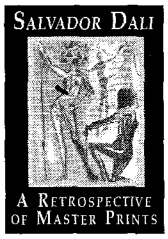
GUY BILLOUT

THE rocket science will be the easy part. With a projected launch date of 2020, NASA is planning to send astronauts on a three-year mission to Mars—including six months in transit each way—and its technicians are reasonably confident about the mechanical aspects of the trip. The truly vexing problems are turning out to be the medical ones. Can human beings survive long-term exposure to deep-space radiation and zero gravity? Can astronauts who have medical emergencies be treated en route? What about the psychological effects of the stress and confinement? These are questions that various officials at NASA—along with a number of consulting experts—are trying to answer.

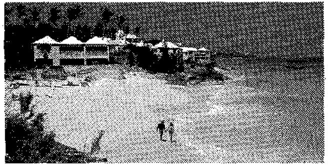
Four years ago, NASA realized that it didn't have the resources to deal with the medical challenges of deep-space exploration. In part, this deficiency is due to the complexity of what happens to the human body in space, but it also reflects the fact that the life sciences have long been treated like a stepchild in an agency dominated by engineers and physicists: last year, medical research received less than two per cent of NASA's annual budget. The agency, recognizing this problem, decided to "outsource" some of the work to a nonprofit consortium of twelve university laboratories. The consortium is known as the National Space Biomedical Research Institute, and has its headquarters at Baylor College of Medicine, in Houston.

Recently, I visited the NASA physiologist Dr. John Charles, in Houston, to discuss these matters. Dr. Charles is the scientist responsible for what the agency refers to as the "Critical Path Road Map"—the strategy for developing the medical research and technology that will be necessary for travel to Mars and beyond—and he does not minimize the difficulties involved. Across from his office on the Johnson Space Center campus, beyond the grassy quadrangle and pond, stands a tall limestone building whose top floor serves as the living quarters for the astronauts. Charles's brief is, ultimately, to protect their well-being. A towering man with a salt-and-pepper buzz cut and radiant blue eyes, he holds a doctorate in cardiovascular physiology and has worked at NASA for sixteen years. "We've gotten away with past space flights because of hubris and luck—and because we put very fit astronaut bodies out there," Charles said.

In 1997, teams from NASA and the



RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print....
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter". ($15 per issue)
1-(800) 275-3254
ask for Dept. NY
http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090
Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., # 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272



a shade apart.
BERMUDA
Pink Beach Club
TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA
1.800.355.6161
www.pinkbeach.com • e-mail: info@pinkbeach.com

6 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
125,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

April Departure
Taormina, Palermo, Agrigento, Siracusa, Cefalù and more
CARAVELLA ITALIA
Escorted tours of Sicily in small groups.
Call Toll-Free: **888-665-2112** www.seeitaly.com

Astrology & Horoscope Readings by Cathy
Psychic and Tarot Card Readings
Tells Past, Present & Future.
Call for 1 FREE Question 410-285-1084

DRINK TEA?
THE FINEST TEAS AND GIFTS
WWW.TEALUXE.COM
1-888-TEALUXE

N.S.B.R.I. reviewed the experiences of the two hundred and seventy-nine men and women who had participated in space missions between 1988 and 1995. They discovered that all but three of them suffered some sort of illness during the trip, and a hundred and seventy-five biomedical risks were subsequently identified. Four were classified as Type I, meaning that they are grave, that they are highly likely to occur, and that there are no protective countermeasures for them. "Each of these could easily be a showstopper," Charles said. All the same, he says, "It's inevitable that we will go to Mars—if not the U.S. now, then someone else will, maybe the Chinese." He pointed out that there was already a long list of astronauts eager to make the trip. "These people are explorers," he added. "No explorer has ever been guaranteed a return ticket."

A NUMBER of the biomedical risks are simply the result of living without gravity. "You are basically taking healthy individuals and putting them into a sick environment—space," Charles explained. Human beings evolved over millions of years in the grip of gravity; the fluid and small bones of the inner ear, which make up the vestibular system, sense its steady tug. In the absence of gravity, people are without the signals that they depend on for orientation and balance.

The first medical problems occur right after liftoff. Even seasoned astronauts frequently vomit, overcome by vertigo and nausea. It takes a few days for the vestibular system to adapt. During that time, the astronauts take anti-emetic medication and move in slow, deliberate ways; even minor changes in position—say, turning one's head too quickly—can trigger a bout of space sickness. (Among astronauts, missing the emesis bag is very bad form, since the vomitus floats through the cabin and has to be chased by a crew member and trapped, glob by glob, with a sponge.) Even when the dizziness abates, some astronauts find themselves unable to sense the location of their hands and feet.

The absence of gravity also wreaks havoc on the circulatory system. Normally, blood pools in your legs and lower torso; when you enter weightless space, that blood is released and rushes up like a geyser. You can feel as if your head is being hit by a hammer, and your heart beats rapidly to expel the incoming excess of blood. Then your body is fooled into thinking that it has a fluid surplus, and typically two pints of water will be lost in two to three days. As a result, you quickly become dehydrated, which in turn makes your blood thicker. The thickened blood cues your body to stop producing red blood cells, and over the coming months in space you will become mildly anemic.

On Earth, our musculoskeletal system is kept intact by working against gravity, a biological process called remodelling. In weightless space, this process slows down, and a person loses one to one and a half per cent of his bone mass per month; even tendons and ligaments progressively deteriorate. Since there is no resistance to motion, and objects have no weight, muscles atrophy: it's like being on complete bed rest in a total body cast. The risk of bone fracture during a three-year mission to Mars is estimated to approach twenty to thirty per cent. Relatively minor stresses could cause the supporting ligaments and muscle to tear like tissue paper. Crew members on Mir have tried to prevent this process through physical exercises, but without success.

Once the body has acclimated to weightlessness, returning to gravity is equally traumatic. In 1989, one of the shuttle astronauts, Manley (Sonny) Carter, described it as the most wrenching physical experience of his life, and for the first time NASA began seriously to consider the limits that human biology might impose on space travel. "We got religion from Sonny's observation," John Charles said. But, even now, countermeasures are rudimentary and not very effective: NASA provides a G-suit, with inflatable pockets that compress the legs and abdomen to sustain the astronaut's blood pressure, and a regimen of salt tablets and water to replace lost fluid.

Astronauts are reluctant to talk about such physical ailments, and NASA has been equally reluctant to publicize them. To preserve the dignity of astronauts returning from missions, the Kennedy Space Center transports them from the spacecraft with mechanical people movers, and the catwalk leading from the capsule is shrouded by a cur-

· ZIMBABWE · ECUADOR · MOROCCO · FIJI · KENYA · PANAMA ·
TIBET · MEXICO · NEPAL · CORSICA · ITALY · GREENLAND · CANADA
· KILIMANJARO · PERU · BOTSWANA · CHILE · GALAPAGOS · MAINE ·
BOLIVIA · PAPUA NEW GUINEA · ALASKA · FRANCE · ANTARCTICA

When was the last time
you ran away from home?

30 years of extraordinary adventure vacations.
Worldwide destinations, small groups, tons of fun!

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL ✦ SOBEK
The Adventure Company.

Call for the catalog that will change your life.
800-227-2384 www.mtsobek.com
ANY20

Fall In Love with...
Pashmina
The world's finest cashmere

Plain and embroidered shawls
Robes and Blankets

See it all now at:
ahah-pashmina.com
515-472-8628

The Amazon...
and other fantastic nature trips in Galapagos, Costa Rica, Brazil, and Perú. *Free Catalog*
Ecotour 800-688-1822
www.naturetours.com

Cooking Vacations
Boulder, Colorado
For a free catalog, call us toll-free
1-877-249-0305
www.cookingschoolrockies.com

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
PARIS PROPERTIES-COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
E-MAIL: london@relia.net

BEAU TIES LTD. *of Vermont*
Handcrafted silk bow ties & accessories
800-488-8437

Discover Paris With Your Children
Personally guided, fun holiday takes you to museums, parks, gardens, with even cotton candy at the Eiffel Tower!
Travels With Soba 415-933-6612

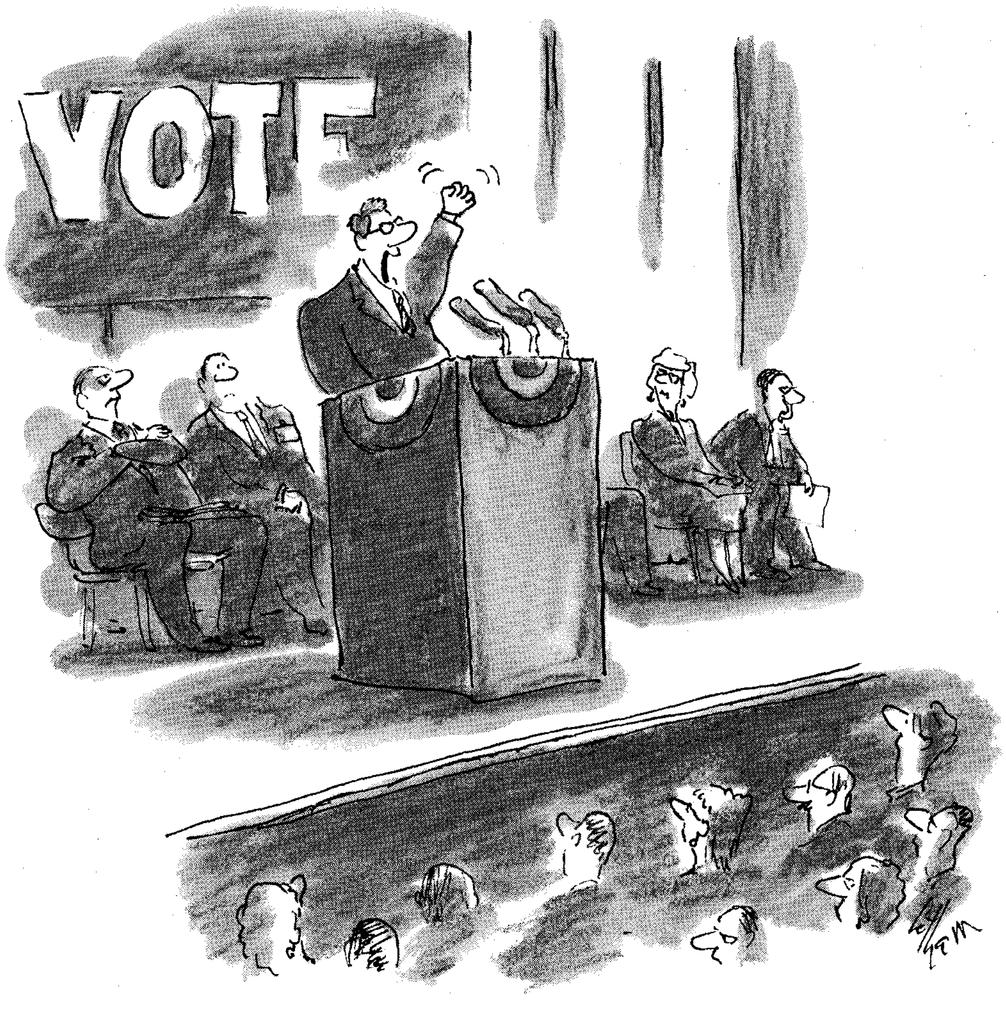
tain so no one outside can see the astronauts staggering. I prevailed on Andrew Thomas, an astronaut who spent a hundred and forty-one days on Mir in 1998, to describe what it was like to return to Earth after some five months in zero gravity.

"I landed lying down on my back and reached for my camera—it felt amazingly heavy, like a huge fifty-pound lead dumbbell," he recalled. He was overcome by vertigo, and—when he was helped to his feet and supported on both sides by the ground crew—by gravity, too. "It was incredible. Just putting one foot in front of the other required tremendous effort." His balance was poor, and he staggered forward, listing to the side. Over the next few days, he recounts, "I had to walk slowly with a wide-based gait. Fine-balance skills took several weeks to return. When I walked with my eyes closed, I still veered to the side and walked into the wall." Thomas underwent many weeks of rehabilitation, as is standard practice, with graduated exercises, guided movements in a warm swimming pool, and massage. Even after a month, however, he couldn't jog without becoming short of breath.

How will debilitated astronauts who have been in deep space for six months adapt to Mars, which has a gravitational force almost half as powerful as Earth's and more than twice as powerful as the one the Apollo astronauts encountered on the moon? "The real problem will be to get used to the surface of Mars, where there will not be a rehab program waiting for the crew," Andrew Thomas pointed out. "If we need to take emergency action, abort the landing, or escape the hatch, there would be the potential for disaster."

SINCE zero gravity is so destructive, the solution would seem to be artificial gravity, which can be generated by centrifugal force. That's the force we know as the tug from an object spinning in a circle, like the pull of a bola in the hand. But creating artificial gravity with centrifugal force in a spaceship is difficult. One idea under consideration is to rotate the entire spacecraft, which would make the level of G equal throughout the cabin. Some engineers have proposed that the ship be built in the shape of a dumbbell, with two parts connected by a long tubular bridge; the entire ship would then spin around its central axis. Unfortunately, a ship of this design would be more likely to break in two if there was a mechanical failure, or if space debris crashed into the bridge. Another possibility would be to create artificial gravity in a single room of the spacecraft, which would be rotated like a small centrifuge. But this would result in a highly unequal distribution of force: there would be zero G at the astronaut's head and one or two G at his feet, so he would be light-headed while his legs would feel as if they were dragging ankle weights.

At present, NASA is experimenting with a G chair, which Charles offered to show me. We walked across the campus to a windowless structure that was built to receive the Apollo astronauts after the lunar missions and now houses several research laboratories. In a brightly lit room crowded with equipment, Dr. William Paloski, the chief of life-sciences research at NASA, demonstrated how he was simulating different states of artificial gravity. A large padded black chair, such as might be found in an old-time barber shop, was mounted on a huge turntable and surrounded by monitoring equipment. As the chair spins at different speeds and tilted at different angles, Paloski studies the reactions of astronauts, as well as healthy volunteers, strapped in it. "If we could successfully create artificial gravity, then this single countermeasure will cover all the problems associated with weightlessness," Paloski explained. "Artificial gravity would be a prescription during a long-duration space life"—that is,



"Give me moderation or give me death!"

"taken" for a specified amount of time and at a certain G level.

Paloski is studying whether such a prescription is feasible, since it requires the brain and the vestibular system to be trained for what is termed "dual re-adaptation." He has in mind something like the ease with which you put on and take off your glasses. The brain is familiar with both states of vision, and adjusts quickly: you don't experience the dizziness or headache you might have had when you first wore the glasses. Paloski wants to train the astronauts' brains to feel settled in either gravitational state. So far, he admits, he hasn't figured out how.

THE dangers posed by cosmic rays are even more daunting: we have neither biological nor mechanical defenses against them. These rays are deflected from the Earth by a surrounding magnetic zone, but beyond this zone they are commonplace. Composed largely of iron particles travelling at speeds that approach that of light, they penetrate deeply into the body, even through the skull. When the speeding particles pass through the tissues, they trigger what is, in essence, a nuclear reaction.

"Normally, on Earth, we suffer tiny breaks in one strand of our DNA from UV sunlight and X rays," Dr. Francis Cucinotta, the manager of NASA's Space Radiation Health Project, explained. "But with the kind of high energy deposited from cosmic rays, there are multiple breaks in both strands of the DNA helix, and we haven't evolved natural repair mechanisms to restore them."

A special accelerator at Brookhaven National Laboratories, on Long Island, is being upgraded to enable it to mimic cosmic rays by generating speeding iron particles. Cells in culture, as well as mice and rats, will be exposed and extensively studied to measure the rays' effects. The evidence we already have is discouraging: researchers have exposed rodents to these high-energy iron particles and found significant changes in their cerebral dopamine pathways, as well as consequent behavioral changes, such as apathy and decreased memory. Autopsies revealed that the rodents' brains were riddled with microscopic lesions from the radiation, as if they had been hit by buckshot.

Cosmic rays could also cause dangerous mutations in the bacteria and fungi that normally colonize our skin, mouth, and intestine, as well as the ambient ones within the spaceship. As Dr. Duane Pierson, a NASA microbiologist, explained to me, microbial flora could change into virulent pathogens that might not respond to antibiotics. The risk of infection is compounded because the immune system also appears to be altered in space. Astronauts who have been isolated on analogue missions in Antarctica have suffered from T-cell deficiencies, and Pierson has found instances in which latent viruses, such as Epstein-Barr and cytomegalovirus, have been reactivated. On a prolonged mission, these viruses could easily spread in the cabin.

What's more, exposure to cosmic rays greatly increases one's likelihood of getting cancer. Studies on astronauts such as those on Mir, who have gone into orbit around the Earth, are instructive: the number of chromosomal breaks they had correlated with the level of radiation they'd encountered during their flight. Experts estimate that these astronauts have a one to two per cent increased lifetime risk of cancers—a level of risk which is considered acceptable by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. But a recent review by the National Research Council indicated that the increased lifetime cancer risk for astronauts on a voyage to Mars could be as high as forty per cent—more than ten times higher than the level deemed acceptable. In other words, it is currently illegal for NASA to send men and women to Mars, and, presumably, it will remain so until adequate protective measures have been devised.

NASA believes that an acute medical crisis—a bleeding ulcer, say, or a broken limb—is very likely to occur during a Mars voyage. Data on long-duration missions in close quarters, such as submarines, show that in the course of a year there is a six-per-cent chance that a person will have an accident requiring emergency care. If the Mars crew was composed of six astronauts, for example, at least one such emergency would be likely to occur over the three-year voyage. This prediction, of course, extrapolates from data on Earth; the risk in deep space would be even greater, given the debilities imposed by zero gravity and cosmic rays.

Dr. Jon Bowersox, a surgeon at the University of California, San Francisco, who works with N.S.B.R.I., is a former Army flight surgeon and an expert on adapting surgery to the battlefield. He says that an injured astronaut in deep space presents a similar challenge—except that "evacuation is not feasible." Of course, the doctor on board will be trained in general surgery and emergency-room technique, but in space even routine surgery becomes daunting. Blood aerosolizes into the cabin's atmosphere and creates a wafting fog. The scalpel, clamps, and other instruments have no weight in the surgeon's hands. Tissues lose their normal density. Blood flow, wound healing, and anesthesia could all be different, so doctors will not be able to rely on their experience and knowledge of surgery on Earth. Furthermore, surgical decisions will have to be made on the spot; because of the long time delay of transmissions between Mars and Earth—up to forty minutes—emergency treatment cannot be directed from Mission Control in Houston.

Bowersox and other N.S.B.R.I. experts believe that training prior to the voyage will probably occur in a "virtual" environment, with simulators that will challenge each crew member to provide emergency medical treatment in a setting similar to that of the spacecraft. Because a surgeon at zero G loses what Bowersox calls his "intuitive and natural cues," experts are designing special sensors that, combined with artificial intelligence, will monitor the operation.

The N.S.B.R.I. members have proposed the creation of a "digitized virtual astronaut." This would be a computer representation of the entire physiology of the crew member which is updated in real time, using input from a comprehensive bank of sensors. Whether these sensors would be placed over different parts of the body or be embedded near certain vital organs is a matter of contention. Astronauts have always bristled at being overly monitored on voyages. "There is a taboo

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THEN

A bird, bright and quick, blue with livid streaks,
would arrive on the windowsill, as official harbinger,
and then.
The low would be raised up,
the sneers crushed under their own bricks,
the teeter-totter would cease to choose sides
and sit in peaceful sway on its fulcrum.
The kiss that had been held back
all those years at last would release
into the mouth in flood.
And *why not* would replace all other dicta,
but gently, as a sunlit nudge.

—April Bernard

against planting sensors in astronauts, as there is in soldiers," Bowersox said. "It is a fear of Big Brother. But it's a fallacy. We should be able to implant them for the good of the crew. There are now ways to coat such sensors with fibrin"—the protein material that forms clots—"so that they're biocompatible and can be placed below the skin and last for months."

There might also be a "virtual mentor": a computerized database whose artificial intelligence will assist the onboard physician in diagnosis and treatment. "For example, astronaut John Doe has a fever, and pain in his right lower abdomen," Bowersox says. "The virtual mentor instructs the doctor to perform an ultrasound, with voice and image overlay, all the while comparing the new ultrasound data with baseline data. Appendicitis, which is the likely diagnosis, would be best treated with intensive antibiotics, given the difficulties of operating in zero G. Surgery is a last resort."

When surgery could not be avoided, it would be performed by the doctor, coached by the virtual mentor and aided by robotics. The virtual mentor would provide a physiological assessment, advising about blood volume if there is hemorrhage, oxygen needs, and electroshock to stabilize the heart rhythm. What Bowersox has in mind is an advanced version of systems currently in development on Earth which use remote-controlled robotics, with fibre-optic feedback, to perform certain cardiac and abdominal procedures. On a Mars mission, sensors attached to the surgical instruments—scalpels, clamps, retractors—could supply immediate information about the physiology of the tissue undergoing repair.

Surgery would still be a great risk, especially if it involved procedures of any intricacy. Bowersox believes that significant trauma to a limb, for example, would probably be treated with immediate amputation rather than arduous repair. Even harder to manage would be a head trauma. "People run out of steam in talking about CNS injury," Bowersox says. "Neurosurgery at zero G is unimaginable to most experts." Given the lengthy delays characterizing transmissions to Mission Control, the ship's commander will have to choose when to offer continued support and when to let a suffering astronaut die.

Finally, NASA must protect the psychological and social well-being of the crew. Chris Flynn, a NASA flight surgeon who worked on the Mir mission, is chief of psychiatry at the Johnson Space Center. He served nearly eight years on active duty in the U.S. Air Force and is now in the Air National Guard. "After a pilot had a psychiatric event, I was one of the doctors who decided whether he should ever fly again with nuclear weapons," he explained. Flynn conceded that the psychiatric concerns raised by a prospective Mars mission—a mission that will, in all likelihood, have an international crew—are daunting. "Of course, you can't depend on self-reporting. Astronauts are hard-charging people, guys who won't stop. People who fly don't ever want to admit they're ill."

The normal circadian rhythm and restful REM sleep are often lost during space travel, which can seriously affect not only one's mood but one's ability to think clearly. Astronauts on a Mars voyage will also be confined to a cabin the size of a dorm suite for roughly three years; once they reach their destination, they will be more than a hundred million miles from home. All this could cause members of the crew to become unstable and turn against one another. Moreover, the time delay in radio communication would prevent a psychiatrist on the ground from engaging in the kind of dialogue which would ordinarily reveal changes in a person's state of mind. "We need to develop objective physiological measures to monitor mood, anxiety, and depression," Flynn said. The difficulty of this task will be compounded by the culturally variant views of psychological syndromes and therapies among the crew. And yet it is vital to develop these measures, he continued, given the likelihood of anxiety and depression when "someone is put in a can and flies away for three years."

In addition to experiencing monotony, claustrophobia, and sleep deprivation, the crew will be deprived of the daily intimacies that help to maintain our psychological health. "It's not just sex," Flynn said, "but that sense of loving that sustains our social connectedness." During analogue missions in harsh, isolated environments, more than ten per cent of the subjects develop serious psychological adaptation problems, and up to three per cent experience symptoms of frank psychiatric disorders like major depression. Flynn envisions the virtual projection of family members to the crew as a central element in psychological support in deep space. This would involve technology that permitted exchanging audiotapes, recent photographs, and video clips with family members. All this might help alleviate some of the effects of isolation, and can be tested in an Antarctica analogue mission.

Exhaustion in space is particularly dangerous, because it can impair an astronaut's judgment. To combat this problem, NASA has developed an instrument to measure cognition, the so-called S-CAT, or Spaceflight Cognitive Assessment Tool, which was used on the Mir missions. This is a test that is taken before the flight to establish baseline values, and then retaken periodically by the astronauts during the flight; a comparison of the scores shows the crew member when, and how, his cognition is impaired. Artificial intelligence will likely be developed to aid the crew if they flag from overwork. A virtual mentor might regularly assess the performance of tasks and the results of the S-CAT; if it appears that an astronaut is losing cognitive abilities, the virtual mentor could instruct him in the work and recommend countermeasures to avoid accidents.

Happily, many of these technologies will have applications on Earth as well. For example, computer-based "surgery simulators" could be of great benefit for training interns and residents: mistakes in a virtual environment do not result in debility, death, and lawsuits. Virtual mentors could be especially helpful for complex neurosurgical procedures, cardiac repair, and abdominal or pelvic laparoscopies. Right now, such systems are being tested in the emerging field of intrauterine surgery: during operations performed to repair congenital defects, doctors place microsensors in the amniotic fluid. The kind of sensors that Bowersox imagines being used on a Mars mission could equally serve to monitor immobile patients with chronic illness: while they stayed home, their vital signs could be transmitted directly to the physician's office. Even the A.I. feedback systems that are being developed to monitor fatigue and stress could be adapted for pilots, operators of heavy machinery, air-traffic controllers, and workers in nuclear facilities, as well as medical interns and residents on call—in short, for anyone in a job where fatigue can lead to serious mishaps.

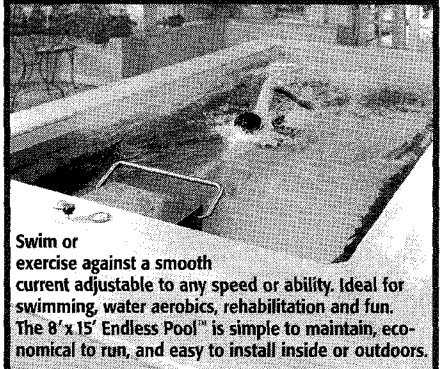
THE technologies introduced in the next decade by NASA and N.S.B.R.I. will be field-tested in an international space station, which will be ready to receive long-term crew members this fall. Astronauts and cosmonauts will be sent there for periods of three to six months. "Successful work on the space station will allow astronauts to get their tickets punched to go to Mars," John Charles said. He also hopes that useful data from monitoring large numbers of astronauts will be gained from these space-station missions.

"It's a difficult road to Mars," Charles said. "There are many years of hard work ahead of us." Already, though, there's active discussion within NASA about what kind of astronaut would be best prepared for deep space. "If young," he continued, "they may be the most fit. But then you run into the problem of radiation, which could zap their gonads, so they would not be able to have kids." A case could also be made for choosing older astronauts, seasoned by previous missions, for the first Mars voyage. And if the radiation exposure caused cancer after a decade or so, an older crew would have fewer years to lose.

Charles also told me about a recent informal poll of NASA astronauts taken to help formulate a list of the skills most necessary in the ideal Mars crew. "They all would be remarkable people," he said, "all cross-trained. Everyone would have emergency medical skills, basic training in engineering and navigation. But the first priority on everyone's list was a handyman, someone who is a crackerjack mechanic who can fix whatever is broken." Even then, Chris Flynn observes, "There is a very small E.R. up there. What we can do, even as a physician on board, is quite limited."

Are the risks worth it? "A deep-space mission to Mars is a focus for the new century," Bowersox told me. "It's like westward expansion—the effort and journey will spark creativity and imagination." That does seem to be how the astronauts feel. I asked Bonnie Dunbar, an astronaut who has completed five missions in space, if she would go to Mars. "Absolutely," she said in a gleeful voice. "I think of my grandfather who came from Scotland. He had a dream to come to America, took a rickety boat across the sea, and went west into wilderness. Did he stop because of the risks? I'll be fifty-one this year. I've spent my life training to go into space. If my life ends on a Mars mission, that's not a bad way to go." ♦

Swim at Home™



Swim or
exercise against a smooth
current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun.
The 8'x15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.
For Free Video Call
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 904
ENDLESS POOLS
Visit www.endlesspools.com
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept. 200
Aston, PA 19014

BORA ÖZKÖK &
CULTURAL FOLK TOURS
presents 22 years of
TURKEY
Also tours of Greece, Jordan, Egypt
The Great Silk Road of Central Asia,
Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kirgizistan,
Kazakistan
Quality tours for less
We stress history, culture, folklore, photography,
good guides, great food, quality hotels.
*receiving the most positive reviews from many major publications
for a free brochure
Call 1-800-935-8875
9920 Scripps Lake Dr., Suite 105
San Diego, CA 92131 http://www.boraozkok.com
(619) 566-5951 CA Tour Operator Reg. #2011417-40
E-mail address: tourinfo@boraozkok.com

Stone Soup
the magazine by young writers and artists
The Literary
Magazine by Children
A perfect gift to inspire creativity
$32/yr (6 issues) · 800-447-4569
www.stonesoup.com
"The *New Yorker* of the 8–13 set" –*Ms.*

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON
Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 (0) 20 7584 8914 FAX: 7823 8433
E-Mail: info@homefromhome.co.uk
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk

French
Country
Vacation
Rentals
⚜ Dordogne, Provence & more
⚜ Cottages, farmhouses & villas
⚜ Expert, personalized service
AT HOME IN France
541-488-9467
www.athomeinfrance.com

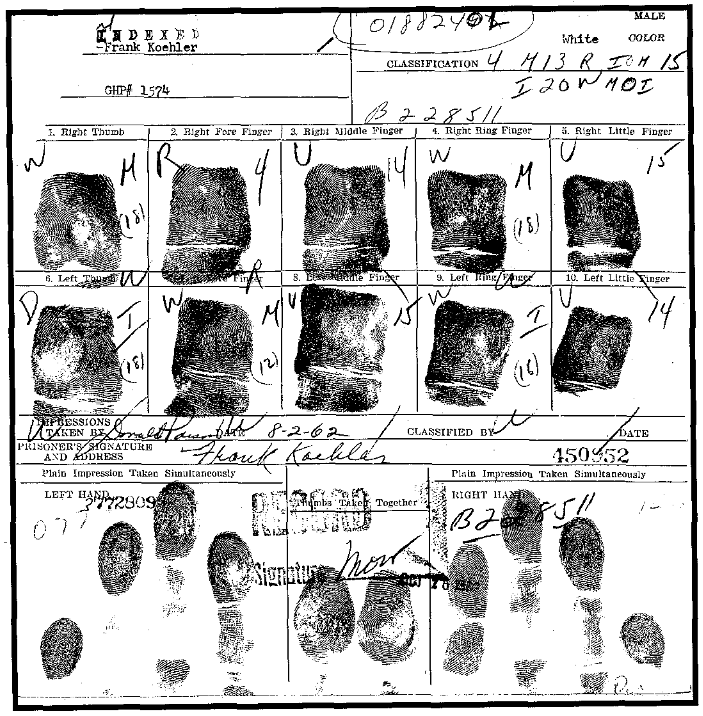
Cooking in Provence
taste and live the beauty
Spring & Fall workshops for cooks of all levels
For brochure: (802) 457-5169
www.cookinginprovence.com

ANNALS OF CRIME

A COLD CASE

Suddenly, a New York cop remembered a long-ago murder.

BY PHILIP GOUREVITCH



INDEXED
Frank Koehler
GHP# 1574
01882401
MALE
White COLOR
CLASSIFICATION 4 M13 R IOM 15
I 20 W MOI
B228511

1. Right Thumb
2. Right Fore Finger
3. Right Middle Finger
4. Right Ring Finger
5. Right Little Finger
6. Left Thumb
9. Left Ring Finger
10. Left Little Finger
Thumbs Taken Together

IMPRESSIONS TAKEN BY DATE 8-2-62
CLASSIFIED BY DATE
PRISONER'S SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS Frank Koehler
450952
Plain Impression Taken Simultaneously
LEFT HAND 3772809
RIGHT HAND B228511

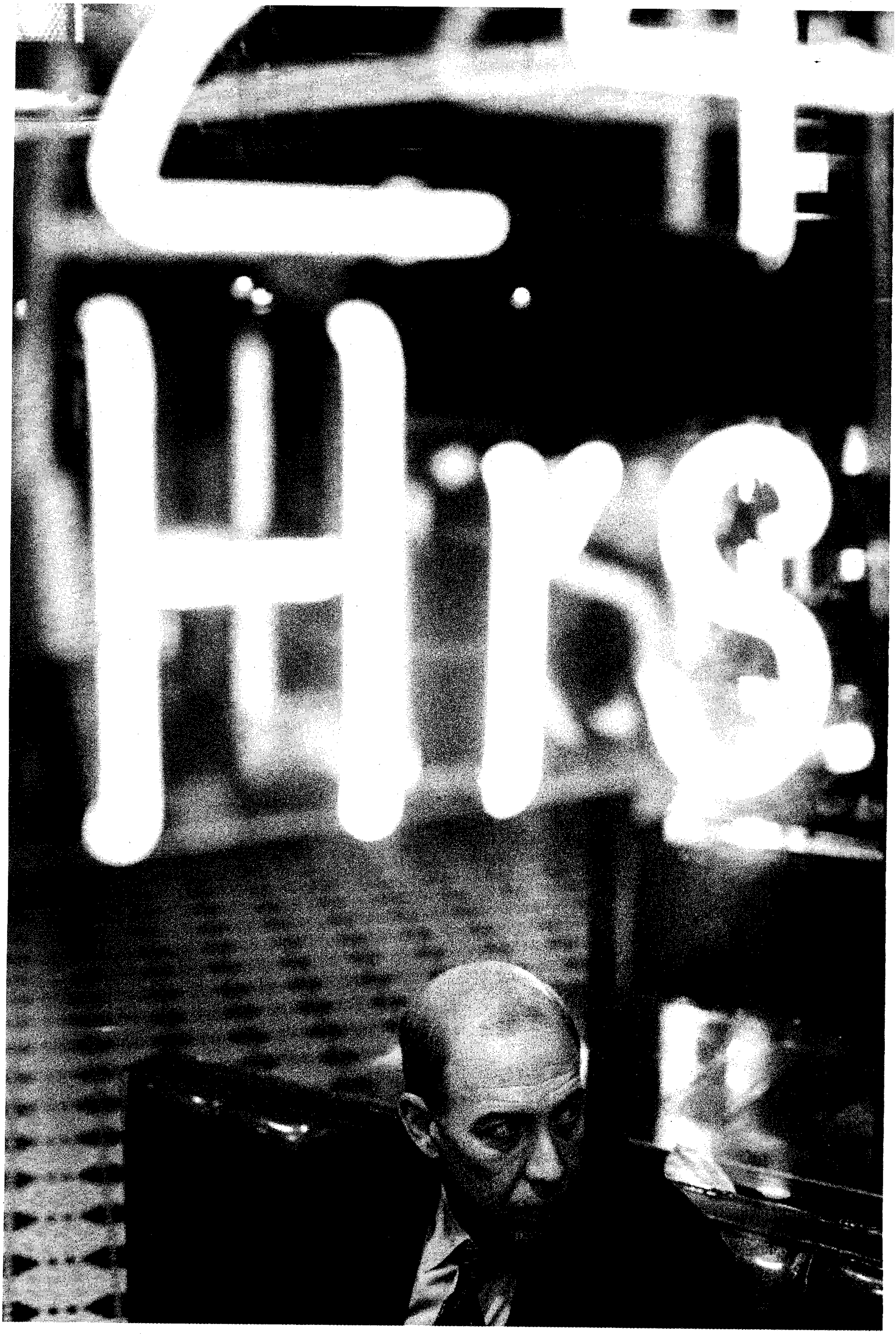
Fingerprints from Frank Koehler's 1962 file; the investigator Andy Rosenzweig, photographed at the Skylight Diner by Gilles Peress.

OPPOSITE: MAGNUM

On November 15, 1944, an Army deserter named Frank Gilbert Koehler was arrested for burglary in New York City. Frankie, as he liked to be called, had no criminal record. He had walked off his post at Fort Dix, New Jersey, after suffering unsustainable financial reversals in a crap game, and when it was discovered that he was fifteen years old, and had lied about his age in order to enlist, he was sent to Childrens Court, declared a juvenile delinquent, and returned to military control. Six months later, Koehler—AWOL again, and for good—shot and killed a sixteen-year-old boy in an abandoned building on West Twenty-fourth Street. The next day, he surrendered to a policeman on a street corner, and was taken to a station house, where he confessed. In court, he pleaded guilty, and the judge sent him upstate to serve five years at the Elmira Reformatory. He was released on May 17, 1950, and remained a free man for eight months and nine days, until he was found by police, hiding between the tracks of the Third Avenue Elevated train line, after robbing a bar-and-grill at gunpoint. A news photograph of Koehler, taken that night, showed him to be a slight, dark-haired man, rather handsome and dapperly dressed, in an overcoat, business suit, necktie, and handcuffs. When the picture appeared in the next day's *Mirror*, he was recognized by the bookkeeper of a Murray Hill construction company as one of two gunmen who had, a month earlier, robbed her payroll. Koehler admitted to both heists, and once again he was transferred upstate, this time to Green Haven prison, in Stormville, with a sentence of ten to twenty years. He served eleven and a half, and was paroled in August of 1962, at the age of thirty-three, having spent half of his life "away."

Before the year was out, Frankie Koehler had a wife and a job in a machine shop. Later, he found union work at the New York Coliseum, on Columbus Circle, and he did not come to the attention of the police again until February 18, 1970. Around eight o'clock that evening, he was having drinks at Channel Seven, a restaurant on West Fifty-fourth Street, when he got into an argument with the owner, Pete McGinn, and a friend of McGinn's named Richie Glennon. The issue was a woman—the wife of a mutual friend. Koehler had been having an affair with her while her husband was in prison, and McGinn declared that carrying on with a jailed friend's wife was about the lowest thing a lowlife could do. Koehler came back with the opinion that he was a scumbag himself. Then Koehler spat in McGinn's face, and the two men were soon out on the sidewalk, where McGinn gave Koehler a severe beating. After that, McGinn went home, and Koehler picked himself up off the pavement and went his own way before returning to Channel Seven. Richie Glennon was still there, and Koehler proposed that they sit down with McGinn, to put their quarrel behind them in a gentlemanly fashion. Glennon thought that was a good idea, and he phoned McGinn to say that they were coming over to his place, which was a block north of Channel Seven, in what the next day's *News* described as a "luxury apartment building . . . just up the street from Gov. Rockefeller's New York office."

Richie Glennon and Pete McGinn knew each other from boyhood in the South Bronx, and both had found success in the restaurant business. Glennon owned a bistro called the Flower Pot, on the Upper East Side, which was doing well enough for him to have taken the night off. He had been having dinner at Channel Seven with his girlfriend, and when he left with Frankie Koehler she went with them. "We went to McGinn's apartment, and rode up in the elevator," she told me recently. "It was the fourth


Hrs.

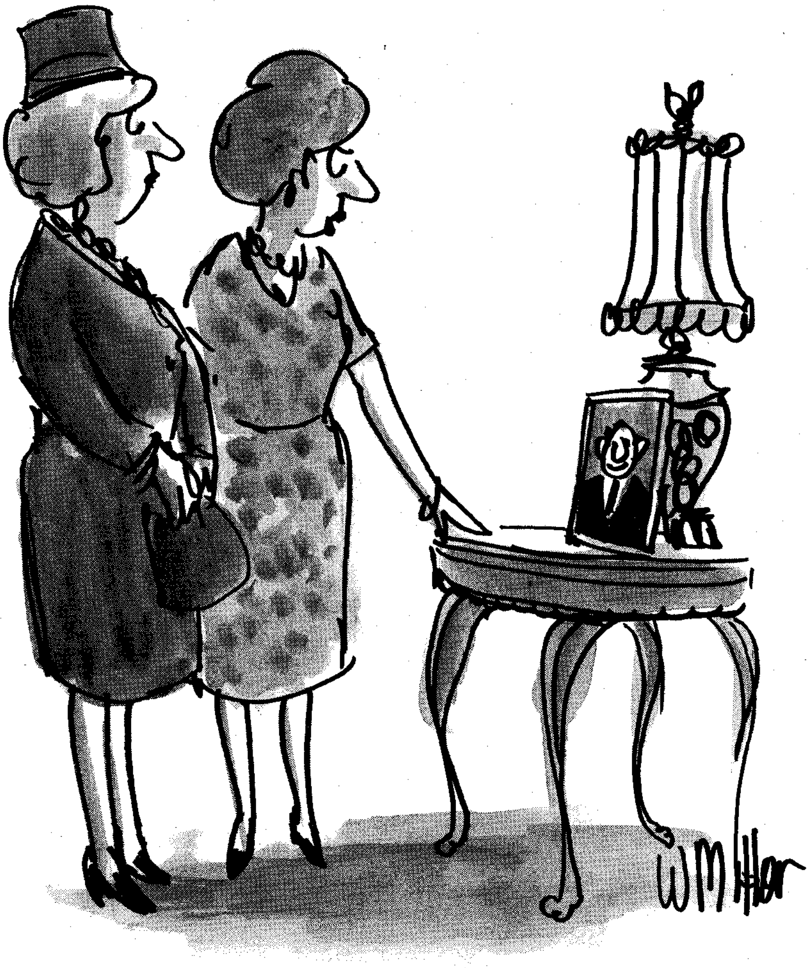
floor. Richie told me to stay in the hall, and I waited out there till I heard these loud bangs. I thought they were fighting again, throwing things around. I heard the noise—I didn't even know they were shots—I just heard bangs, and I opened the door. Frankie Koehler was running away with this smoking gun. I said, 'Where's Richie?' There was Richie on the floor."

Glennon lay on his back, with his legs crossed comfortably at his ankles, his overcoat and suit jacket twisted beneath him, his left arm flung out, and the left side of his white shirt bunched and soaked in blood from shoulder to waist around a small hole over his rib cage. His girlfriend didn't notice Pete McGinn, who was at the far end of the room, behind a plush easy chair, clad only in a bathrobe, with his right foot in a slipper and his left foot bare, lying face down and dead on the parquet floor. "I remember a big dog hopping around," she told me. "It wasn't a small dog. It was a big dog." Beyond that, she was conscious only of Glennon. She didn't want to believe that he was dead. She tried to pick him up, and asked him where it hurt.

Koehler told her to shut up. He was still hovering over her with his gun, and it occurred to her that he must be afraid. She said, "I'm not gonna tell anybody," and he said, "Don't open your fucking mouth. Just sit there." With that, he left. He took the elevator down to the lobby, fished a handkerchief from his pocket, and pretended to be coughing into it, to hide his face as he walked past the doorman. And then Frankie Koehler disappeared.

A MEMORY OF MURDER

TWENTY-SEVEN years later, on January 6, 1997, Andy Rosenzweig, the chief investigator for the District Attorney of Manhattan, was driving up Third Avenue, nosing through lunch-hour traffic, on his way to his doctor's office for a stress test. The procedure was routine, but Rosenzweig had plenty to be stressed about—on any given day at the D.A.'s office, his team of more than eighty investigators was at work on hundreds of cases, tracking thousands of leads into virtually every known realm of criminal activity—and at the corner of Sixty-ninth Street he experienced a jolt of memory that quickened his pulse. That was where Richie Glennon's restaurant, the Flower Pot, had stood. Rosenzweig, who had known Glennon and liked him, was distressed to realize that he couldn't remember the last time he had thought of his murdered pal.



"When we were together, he was always singing 'It Had to Be You.' Then, suddenly, he switched to 'I Gotta Be Me,' and I haven't seen him since."

The memory carried Rosenzweig back to the early sixties, when he had graduated from the Bronx High School of Science, and had worked for several summers as a lifeguard at the Miramar pool, on 207th Street and Tenth Avenue. The pool was then the largest in Manhattan, a magnet for the white working classes of uptown and the Bronx. Glennon, who was eleven years older, had been a regular at the Miramar, a lanky, rugged-looking, blue-eyed former middleweight prizefighter. His record in the ring had been mediocre, thirteen fights, five losses; he was what people called "a ham-and-egger." But just getting in there gave him an aura that he considered worth the beatings. He enjoyed fighting, and did it for free when the occasion presented itself in bars and on the street. He liked to mix things up. He liked to hang out with cops, and he liked to hang out with criminals—liked to be where the action was. He'd served in the merchant marine and worked as a model, and by the time Rosenzweig met him he was earning high union wages as an ironworker, fitting the frames of tall buildings. On the job, he'd hang a sign off the beam with his name and phone number, and wave at the girls in the facing offices; and it worked, they'd call him. Rosenzweig remembered him as a man of mischief, "a colorful character, high energy, funny, a talker, glib, Runyonesque—you know, a tough guy."

To be sure, Rosenzweig had always sensed "something behind the scenes with Richie," a whiff of the illicit. Glennon, he said, "was one of those pure New York characters, who truly walked the fence between the good guys and the bad guys." At the same time, Rosenzweig had recognized in him a familiar hunger to be "somebody" without quite knowing

THE NECKLACE

These little irises could be your eyes'
if they were twice as large and twice as dark,
but if I got inside them—can I find
the vein that is the tunnel to your heart?
I may be in there: I see signs of movement
under the silky shadow/luminescence;
is it feeling's fierce integument
or a more troubled, more elusive essence?
Your other eyes have locked me out sometimes
(they have good reason to) but not ignored
the guilty pleading boring out from mine
there are no words for, as there are no words
for what these lacquer seeds say. Irritation
brought them on, but patience made them pearls,
the same slow labor that piles years of pages up—
call it obsession, plodding, imitation,
pigheadedness, simplicity, devotion:
Out of the dented life burled nacre curls
until the final jewel locks rays and rages up.
Remember when you wear these little worlds.

—Jonathan Galassi

who. In those days, Rosenzweig couldn't have said how his own qualities were supposed to add up, either. Back home, in the leafy, predominantly Jewish neighborhood of Bronx Park East, his father, a Polish-born cabdriver, and his mother, a Brooklyn-born secretary, wanted him to go to college. But classrooms made Rosenzweig restless; his mind resisted abstraction, and he felt most at ease among the older, streetwise cops and construction workers, who made up the core of his crowd at the Miramar. Later, when he himself became a cop, and Glennon moved into the restaurant business, they had faded to the periphery of each other's world, because Rosenzweig was rigorously straight and Glennon's many hustles were said to include loan-sharking. Still, in 1967, when Rosenzweig got married, Glennon attended the wedding, and three years later, when Glennon got shot, Rosenzweig attended his wake. Rosenzweig had seen a good deal of violent death by then, working as a patrolman in the Four-One Precinct—"Fort Apache"—in the Bronx. But Glennon was a friend, and nothing he had learned on the job helped to diminish the shock of his murder.

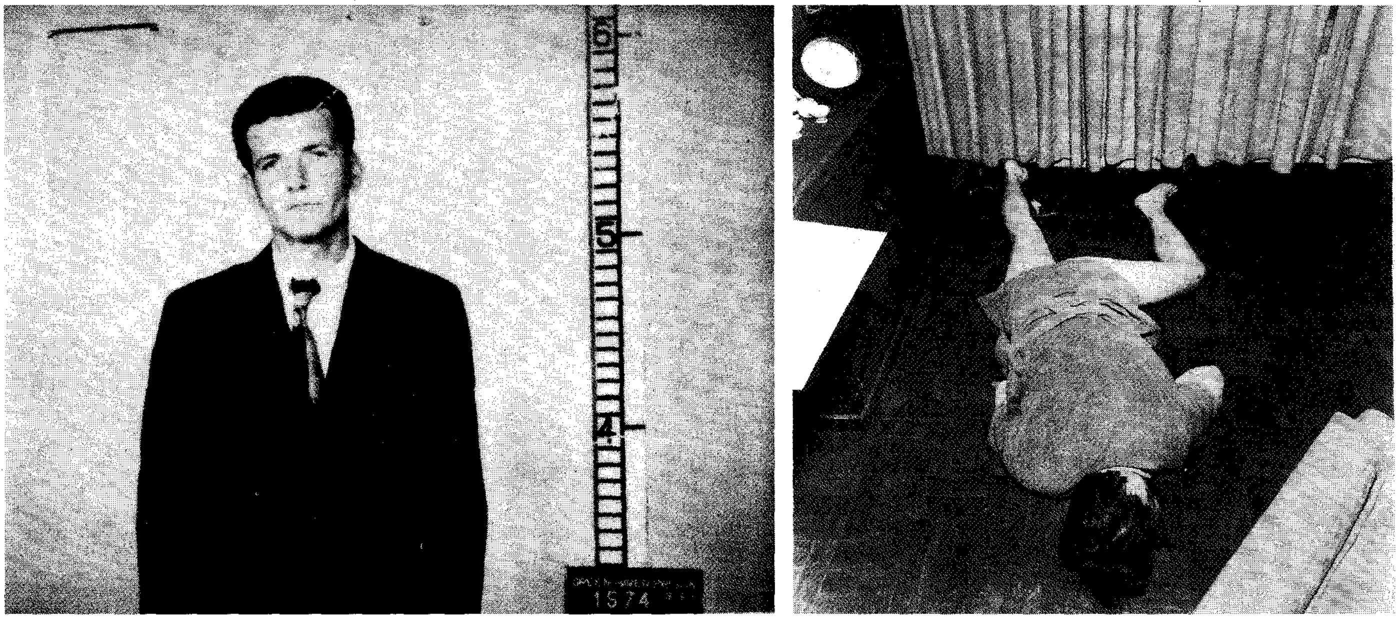
Passing the old Flower Pot brought it all back: Glennon and McGinn—double homicide. It was the talk of Rosenzweig's town at the time, and a curious thing about murder is the way that it twists one's memory of the dead into a fixation on the murderer. "Everyone knew this guy Frankie Koehler had shot and killed Richie and Pete," Rosenzweig recalled, adding, "It was like a simple case. It wasn't a whodunit, just where is he? It was kind of matter of fact. People saying, 'Oh, yeah, they just gotta pick him up. They know he works at the Coliseum. Frankie Koehler, bad guy, tough guy, West Side of Manhattan, real bad guy.' It was almost like a fait accompli: 'They're gonna find him because detectives do that. They know how to do it.' Every day and every week, and then every few weeks and then every few months, we'd talk about it: 'Aw, jeez, they still have to pick him up.' Maybe a year went by and they didn't pick him up, maybe two years, and you're moving on in life."

Twenty-seven years. The Miramar pool had been paved over long ago (a Pathmark supermarket now stood in its place), and Rosenzweig himself was fifty-two; his three children were grown; he had recently married his third wife, Mary Kelley, who worked with him at the D.A.'s office as the master of computer searches; they had just bought a weekend house together on the Rhode Island shore; and as he was beginning, warily, to contemplate retirement he looked back on the time when he had known Glennon as the "formative years," and he felt a sense of debt. He figured that if Koehler had been caught he would have heard, and, as an officer of the law, he took the fact that he hadn't heard as a rebuke.

There is no statute of limitations on murder. Although a case may turn cold, the hunt for a killer remains open until he is captured and convicted, or until he is dead, and, while New York has an eighty-seven-per-cent closure rate for murder cases (almost twenty per cent above the national average), Rosenzweig believed that murdered people and their survivors deserved even better statistics. He had always admired homicide detectives, who "handled death on a routine basis." But he also knew what it meant to police the city—he had been recognized early on as an "active cop," and as his record of solid and increasingly sophisticated arrests stacked up he had been made a sergeant at twenty-eight and a lieutenant at thirty-five—and he said, "The system doesn't always work so well."

Rosenzweig is an understated man, but understated in the implacable manner of Humphrey Bogart, to whom he bears some resemblance: he has the trim proportions; he has the versatile, long, toothy face, at once bemused and brooding, with a smile that bares a hint of a snarl, and a sense of preoccupation in his own private calculus; and his nasal, slightly sibilant speech recalls Bogart's nervous rhythms. When I asked him if it was true, as I'd heard, that he had once grabbed the Mafia godfather John Gotti on a street in Little Italy, and thrown him against a wall, he said, "There was such an incident." Then, after a minute, he said, "I threw a lot of people against walls." I could imagine. His hands are large, with fingers that are thick at the base and taper to a surprising fineness.

I first met Rosenzweig last spring, at the D.A.'s office, where he directed me onto a green leather couch, and sat himself on a little metal folding chair, with his brown suit trousers riding up his shins. On his left ankle was strapped a black Velcro holster with a .380 eight-shot semiautomatic, and as he described how the memory of Richie Glennon's murder came to him on the way to his medical checkup he told me that Glennon's girlfriend had never married, and



From left: Frankie Koehler's 1962 parole photograph; the body of Pete McGinn, a father of four; the door to McGinn's "luxury

McGinn had been survived by a wife and four young children, who lived in the suburbs. Rosenzweig remembered driving up Third Avenue, thinking, Who speaks for the dead? Nobody. As a rule, nobody speaks for the dead, unless we do.

By "we" he meant cops and investigators, and after his stress test Rosenzweig phoned an old friend from the Miramar pool, a retired detective who'd also been a friend of Glennon's, and he asked, "Did they ever catch that guy, Frankie Koehler?" The former detective didn't know, and he sounded chagrined to be reminded that he, too, had lost track of the case. "You're the D.A.'s chief investigator," he said, "and you're asking me?"

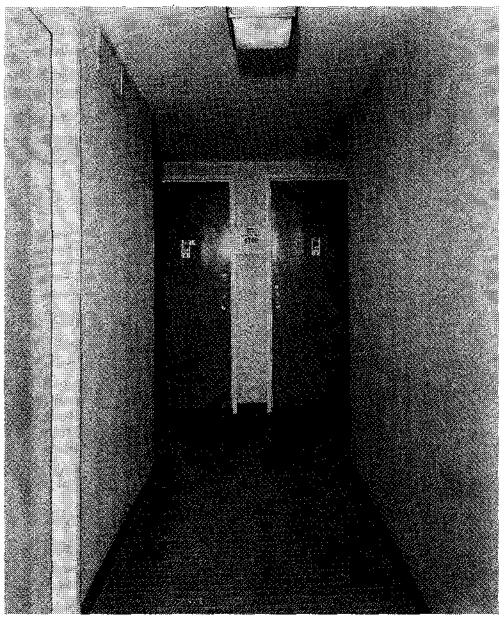
That afternoon, Rosenzweig opened a blank notebook and wrote Frankie Koehler's name on the first page; he made some more calls, and before long he had jotted down a piece of information: "Two tattoos on left arm—a skull-and-crossbones and a heart." A few days later, he sent a man from his homicide unit up to the Midtown North station house to collect the old files on Koehler. The sergeant there knew Rosenzweig, and he said, "Hey, ask Andy why he's looking at this. This case is closed, this guy's dead."

DETECTIVES do a lot of writing, and one of the most frequently found phrases in their professional prose is "negative results." After all, the great part of a detective's working life is spent pursuing seemingly fruitless leads, then writing about what was done, seen, and heard along the way on a form, known in New York police lingo as a D-D-Five. Each new D-D-Five is filed away atop all the previous D-D-Fives for a given investigation, and, sure enough, when Andy Rosenzweig opened the file on the Glennon-McGinn double homicide the top D-D-Five, which was written in May of 1992, bore the heading "Basis for closing case with Exceptional Clearance," and began, "After an extensive investigation by the undersigned and other Detectives . . . it is the opinion of the undersigned that the subject Frank G. Koehler is dead."

The word that struck Rosenzweig was "opinion." For homicide cases to be closed with Exceptional Clearance, the subject's death must be a matter of fact, substantiated by fingerprints from the corpse, a death certificate, or an obituary. The detective who closed the Koehler case, however, based his conclusion entirely on decades of negative results: "The subject has not surfaced . . . which leads one to reasonably believe that the subject is dead." Indeed, the detective argued, those who knew Koehler best considered it virtually inconceivable that a man with such a violent disposition and criminal history could have remained alive and out of trouble for so long.

Strikingly, most of the people who had advanced this notion to the detective were Koehler's relatives—and even they left some doubt. Koehler's seventy-nine-year-old mother, for instance, who was found at the Blue Angel Motel in Las Vegas, said that she had heard, in the early seventies, that Frankie had been shot and killed; but she also said that she had later been told that he had surfaced in Boston. And the manager of the Blue Angel, one Eula Chesser, told the detective that Koehler's mother had spoken of Frankie in conditional terms, saying, "If he were alive, the police would never take him alive, in that he had a bad temper." Koehler's only brother, Kenny, who had also worked at the New York Coliseum, agreed that Frankie was a rough customer. Still, when he spoke to the detective at a coffee shop called the Top and Top, in Queens, Kenny said that he was sure he would have heard if his brother had died, but he had had no news of the fugitive since the night of the murders, at which time, he said, "Frank went to the Coliseum and robbed a shylock in order to get money to get out of town." When the detective pushed harder, asking how Frankie Koehler could have survived for twenty years without running into the law, Kenny replied, "Maybe if he completely changed his environment."

"I don't fucking believe this," Rosenzweig remembers saying, as he read the detective's report. "There's nothing in here to conclude he's dead other than that his mother and his brother said, 'He must be dead. He could never stay out of trouble. Frank was a bad boy.'" The detective who had closed the case had a good reputation, and Rosenzweig suspected that he had declared Koehler dead under pressure from his superiors. "That's



apartment"; and the body of Richie Glennon, whom Andy Rosenzweig remembered fondly as "Runyonesque—a tough guy."

clearance on two homicides," he explained, adding, "It's a particular squad lieutenant's advantage to have a high closure rate. Some of them do it legit, some of them cut corners." But police work was teamwork, and, he said, such was the nature of the system that a low-profile case could just slip through the cracks, and it was "no individual's fault."

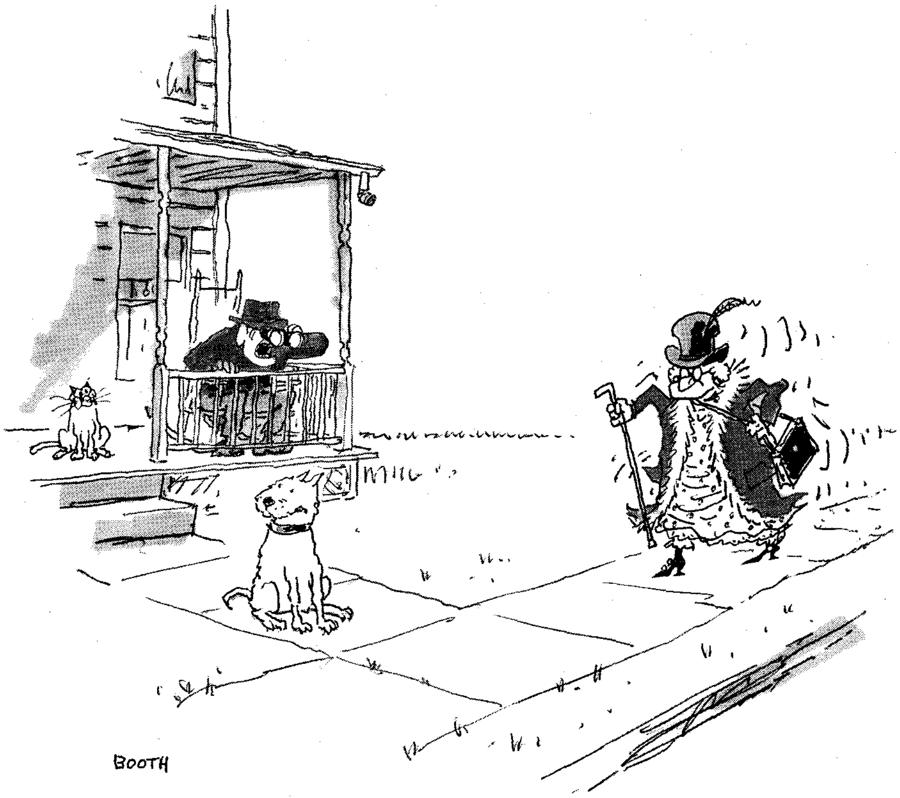
Rosenzweig is an avid reader, with a taste for European police procedurals, and he once read me a passage that rang especially true to him, from "Smilla's Sense of Snow," by the Danish novelist Peter Høeg. In it, a man named Ravn, who works at the D.A.'s office in Copenhagen, says of his colleagues—detectives, investigators, and prosecutors—"We were the suspicious ones. We believed that a statement, a confession, an incident, was seldom what it purported to be." At the same time, Ravn says, the fundamental requirement for a career in the Ministry of Justice is institutional loyalty, which means never turning the "excellent tool" of one's suspicion on the system itself. And, he concludes, "I can tell you that most people secretly find it a relief to have the state divest them of the trouble of being an independent person." Rosenzweig had never known such relief. After all, he told me, "Everything we do, there's a victim attached."

Rosenzweig couldn't remember the first time he was called to a murder as a rookie in the Four-One Precinct, but one early scene stood out for him. "Dope people," he said. "Guy shot his girlfriend in the head, then shot himself in the head." He was filling in for an absentee that day, and what impressed him was the way his temporary partner responded when the call came for an "aided case"—an injured or sick person. The man wanted to finish his coffee. "Sometimes I don't even go on these things," he said. Rosenzweig said, "I think we better go." His partner called him a "ball-buster," and began driving—"in not too much of a hurry," Rosenzweig recalled. They found the murderer-suicide still alive, though barely, and while Rosenzweig kicked the gun away from the man's hand and set about securing the scene, his partner just stood there dithering. Later, Rosenzweig's sergeant complimented him. "Nice for a young cop," Rosenzweig said, but he wasn't really bragging. He was saying that too often, in his work experience, doing things right amounted to little more than refusing to do things wrong.

"Right is right," Rosenzweig liked to say; he couldn't be called a romantic, because he despised self-deception, yet there was an undeniable romance in his sense of vocation; he loved being a cop and an investigator—loved the work itself, as much as its purpose. But he remained embarrassed and offended by the system's capacity to accommodate the perfunctory: the common run of what, on a forgiving day, he would call "nitwits"—not so much those who can't do any better but those who can't be bothered.

So it angered Rosenzweig to think that Frankie Koehler might have been granted the fugitive's ultimate sanctuary of official death. In the D.A.'s office hierarchy, he wasn't authorized to open a full investigation without the backing of a prosecutor, but he didn't want to have to explain himself. He decided not to discuss the Koehler case with anybody in the office except his wife, Mary, and he asked her to search her computer databases—death files, Social Security numbers, press archives—for any indication that Koehler had died. When she came back with negative results, he flipped the old case files over and started digging through them from the beginning. "I don't like to leave things hanging," he told me, "and I thought it might make it a little less hard to retire if I got this thing settled."

ROSENZWEIG tended to enjoy his work most when he was out of the office, exercising his considerable powers as a noticer: looking for trouble, tracking leads, questioning sources, and—if all the pieces added up—making arrests. But he didn't mind sitting behind a desk when an investigation was at stake. In his experience, paperwork and legwork frequently went hand in hand. In 1974, while stuck in traffic on a service road of the Major Deegan Expressway, in the Bronx, Rosenzweig saw a man in a new yellow Cadillac pull over, park on the sidewalk, and get out—"kind of duded up, and carrying a little paper bag." Rosenzweig was off duty (on vacation, actually), but he took



"Be still, my atrial fibrillations!"

• •

an interest in the drug trade, and was excited at the sight of little paper bags. When the man started walking, Rosenzweig cruised behind him, then cut a U-turn, and got out of his car. The man wouldn't make eye contact. "He walks by and he's whistling," Rosenzweig said, "but he's not whistling any tune. I get behind him, and I get ready. When he turns around I'm gonna give him the motion. The motion is just the badge in the hand." There followed a "big chase, on foot, cars screeching, we're going over hoods," before Rosenzweig caught him ducking into a luncheonette. The paper bag, it turned out, contained eight or nine ounces of cocaine; and the suspect, it turned out, had been arrested twice before in New York without anyone taking particular note of his rap sheet: he had escaped from a South Carolina prison while serving a life sentence.

Legwork, paperwork: that had been the end of one man's life in the outside world, and now, as Rosenzweig turned his attention to Frankie Koehler, he once again began noticing loose threads that quickened his interest. For instance, there were suggestions in the old D-D-Fives that Koehler had continued to frequent, if not to live in, New York long after the murders, and Rosenzweig was particularly intrigued by rumors that Koehler had continued to work at his old job at the Coliseum.

Throughout the sixties and early seventies, the unions at the Coliseum had been controlled by competing organized-crime syndicates—notably the Hell's Kitchen Irish mob and the Gambino and Genovese Mafia families—and the D.A.'s office had conducted a number of investigations of racketeering there. In fact, membership rolls from Koehler's union local were still in the office files, and Rosenzweig decided to look them over. He didn't expect much, and, searching through the hundreds of names, Social Security and union-card numbers, and addresses, he found no trace of Frankie Koehler. But, as he worked his way down the columns of birth dates, he got interested in a man named Frank Fitzgerald, who was registered as having been born on August 25, 1930—exactly a year, a month, and a day after Koehler himself.

Plus one, plus one, plus one: Rosenzweig knew that criminals frequently used such simple mnemonic devices, and retained their first names, when constructing aliases. What's more, Fitzgerald's address was in Toms River, New Jersey, which corresponded to another trace in the Koehler file—enough to encourage Rosenzweig to ask his wife to find out what her computer could tell them about Frank Fitzgerald. She reported back that he had no criminal record, but he did have a driver's license, which said that his eyes, like Koehler's, were blue, and his height, like Koehler's, was five-nine.

When Rosenzweig saw the I.D. photo from Fitzgerald's license, he was astonished by the man's resemblance to Koehler. But Mary wasn't convinced; and Rosenzweig, conscious that he wanted Frank Fitzgerald to be Frankie Koehler, feared that his eagerness could be prejudicing his vision. After all, he had only two pictures of Koehler: a portrait taken at Green Haven prison when he was paroled in 1962, and an image produced in 1990 by an F.B.I. computer-animation program, in which that parole photograph had been "aged" to represent a grayed and timeworn version of the fugitive. He began asking sharp-eyed colleagues what they thought of the Fitzgerald and the Koehler pictures. Most people he asked said the likeness was striking, and Rosenzweig's attitude was "Let's go get him. Cut to the chase."

AMONG the first calls Rosenzweig had made about Koehler was to Tom Hallinan, one of the detectives who originally "caught" the case on the night of February 18, 1970, when he heard the radio call "shots fired," followed by Pete McGinn's address. Hallinan had been just a block away at the time, on his way to investigate a burglary, and when he reached McGinn's apartment the smell of gunpowder still hung over the corpses on the floor. Hallinan is a tall man, with a ruddy, smooth-worn slope of a face. In 1986, he retired from the force as a sergeant in charge of detectives, and he now serves as a director of corporate security at Bell Atlantic, where the walls and shelves of his office are decked with plaques and photos from his life as a cop—twenty-four years, during which he received every major award the Police Department can bestow on its officers except the Medal of Honor. "A great career," he told me, adding, “Everything was positive. The only negative event was not apprehending Frankie Koehler.” Hallinan had identified the murderer within five minutes, and he had soon assembled an excellent profile of the tangled relationships of Koehler’s extended family, and of his contacts among the career criminals of the West Side, where the brutal Irish racketeers the Westies were making a name for themselves as master murderers and dismemberers. It had seemed only a matter of time until Koehler would be flushed out or ratted on.

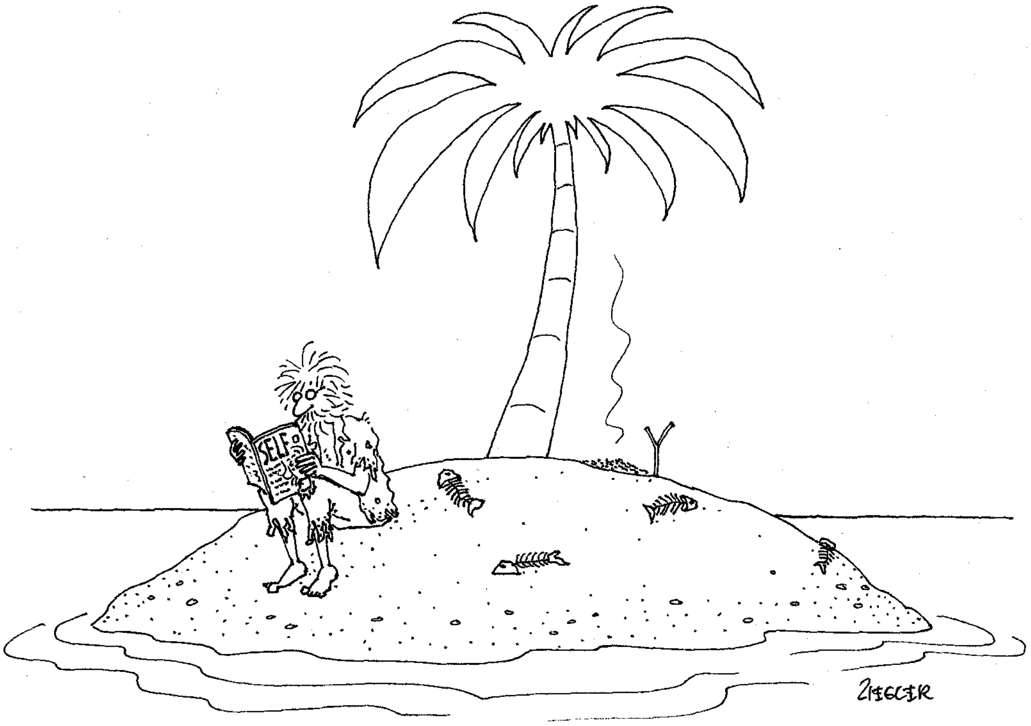
But in New York in 1970 the murder rate was twice what it is today, and, after several weeks of full-time work on Koehler, Hallinan was “right back in the squad, catching other cases.” Still, he never lost interest in the fugitive. Although he had heard that Koehler was dead, he wasn’t convinced, so he was delighted when Rosenzweig said that he wasn’t, either. He told Rosenzweig everything he knew about the case, and then he cautioned him, as he had cautioned everyone else who had called him about Koehler over the years. “Whoever’s gonna take him, he’s gonna be armed,” Hallinan said. “Please pass that on. It’s the one favor I ask of you.”

Rosenzweig understood. In his files he had photocopies of Glennon and McGinn’s toe tags from the city morgue, and he had read the medical examiner’s reports of their autopsies. The causes of death were listed for Glennon, who was thirty-six, as “bullet wounds of arms, shoulder, thigh, chest, lungs, and heart”; and for McGinn, who was thirty-eight, as “bullet wounds of chest, arms, thigh, hand, heart, lungs, liver, intestines, right humerus and pelvis.” Investigative work is by nature intrusive, and, as if getting shot to death weren’t enough of a violation to a body, an autopsy knows no shame. Every normality and abnormality of the dead men was described in detail: the track of each bullet through their flesh, bones, and organs; the quantity of mucus in their noses; the weight of their livers, spleens, lungs, hearts, and brains; the condition of their “external genitalia” (in both cases “unremarkable”); the strong smell of alcohol in their stomachs, which contained large amounts of “completely undigested food matter with recognizable fragments of meat and vegetable particles”; and a large round bruise on the back of Glennon’s neck, marked by seven small grooves in “a patterned imprint of abrasions about one mm. apart”—which is how a pathologist would say that Glennon had recently been bitten by another person.

Rosenzweig had also been studying the statement Koehler had given to police when he was arrested at the age of fifteen. Two days before, Koehler and a sixteen-year-old friend named Billy Burns had visited Burns’s girlfriend, Loretta Avalon, who had showed them several of her prize possessions: a pearl that she said was worth five hundred dollars and a .45-calibre Smith & Wesson six-shot revolver. Then she asked the two boys to take her dog for a walk, which they did, only Koehler said, “Me and Billy didn’t want to walk too far. We threw him in a car and left him there.” The following morning, Koehler and Burns returned to Avalon’s apartment, kicked in the door, and took the pearl and the gun and some costume jewelry. They stashed the loot in Burns’s cellar, but a little while later, when Koehler returned alone to their cache, he found it empty. “I felt sad,” he said in his confession. “I didn’t like it.” He went looking for Burns, and when he caught up with him he told him, “I got a buyer for the stuff.” Burns said, “Let’s wait a little while.” At that point, Koehler recalled, “I said, ‘You punk, you know it ain’t down there.’ Then I smacked him. Then he looked up at me sort of scared. . . . I was pretty well sore. He said he gave it back to his girl. So I thought he was bull throwing me. I told him, ‘Let’s go over and knock off the Y.M.C.A.’ So he said, ‘All right.’ So then he said to me, ‘You’re not mad at me, are you, Frankie?’ I said, ‘No, I ain’t mad at you, Billy.’ ”

Koehler led Burns to a derelict building adjacent to the Y.M.C.A. They climbed up the fire escape and entered through a window on the second floor. Koehler let Burns walk ahead of him, then pulled out a gun—procured for him by Burns himself, four months earlier, at the Eighth Avenue fish market—and said, “If you don’t tell me where the pearl is, I will blow your brains out.” When Burns tried to run, Koehler shot him from a distance of about five feet. “He went down on one knee,” Koehler told the cops. “He said, ‘You shot me Frankie.’ I said, ‘You bastard you deserved it.’ ”

Before leaving Burns there to die, Koehler patted him down, hoping to find the pearl. But Burns didn’t have it. He had told the truth when he said he had returned the stolen goods to Loretta Avalon; she had since given them to the



police as evidence, and it turned out that the pearl was a fake, made of paste, with a value of a dollar and sixty cents. Koehler was aware of these facts when he made his confessional statement, but he still seemed persuaded that he had been double-crossed, and the closest he came to expressing remorse was to say, "I'm sorry now for a buck-sixty."

LATE in the evening of February 6, 1997, Rosenzweig and a few of his men drove to New Jersey, and, backed by a posse of Toms River policemen, he knocked on Frank Fitzgerald's door. The house was dark, and after a while he knocked again. Eventually, lights came on, and a man in pajamas opened the door. Rosenzweig recognized a sleep-struck version of the face on Fitzgerald's driver's license.

"Frank?" he said.

"Yeah."

"Come here." Rosenzweig grabbed him by the collar. "You're under arrest for homicide."

"Homicide! I never killed anyone. What are you talking about?"

"Are you Frank Koehler?"

"Nooo. Frank Fitzgerald."

"Are you sure?"

"Swear to God."

Rosenzweig let go and followed him inside, accompanied by several colleagues. Fitzgerald didn't deny that he'd worked at the Coliseum, and that there were plenty of bad guys there, but he said, "I stayed away," and, "I mind my business." He was coöperative, producing documents to prove that he really was Frank Fitzgerald, and Rosenzweig noticed that he had no tattoos or scars where Koehler was said to have tattoos. Then Rosenzweig met Fitzgerald's wife, and he found himself thinking, They're the nicest couple. After twenty minutes, when he and his partners got up to leave, he said, "God bless you," and shook the Fitzgeralds' hands. "We were apologetic, as we should have been," he said. "It was a mistake, and sometimes you make mistakes—and it's not based on nothing."

In fact, Rosenzweig told me that the only time he had shot to kill he had done so as the result of a mistake. This was in 1969. He had noticed a man at "a known drug location," making a transaction in a men's room. When Rosenzweig accosted him, badge in hand, the guy made a run for it. Rosenzweig went after him, and jumped on him. They went down in "a fierce struggle." Rosenzweig realized that the man was stabbing at him with a bowie knife. His jacket had been slashed open. "I guess it's the closest I came—and I came close a few times—to getting badly injured or killed," he told me, and he said, "That was when I decided to shoot him." From a distance of no more than two feet, he fired directly into the man's chest, and watched him fall away bleeding. But the wound was relatively minor. The man was wearing a "miraculous medal" around his neck, and the medal had worked, catching the bullet and saving his life. Later, at the hospital, the man told Rosenzweig that he hadn't been involved in a drug deal but was merely collecting a gambling debt. He hadn't explained himself when Rosenzweig attempted to arrest him, because what he saw was a cop coming at him, and he figured that the cop probably just wanted to rip him off—which "wasn't so far-fetched in those days," Rosenzweig said.

He still considered himself justified in shooting the man, once they were on the floor and the knife was out. But, thinking back on that moment, Rosenzweig told me, "I don't think my career would have flourished if this happened now. There was a tolerance back then for people making mistakes—not mistakes of the heart, mistakes of the mind."

That tolerance is gone, Rosenzweig said, yet while the public calls for restraint, then says, "What's happening? Crime's going up again. O.K., let 'em loose again," the Police Department generally "does a very poor job of articulating what it's about: to go out on hot days, and in hot situations, and not only put your ass physically on the line—put your career on the line, put your reputation on the line, have your wife and your kids read in the news that you're under investigation, because people asked you, 'Get on that shield, go out there, and do that dirty job for us but don't do it a little too forcefully.' "

Rosenzweig will tell you that seeing Gary Cooper in "High Noon" as a teenager in the Bronx was one of the great inspirations of his life. But he will also tell you that after seeing the movie many times he did not acquit himself so bravely when he first hit the streets as a cop. The summer of '66 was a period of riots and unrest in the city, and he hardly had time to learn his way around the Police Academy before he was sent out on patrol. "Alone," he told me, and he repeated the word. "No partner, alone, no walkie-talkie, and—very important, your most important weapon, perhaps—no knowledge of the law. You're some kind of I don't know what—a Hessian, or a soldier, an occupying force, just someone in a uniform, and a gun, looking for trouble. So now you have young Officer Rosenzweig, twenty-one years old, on Forty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, by the New York Times, and someone tells me, 'Officer, there's a guy causing trouble up the street.' So I go up the street, and here's a guy, a good half a head taller than me and maybe forty pounds heavier, and he's harassing people. He's just being a pain in the ass. He's not assaulting anyone but he's acting disorderly. He was a discon"—disorderly conduct—"arrest if I knew what I was doing. But I was scared. I was definitely scared. I walk up to him, and I tell him, 'Hey, cut it out, and move along.' And he uses some expletive. And—'I'm telling you to move along'—I'm trying to exert my authority as an officer. I have, like, half the right instincts, but I had only half of them. So I then say to him, 'Listen, I'm gonna walk back around the corner. If you're here when I get back, I'm gonna lock you up.' And he may have used some other expletive, and I walked away.

"And I didn't come back," Rosenzweig said. "And it was a rather craven thing to do." The next evening, off duty, Rosenzweig stopped in, as was his habit, at Chambers, a bar around the corner from the Miramar pool, and sat down to drink beside Dave Cody, a narcotics detective nearly twice his age, whom he looked up to as a mentor. "We were having drinks. Having drinks. Having drinks," Rosenzweig told me, his voice slowing a bit to imply the rhythm of the rounds. After a while, Rosenzweig said, "Dave, I had a situation last night," and told his story. Cody was not sympathetic. "You can't ever fucking do that," he said. "Don't ever do that if you want to be a cop. There's other careers. People are depending on you. You let people down there."

"I felt that small," Rosenzweig told me, holding a hand a few inches from the floor. "No, I felt much smaller than that. I felt totally diminished. But, oh God, was that an important lesson for me. I didn't back up after that."

Of course, there was such a thing as being too gung-ho, and as a young sergeant in the early seventies Rosenzweig had taken what were then unprecedented measures to have a compulsively aggressive officer expelled from the force as psychologically unfit for police work. He recalled his vigilance in that matter with pride, and yet, twenty years later, he had been relieved when his own son decided not to become a cop. The climate had changed, he told me, but the deeper problem remained: "You're in this situation where you have to arrest someone because you have probable cause to believe they committed a crime. They don't want to be arrested, and now they resist you. How much force can you use? Is a punch in the mouth O.K.? Can you hit him on the head with the nightstick? Can you just jab him in the belly? Everything you do is going to look brutal to someone watching. You have to use a minimum amount of force. But what is a minimum? Do you have to use so little force that he gets the best of you, and gets your gun away from you and kills you?"

Think about it, Rosenzweig said. "I'm not talking about Abner Louima, or the Rodney King case—gratuitous violence against people. I'm talking about people that have to do their jobs. It's not a pleasant thing."

REALTOR FROM THE BLACK LAGOON
Don't let the word "lagoon" throw you!
Property values are just going up and up!
It's Tribeca fifty years ago!

As the winter of 1997 gave way to spring, and then summer, Andy Rosenzweig used to tell his friends that, on account of his obsession with Frankie Koehler, he was afraid Mary was about to become his third ex-wife. He was only partially joking. Following his dead-end excursion to New Jersey, he had started taking Mary to eat dinner at the Skylight Diner, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Ninth Avenue, because Koehler's brother, Kenny, lived up the block. Rosenzweig figured that if Frankie Koehler happened to be alive and in a visiting mood he might come in to Penn Station by train, and walk right past the diner's window. "You never know," he said.

At the same time, Rosenzweig assigned two men from his bureau to the case: Tommy Pon, a thirty-eight-year-old senior investigator, whom Rosenzweig called "a surveillance wiz"; and Chris Donohue, who was twenty-eight, "an apple-cheeked, spanky-clean-looking rookie." Rosenzweig also decided that it was time to enlist the official support and subpoena power of a prosecutor, and he turned to Steve Saracco, a veteran Assistant District Attorney, who with his partner Dan Bibb worked exclusively on cold homicide cases. Saracco liked the Koehler story immediately. In cold-case work, he told me, "The majority of cases we look at are not what I believe Thomas Pynchon called glamour grudges. They have no profile." In fact, he said, "There's a lot of failure."

The investigation now consisted largely in retracing the steps of previous investigations: constructing an up-to-date Koehler family tree, subpoenaing Koehler-family phone records, tracing the calls, and determining, each time a phone number was attached to a name with a criminal record, if that name might be an alias for Frankie. "Painstaking," Rosenzweig said. At one point, his investigators had Kenny Koehler picked up for buying marijuana in a city park and they went through his address book, which gave them even more numbers to work with, including one for a man, identified only as Tex, in the Brighton Beach area. One of Frankie

"I may only be in promotion, but I have seen the knives in the night."

Koehler's rap sheets had listed his nickname as Tex, and Rosenzweig told me, "I had Mary check that number, forward, backward, inside out, upside down, coded, decoded, and each one of those was then a lead that had to be followed—all for naught."

By early summer, there was little left to investigate in the New York area, and Rosenzweig and his men turned their attention to a branch of Koehler's family in California. Rosenzweig was particularly interested in a pair of Koehler's nephews there, brothers called McMullen, each of whom had been arrested dozens of times: "Burglary, arson, assault—no murders, but these are legitimate full-time criminals." Not surprisingly, one of the McMullens was in a California jail at the time, and Rosenzweig had Pon get in touch with a local prison investigator to monitor his outside phone calls. "These guys know they're being taped," Rosenzweig said. "They have a sign up—'These calls are taped'—but they still talk." The imprisoned McMullen never said anything "particularly inculpatory," but from what Rosenzweig could make out in the prison investigator's reports there were hints of an uncle somewhere in his orbit.

It occurred to Rosenzweig that Frankie Koehler's sixty-eighth birthday, which was coming up on July 24th, might be a good moment to have Pon and Donohue go to California and watch the McMullen brother who wasn't in jail. His name was Danny; he lived in Benicia, a tranquil, low-crime hamlet of twenty-nine thousand people which sits just below the southern tip of Napa Valley, about a forty-five-minute drive from San Francisco; and what he did on Koehler's birthday was beat up his common-law wife and get arrested one more time.

Pon and Donohue took advantage of this development to question McMullen's wife and some of his neighbors. Then they called Rosenzweig's office to ask his advice: Should they check out Frank O'Grady? "Who's he?" Rosenzweig said. His men explained that Danny McMullen listed two references on his apartment-rental agreement: a relative in Southern California, and a Frank O'Grady, who lived at the Benicia Inn, a low-rent residential hotel. Rosenzweig said, "Go," and the next day Pon, Donohue, and a local F.B.I. agent named Pete French knocked on O'Grady's door. A man opened it, and, when he gave his name, Pon and Donohue recognized him as one of Koehler's nephews from New York. French then introduced himself as a federal agent. "Where's Frank O'Grady?" he said, and Koehler's nephew told him, "He's down in Reno, gambling. It's his birthday."

WHEN Rosenzweig came into his office on Monday morning, he found Tommy Pon and Chris Donohue in a despondent mood. They had been so close, they said—they were ninety-nine per cent sure that O'Grady was Koehler—and they'd blown their cover. Rosenzweig sought to rally their spirits. After all, nobody had "got a sniff" of Koehler for twenty-seven years, and, he said, "You pretty much proved he's alive. That's what we wanted to do. We're going to get this guy." Of course, Rosenzweig, too, was thinking, Where? When?

The next day, Pete French returned to Benicia with some colleagues from the F.B.I., and they did not bother to be inconspicuous. Rather, with their guns on display, they had worked their way up and down First Street, Benicia's main thoroughfare, and learned that the man who called himself Frank O'Grady—or, formally, Edward Francis O'Grady—was a beloved and ubiquitous character in the town. He was known as New York Frankie, on account of his thick Hell's Kitchen accent, and the Mayor of Downtown, because he spent his days walking from the Benicia Inn, at one end of First Street, to the other end, where he worked as a part-time custodian in the old Tannery Building, and then back again, lingering for hours along the way to drink coffee and chat with the regulars at the Union Hotel, and at the town's main café, In the Company of Wolves. He was spoken of as a generous, community-spirited man, always ready to help people in need, and kind to children and small animals. He liked to go fishing off the town pier, and he was an occasional small-time trader in the town's busy antiques market.

Frank O'Grady had arrived in Benicia in the mid-seventies with a wife, who was also a New Yorker, and for most of that time he had lived with her in a small house downtown. But for the past three years he had been living at the Benicia Inn with a girlfriend named Dolores Kenyon, although he had continued to see his wife almost daily. French and his F.B.I. colleagues had called on both women, and with warrants in hand they had searched their homes and carted away many of their personal papers. O'Grady's wife told them that she had no idea where he was. Kenyon, who had gone to Reno with him for his birthday, told them that O'Grady had received a phone call Friday night that had upset him, and he'd then left her at their hotel, saying he had to take care of some business.

When French called New York Tuesday afternoon, he told Tommy Pon that Frank O'Grady was definitely Frankie Koehler. That evening, according to habit, Rosenzweig took Mary to the Skylight Diner. "You never know. He could be coming in to Penn Station," he told her, and she said, "Oh, yeah, here we go again." But the next day Rosenzweig's patronage of the Skylight was at least partially vindicated, when his work phone rang and his deputy, Joe Pennisi, told him that an agent from the New York office of the F.B.I. had just called to say that Frankie Koehler was believed to be arriving at Penn Station on Amtrak train No. 48, which was due in at 3:41 P.M.

Rosenzweig didn't know it then, but Pete French had gone back to Benicia that morning, and, after questioning more people there, had learned that Koehler hadn't left Reno alone on Saturday; rather, he had driven with Dolores Kenyon to Martinez, a town next to Benicia. There, on Sunday morning, she had said goodbye to him at the train station after he bought a ticket to New York. French had got in touch with Amtrak and learned that there was such a connection through Chicago—a seventy-three-and-a-half-hour trip—and, yes, an E. F. O'Grady was on the passenger list. The time difference between the coasts was such that French had put all the pieces together only half an hour before the train's scheduled arrival, and he had been holding two phones to his head, speaking simultaneously with Amtrak and with New York. French then faxed some copies of recent photographs of Koehler to the D.A.'s office, but Rosenzweig and his men were already gone.

ROSENZWEIG, Pennisi, and Pon reached Penn Station almost exactly at the moment when the train was supposed to pull in. An Amtrak security captain was waiting for them with the good news that the train was running ten minutes late. Rosenzweig wanted the train stopped short of the station. Not allowed, he was told; the risk of a hostage situation was too great.

Four escalators connected the platform to the main terminal, and, with the security captain and four other Amtrak employees, that meant two men on each. When Rosenzweig told me about the moment when the train doors opened, he didn't say much. He sat forward on his chair, craning his neck in a searching way, and his eyes ticked frantically from side to side, as he saw again the oncoming rush of travellers and tried to pick out a murderer whom he felt he knew intimately, but whom he had never seen, except in a thirty-five-year-old photograph and in a computerized update that he had no reason to trust. "Till my dying day I won't know for sure, but I think he walked right by me," he told me, adding, "There were so many people. I'll always be regretful that I didn't grab him."

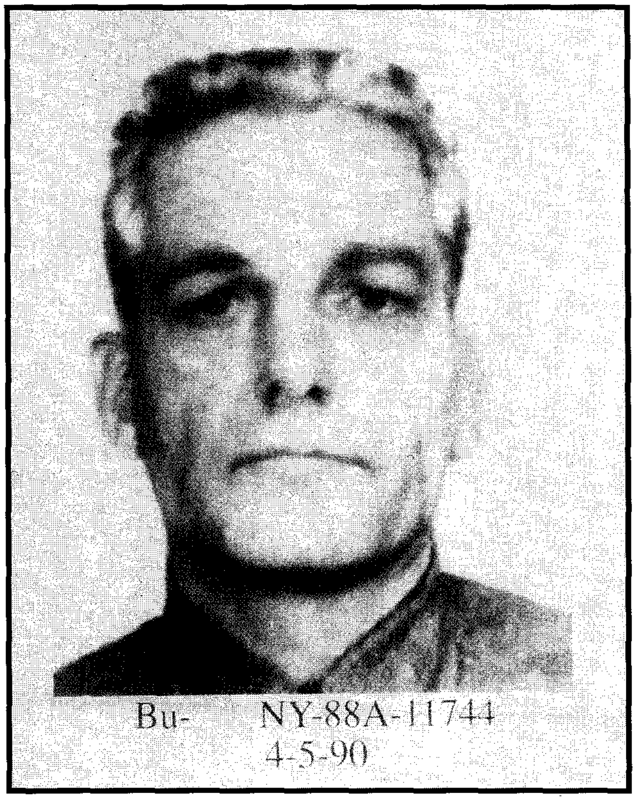
When the last passengers had cleared off the platform, Rosenzweig searched the train. There were a few stragglers, and he found someone sleeping in the bathroom, but nobody who looked like Koehler. Rosenzweig finally gave up. He got on an escalator, wishing he'd moved on the man who'd caught his eye, and thinking, It was a sign—I'm ready to retire. I'm losing my edge. Then he heard an Amtrak security officer say, "They

"Sadly, no food was produced after they all became motivational speakers."

got him, up in the cell in the office," and he told me, "I went up there, just jubilant."

At the foot of one escalator, Tommy Pon had spotted a sturdy old man with scruffy gray hair, wearing a gray baseball cap and gray sweatshirt, carrying a suitcase in one hand and with his other hand holding a handkerchief over his mouth and chin, as if he were about to cough into it. Pon got behind him on the escalator to study him more closely. He noticed that the man's left ear was cauliflowered, as Koehler's was in his old parole photograph, and he was struck that while everyone else on the escalator faced forward his man kept looking this way and that. At the top of the escalator, their eyes met, and locked momentarily in mutual recognition. Pon was struck by the look of disgust that confronted him, and he signalled to an Amtrak detective who was standing nearby.

"You got me," Koehler said when they seized him. "It's over." And although Rosenzweig once said to me, "It should have been me catching this guy, if it was a true-crime novel," he repeatedly praised Pon, Donohue, and French. "I may have been the architect," he told me, "but they were the craftsmen who completed the job."



Koehler, in a computer-"aged" picture, which the F.B.I. created from his 1962 parole photograph, and, opposite, in July of 1997.

The holding cell at the Amtrak security office was just big enough for two people to sit facing each other. Rosenzweig was so eager to get in there that he had to be reminded to follow the standard procedure for any officer, entering any cell in this country, and take off his gun. Then, he told me, "I walked in, and said, 'You're Frank Koehler.' No one had used the name yet. He said, 'It's been a long time since anyone called me that. It feels kind of good, though.' I said, 'My name's Andy Rosenzweig, and I've been thinking about you for quite a long time.' He said, 'Oh, yeah?' I said, 'Yeah, you're under arrest for the murder of Richie Glennon and Pete McGinn.' I said, 'I want to advise you of your rights.' He said, 'I know my rights, don't bother.' I said, 'I want to advise you. Everybody has to be advised of his rights.' He said, 'What can I tell ya? If you got witnesses, I'm fucked.' I said, 'We got witnesses.' He said, 'Well, then I'm fucked.'"

THE PRISONER

ONCE again, Frankie Koehler was a prisoner, but as he understood it he had not been caught; rather, he'd surrendered. In his suitcase he had been carrying a .380 semiautomatic loaded with hollow-point bullets, and as Rosenzweig drove him downtown to the D.A.'s office he said that he had intended to use it. "I saw you guys, every one of you, on the platform. I thought of taking a few of you, and then doing this." He made a pistol of his forefinger and thumb, and put it to his temple. "But I figured, Aw, what's the point now? I'm old. You guys probably have families. So maybe I got a little religion. I met some nice people on the train."

Rosenzweig was glad to find Koehler talkative. "Interrogation is a process," he told me, and he considered the murderer's "philosophical" tone a promising overture. He decided to leave the prisoner alone for a while to be fingerprinted and to contemplate his predicament before further questioning. Then Rosenzweig began by letting Koehler understand how much he knew about him: his middle name, the names of his parents, his siblings, his nieces and nephews, and many details about his background, including some about his affairs with women, which Koehler made clear he would prefer to keep secret. Rosenzweig didn't press these sensitive matters. He just wanted Koehler to consider the number of people close to him who could be affected by his capture, and he said, "Let me ask you something. You're sixty-eight years old. Where were you going to go?"

Koehler told him that he still knew some people in New York, and that he had planned, with their help, to get a few thousand dollars, a new identity, and a new hair style; and then he was going to call the *Newsday* columnist Jimmy Breslin and tell him to write that he, Frankie Koehler, was going to kill a cop a day unless, or until, the F.B.I. promised to stay away from his family. "And I would've done it," he said. "It'd be easy." Rosenzweig listened with interest, and said, "We got you now, Frank. So why don't you give it up? Why don't you try to help yourself a little bit." Koehler said he didn't want any help; all he wanted was for the Feds to lay off his wife and family. When Rosenzweig promised to tell the Feds to do that, Koehler slapped the table. "What do you want to know?" he said, and Rosenzweig suggested, "Tell me about the homicides." Koehler didn't hold back; he described the killing of Glennon and McGinn with a vividness that seemed to erase the intervening years. And, when he was done, he said it all again to the prosecutor Steve Saracco, in a videotaped confession that is regarded at the D.A.'s office as one of the classic portraits of a criminal personality.

ON the tape, Koehler alone is framed by the camera, seated at a large table, wearing the cap and sweatshirt he had on when he was captured. At first, he appears hunched, and restless. His head tilts down, and his blue eyes, underslung by heavy bags, stare out from behind glasses. His hands drum at the table. In every way, his posture and gestures imply sullen forbearance, even boredom, as he is advised once again of his legal rights. But when, at his prompting, Saracco repeats Rosenzweig's promise, "There is going to be nothing done against your wife," Koehler sits up straight. His face opens. He raps the table, takes off his glasses, and holds his hands out open before him, as if to say, Come on in.

Koehler does not require much prompting to relate the story of what he calls his "beef" with his victims. He says that he was wrong to fool around with his friend's wife, but that Glennon and McGinn were nonetheless wrong to reproach him for it. He does not glamorize his own performance in his fight with McGinn: "When I turned he caught me in the nose. I wasn't in too good shape after that. He threw a punch that I grabbed his hand. I tried to bite his fucking finger off." His voice, smoke gruffened, with its whining "r"s ("noive" for nerve, "hoit" for hurt), its kicking "d"s for "th"s ("dis," "dat," and "dose"), and its adamant, shoving rhythms, is pure New York—so pure that it sounds foreign in the very city it came from. For Koehler is a refugee of sorts, from the white, hoodlum milieu of another time, and from a city that no longer really exists. "A period piece," Rosenzweig called him, and "the ultimate West Side bad guy." But it is less his accent than the attitude of his speech that defines Koehler's sensational performance in the D.A.'s video. He calls himself "a professional criminal," yet, far from being on the defensive, he appears almost to relish bearing witness against himself—not confessing so much as taking credit for his crimes.

"So you left the bar to get a gun?" Saracco asks. That's right, Koehler says, "Premeditated murder, yeah. Don't worry about it, I'll give you every fucking thing you want." Saracco tells him, "I'm not trying to put any words in your mouth," and Koehler replies, "I know... I went and I got the pistol, loaded it up, came back to the bar, and said, 'Hey, jeez, you know, I wanna talk, let's talk this over. We're all friends.'" After all, he explains, "They were worried about me. McGinn especially was worried." Saracco asks why they were worried, and he says, "Maybe they thought I was dangerous."

"Did they have a reason to think you were dangerous?" Saracco says.

"Yeah."

"And what would that reason be?"

"I am dangerous," Koehler says. "Yeah, I'm dangerous."

Yet he insists that the killings were not inevitable. When he and Glennon arrived at McGinn's apartment, he says, "I still hadn't made up my mind to hurt anybody." In fact, as he tells it, everything might have been fine, if "Glennon with his fucking mouth" had kept quiet. "Even though I had a fight with McGinn, you gotta understand I was more mad at Glennon," he says, and he repeatedly comes back to this point, explaining that he had despised Glennon for years, and groping to articulate why. "McGinn, I didn't give a fuck whether he lived or died," he says. "Glennon I wanted fucking dead." Koehler's right hand jabs the air to emphasize each word, but, even twenty-seven years after he killed both men, his antipathy toward Glennon remains so overwhelming that all he can say is "He was a scumbag. He was a piece of shit.... I didn't like this guy. He was an annoyance. I'm trying to explain it as best I can."

Koehler has no trouble, however, describing the scene in McGinn's apartment. He and McGinn were seated on a couch attempting to talk to each other, he says, but Glennon—"Mr. Tough Guy"—kept interrupting, and, when he was told to shut up, "He said something about his day in the sun." Koehler wasn't sure what Glennon meant, and he didn't bother to ask. "That done something in my head," he tells Saracco. "I cocked the gun, got up, hit him in the gut... I said to him, 'Does that hurt?' He didn't answer me. I hit him twice more in the chest. He went down." As Koehler recalls the shooting, his phrases slip suddenly into the present tense: "I'm pounding on him now. He's a dead man. I ain't worried about him. I ain't worried about nothing. I'm pissed. And he's gonna die. And he died."

As for McGinn, Koehler says, "If he would have maybe sat still, he would've been O.K." But McGinn had risen from his seat, repeating the words "What did you do?" That made Koehler "a little angry again," and he got angrier still when McGinn began to raise his hands. "I said, 'You ain't gonna make it,' and I whacked him. I shot him in the belly. He went down. Now I'm pissed off. I gotta tell you, I was very angry. 'So,' I said. 'So you thought this was a fucking joke, you scumbag?' And I hit him twice in the back."

"When he's down?" Saracco asks.

"Yeah."

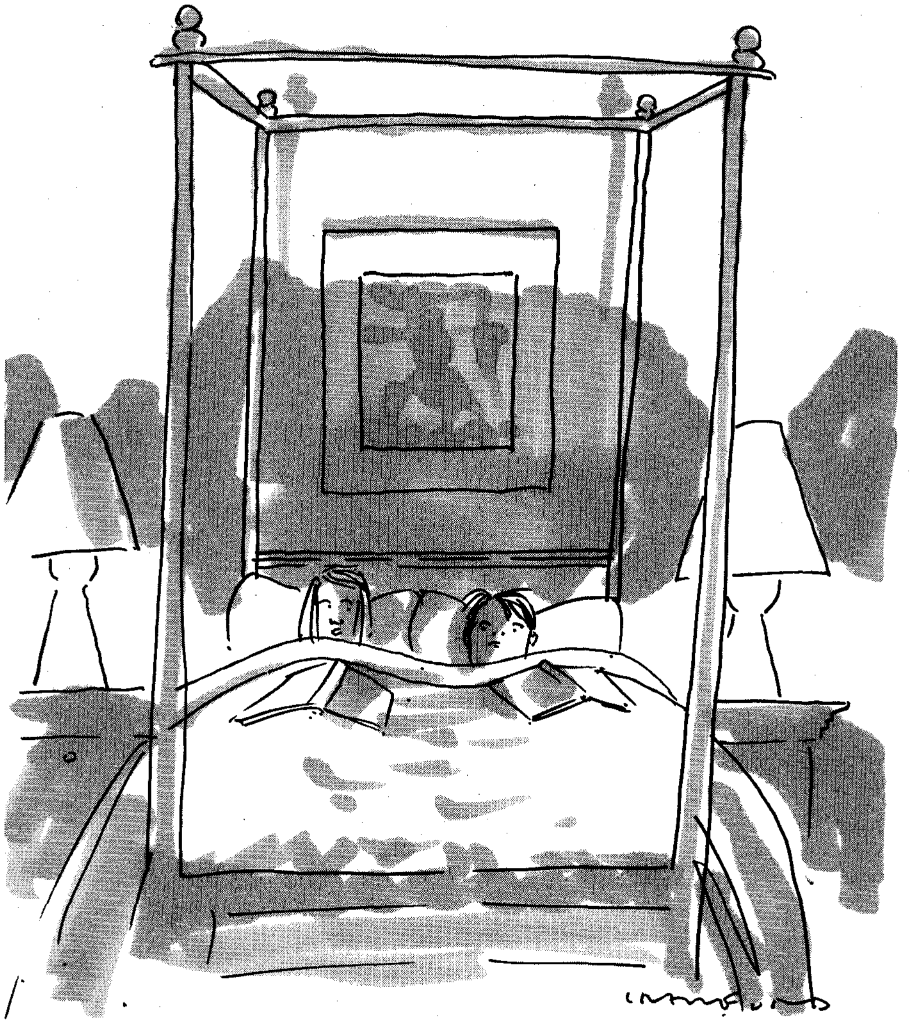
"Did he say anything to you? Did he plead for his life?"

"I think he moaned. I think he knew he was dying. I think I heard this moan—when you're just about to check out, you know."

When he finished shooting McGinn, Koehler fired twice into Glennon's corpse—"I dropped two more into the bum," he says—and he was headed for the door when Glennon's girlfriend came in from the hallway. This presented him with a dilemma. As he puts it, "What am I gonna do? Whack her? No, I'm not gonna do that. I'm not gonna whack somebody I'm not fucking mad at. What the fuck would I do that for?" Koehler later suggests that he had run out of bullets, but what really seems to matter to him is his power to decide who lives and who dies. McGinn and Glennon are dead, he says, because "I wanted to kill them." And he says, "Where I come from, when you don't like someone, really don't like 'em, and they're fucking scumbags, you shoot them. It's no mystery, you know. I don't shoot people for nothing."

But it is a mystery. Try as he might—and he does not shrink from the challenge—Koehler cannot really account for himself. Indeed, for all his self-dramatization, he does not question or regret his own murderousness. On the contrary, he appears fascinated by an idea of himself as a dealer of fate. When Saracco asks him about his brother, Kenny, Koehler calls him "a punk," and says, inexplicably, "He's alive because I'm very generous. If I didn't love his kids, I'd whack him in the fucking head. He would've been dead long ago." And later, speaking of his unrealized "plan" to shoot his way through Penn Station, then kill a cop a day with Breslin as his medium, Koehler again expresses the desire to be understood not only as a murderer but also as a sparer of life. Saracco says that he's glad nobody got hurt at the station that afternoon, and Koehler leans toward his interrogator and tells him, "My choice, O.K." He seems to regard the fact that he kept his gun out of reach as evidence that he has reformed. "I don't want to hurt anybody else. I'm tired of it, and I'm not mad at anybody," he tells Saracco, adding, "I don't want no medals for it . . . no medals 'cause I'm a nice fellow. It's just that on the train it was a good ride, I met a lot of nice people."

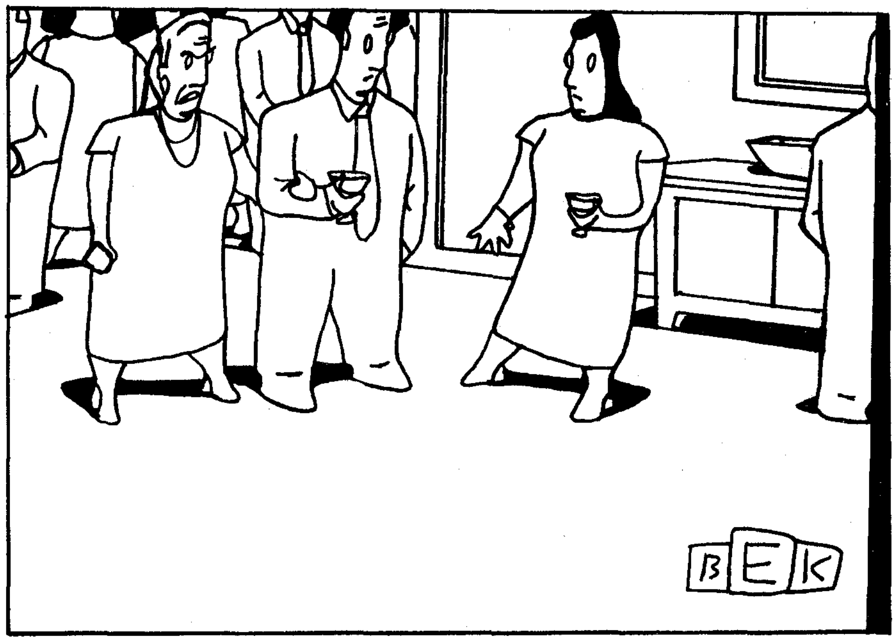
By the end of the video, he seems genuinely unburdened, even pleased with himself. "Thank you, Mr. Koehler," Saracco says, and at the sound of his name Koehler smiles. "I forgot who the fuck I was for twenty-seven years," he says. "O.K., nice meeting you . . . have a nice life."



"Next week is out. I'll be in Houston, merchandising my pain."

"And they say people mellow with age," Andy Rosenzweig said, after we watched the Koehler video together this summer. He didn't doubt that Koehler had led a peaceable existence in Benicia, but he also didn't care. After all, he said, "The fact that he didn't snap at Penn Station doesn't make him a less dangerous person. Most of us, walking around, haven't killed anyone. He has—repeatedly and efficiently—and he came into town prepared to do it again." Koehler had presented himself just as Rosenzweig had expected him to be: armed, bloody-minded, and without a jot of remorse. "I've seen more than a few, much more than a few, of these unrepentant guys. It's not a shock to me," he said, adding, "And, you know, in my time with Koehler, in my office, I did see a flicker of humanity. It was when I told him that he'd left Pete McGinn's four children fatherless. You had to be looking very closely, but I could see just a little facial twitch. There was something still in this guy. He wasn't completely a monster, just a murderer, and I took some encouragement from that. If there was any level, however minuscule, on which he felt he'd done wrong, there was at least a chance that he might coöperate and not fight this case in court."

Even with Koehler's statement on video, Rosenzweig was eager to avoid the uncertainty of a trial, where it was possible that the confession would be thrown out on technical grounds. Steve Saracco



"I'm the lot of baggage he comes with."

and his cold-case partner Dan Bibb agreed. Koehler's double homicide was by far the oldest crime for which they had ever brought an indictment, and although they told me that they believed they could win a conviction, they were reluctant to risk seeing him walk.

Saracco and Bibb opened plea-bargaining negotiations by saying that they would settle for no less a sentence than twelve and a half to twenty-five years in prison. Koehler's lawyer, Murray Richman, a criminal defender whose client list includes many of the city's leading mobsters, said, Forget it. And so began the slow process of bluff that allows both sides to avoid going to trial by pretending that they wouldn't mind if they did. For his part, Koehler thought that five years in jail, followed by life parole in California, should be sufficient. "I'm not this bad guy they think I am," he wrote to his lawyer from his cell in the city jail at Rikers Island. "I never robbed or hurt any old people. I never raped or beat a woman. I never hurt a child. I don't deal drugs. I don't use drugs. I'm not a good guy, but to some I was."

Koehler had been at Rikers since his arrest, reading the Bible and "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and writing the story of his life in letters to his lawyer. He called his exercise in the memoir a "sort of fun therapy," and during his most frenzied epistolary period at Rikers he would write for as much as six hours a night. He begins at the beginning of the Great Depression; his father, a burglar, is in and out of jail, and Koehler is sent to live with a solidly middle-class aunt in the Richmond Hill section of Queens, where he enjoys a level of comfort that leaves him unprepared for his return, at the age of seven, to his mother's care, and to the streets of Chelsea and Hell's Kitchen. "I was getting my ass kicked a lot for a while," he writes of his abrupt encounter with this hard world. "But I had a good teacher, my mother. She knew more about mayhem than most tough guys in the neighborhood." She tossed him coins to encourage him to fight, and beat him herself when the spirit moved her, and before long, he reports, "Most everyone walked real soft around me. To help build my tough-guy façade, I learned early on not to show fear and always make the first move."

School does not figure much in Koehler's account of his boyhood. The neighborhood is everything, the West Side of the late thirties:

> We lived in cold water flats. No hot water in the bathroom, no tub, toilet in the hallway a pull chain. Six flights up. Rats, roaches, you name it we had it. But we had fun, just the wrong kind. Most of the people who lived around there worked on the docks. The big shots were the mob guys who ran the piers. Most of them were Irish and everyone knew them. No one got out of line with them. That's who I wanted to be, and years later I would meet most of them, have a drink with them as an equal. My boyhood dream of the James Cagney movie would come true.

Jimmy Cagney was Koehler's passion, and Koehler watched his movies as if they were documentaries. At the age of nine, he embraced Cagney's smart-mouthed screen persona as his ideal, and as an old man in prison he yearned for him still. One night at Rikers, Koehler wrote a poem, recalling how, as a child,

> He would sit for hours in the RKO
> Watching Jimmy in all his glow
> Being the gangster he longed for so.
> He could hardly wait till he would grow
> To drive the fast car and count the dough
> With beautiful women all in tow.

Even in memory, Koehler seems to delight in his early delinquency, "breaking into stores, robbing cars and just running the streets," and he writes, "I think if I had never seen a gun, things might have been okay." When he recalls shooting Billy Burns, he notes, "To say I've always been sorry is not, or never could be, enough," but apparently he feels as sorry for himself as he does for Burns, because he is quick to add, "Two kids died that day." Still, within forty-eight hours of his release from the Elmira Reformatory, Koehler had embarked on the armed-robbery spree that eventually landed him in Green Haven prison. And in 1962, when he was paroled, he entered "the world of big crime."

At first, he writes, "I stole freight, and quite a bit. That is, trucking outfits were my mainstay." With time, he got connected at the Coliseum, where a power vacuum between organized-crime factions presented him with an opportunity: "The guy who was taking book was not with anyone, no card game was cut, no crap games, no shylock, numbers wide open, and everything." Koehler and a partner arranged to preside over all those operations. He was the enforcer, while his partner answered to the bigger bosses, and suddenly, "Life was good, money rolled in, I moved to a nice place, my wife quit her job, and I was more or less on my way."

Koehler spent his take recklessly, betting on horses, boozing at the Copacabana and Toots Shor's, and mingling with many of "the major players of the sixties," including the mobsters who were portrayed in the movie "Goodfellas." Yet even as he revelled in the excitement,

"I admire your enthusiasm for—well, paint and, you know, canvas."

Koehler claims to have grown disgusted with the life of crime. "I was turning into a piece of shit," he writes. "My ego got bigger each day and the phony in me went right along with it." And when people around him started getting bumped off by other people around him, or by car bombs, "It was have another drink, and back to this crazy life of silk suits, pinkie rings, and bullshit."

The end of that life was abrupt for Koehler, brought on by his flight from New York. And at first he found small-town life in California difficult, especially the mornings, when he missed "sitting in a club, a drink in front of me, and talking to guys just like me or worse about other guys just like us, trying to get their piece of the pie." But with time he came to think of his new existence in tranquil Benicia as a kind of deliverance, and he liked to imagine that if he had grown up in such a place he "would have made it" as an honest, hardworking, God-fearing citizen. Instead, of course, he was sitting in prison, and a striking thing about the thousands of words he produced at Rikers is that he never acknowledges why he is there. Glennon? McGinn? Murder? Not a word. Koehler simply glides from New York to California, as if one day he had decided for the sheer goodness of it to renounce a way of life which was hurting him with its falseness and futility. In his telling, he does not shoot two men, and take their lives; he saves himself, and gives himself a new life. And, by this measure, killing Glennon and McGinn was the best thing Koehler ever did.

When he arrived at Rikers, Koehler was convinced that he had been "ratted out" by his relatives in Benicia, and he says he pored over the Bible, seeking answers to his "pain and sorrow." But, he writes, "I found none, I cursed everything, I hated everything, most of all myself for being a fool. For months I felt sorry for myself. I wanted to die so bad.... And then the thought would pop into my head, What if I die before I can get even? Day after day, this was all I thought of. There was no answer from God." So, he says, he turned back to the Bible:

> I ripped off my shield and, for the first time in my life, looked at myself with truth. No lies, no sad stories to hide this man, who had always done everything his way, wrong or right, without ever thinking of others first....Oh, did I weep, looking at it all. What revenge should I take on a man like this? Should I kill him? Should I let him rot?

But Koehler is too fond of himself to continue for long in this vein. Almost at once, he finds himself thinking, I'm not that bad, and he writes:

> What a laugh I had, the more I thought what a jerk I am. Who did I ever think I was, making deals with God?

On May 26, 1999, almost two years after his arrest at Penn Station, and two months shy of his seventieth birthday, Frankie Koehler appeared for sentencing before the Supreme Court of the State of New York. When the presiding judge, Michael Obus, asked him if he had anything to say for himself, Koehler, who had grown a scruffy white beard, said, "My apologies are not enough to say to the families. I will probably die in prison. I will—probably, eventually. As a human being, I am sorry for what happened that night, not because I am standing here. That is all I can say."

Then Judge Obus explained that in view of the defendant's advanced age, and the difficulties that such an old case would present if it were to go to trial, the prosecution and the defense had reached an agreement in the matter of the People v. Frank Koehler. In accepting the deal, Koehler agreed to waive his right to appeal, making for "a final resolution of the case," albeit, Obus remarked, with a sentence that "obviously does not meet the seriousness of the underlying conduct of the defendant": for pleading guilty to two counts of manslaughter, four and a third to thirteen years in prison; and, for pleading guilty to one count of criminal possession of a weapon, six and a half to thirteen years. So the gun rap drew a stiffer penalty than the murders, making it the "controlling sentence," and, with credit for the time he had already served, Koehler will be eligible to apply for parole in January of 2004.

"Probably, if I was thirty years old, I'd be laughing," Koehler told me, when I visited him a few months ago at the Gowanda Correctional Facility, south of Buffalo, where he was serving his time. "At seventy, it's a death sentence." He was considerably thinner than he had been at the time of his arrest, although he was hardly frail, and his violence was far from spent. "I fight it every day," he said, smacking his fist into his palm. But perhaps he was right; perhaps he would die in jail. What of it? That didn't strike me as unfair, and I wondered whether he saw any justice in his finally having been held to account for his murders.

"Justice?" he said. "Justice for injustice." Then he said, "Is there a justice for taking a life? What would be just?" He couldn't think of an answer. Leaving justice aside, however, he said of his punishment, "It'll take my life. So, there you go. That fits the crime, don't it? And what have they got? They got a fucking body. That's all they got."

Koehler seemed to believe that the lashes of his own conscience were all the punishment he needed. "My enemies don't have to worry, I do a good job," he told me. After his arrest, a number of people in Benicia—an antique dealer, a hot-dog vender, an artist, an ex-junkie—wrote testimonial letters in support of his fine character; and for a time "Free New York Frankie" T-shirts were sold and worn in the town. Yet Koehler told me that throughout his decades in California he had maintained his underworld connections, periodically dropping back into New York to see "old friends," and collect payments from them. "There was money coming to me that came to me," he said cryptically. Rosenzweig had told me that he suspected Koehler of working as a contract killer during his fugitive years, but Koehler sneered at the notion: "I wouldn't kill anybody for money under any conditions. That's a scumbag does that." So I asked him under what circumstances he would kill for free. "The logic in my mind?" he said. "Why would I kill somebody? I would kill them if they were endangering my family, they were endangering my friends, or they were endangering me."

"These two guys you killed weren't endangering you," I said.

"That's true," he said.

"Nor was the other guy that you killed."

"The kid?" he said. "I was a fucking baby, man."

I reminded Koehler that after he shot Billy Burns he had told Burns he deserved it. "Yeah, he deserved it," he said. "I figured he'd ripped us off." As for Glennon and McGinn, he told me, "They didn't deserve to get killed. All right? I'll admit to that." But he added, "What can you say, if you do something real bad? Sorry? No, that don't cut it. I don't know what does. I can't bring them back. If I could I would. Even though I'm in here, I would bring them back—Aw, go fucking do whatever you do, you know. Even Glennon." He had to think about that for a moment. Then he said, "I wouldn't like it, but I'd bring him back."

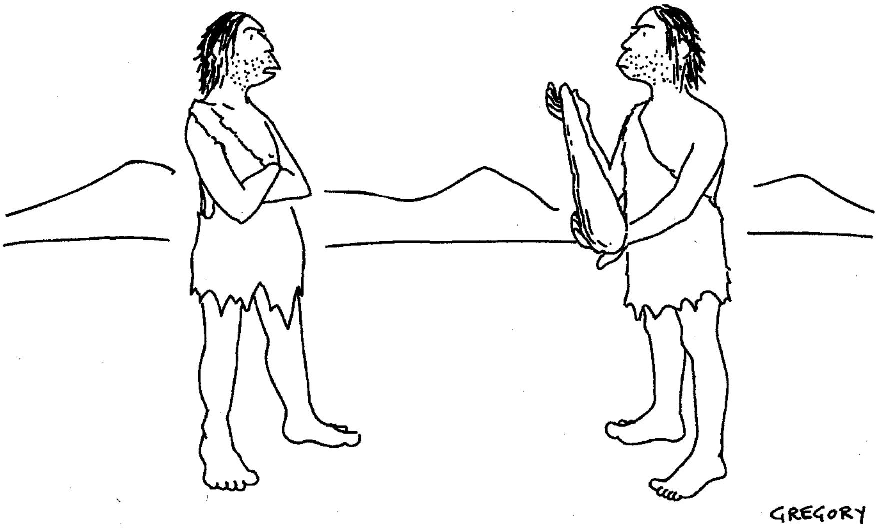
THE BOOKSELLER

Andy Rosenzweig didn't make it to court for Frankie Koehler's sentencing. He had retired from the D.A.'s office twelve days earlier, and he and Mary had moved to the seaside, where they were busy preparing for the opening of their new business—a bookstore in Newport, called Book 'Em. On Rosenzweig's last day at the D.A.'s office, Tom Hallinan, the original detective on the Koehler case, stopped by to see him, and to watch Koehler's videotaped confession. "I thought it would bring closure," Hallinan told me later. "And it did. But I came out of there, and I walked from lower Manhattan to Forty-second Street, because it disgusted me that a lowlife like this here killed those guys like you and I would step on a bug."

Rosenzweig, too, told me he had "mixed feelings" about the Koehler case. "What's funny is, I got into it because I thought, I can't leave this thing open and unresolved, and I was thinking especially that I wanted to put it to rest for the victims' families and survivors. The thing I didn't think about was that many of them had long ago found their own ways of dealing with it. So while I was going for closure, I was just reopening it for these people. My idea of laying it to rest was their idea of an upheaval."

That was certainly how Richie Glennon's girlfriend had reacted, when several of Rosenzweig's investigators appeared at her door hours after Koehler was arrested. "Six years ago, they told me he was dead," she recalled. "When they said he's still alive, I didn't believe it. And to bring it all up again—no, thank you." If the case had gone to trial, she would have been the key witness for the prosecution. She dreaded that prospect. But, she said, "I understood that Frankie Koehler didn't like being in prison, and I thought, Oh, isn't that tough? He'd just ruined a lot of people's lives for nothing."

Rosenzweig had never spoken directly with any of Pete McGinn's immediate family, so he was startled, late last year, when an attractive blond woman in her mid-thirties walked into his bookstore and introduced herself as Karen McGinn-Hagen, the youngest of McGinn's children. She was six years old at the time of the murders, and now, as the mother of two children herself, she was visiting Newport, and she wanted to thank Rosenzweig for catching her father's killer. At Koehler's sentencing, she had spoken for the family, saying, "Frank Koehler deserves to be punished for every hug, for every morning, for every



"I don't know. I'm something of a technophobe."

time the sun shone on his face, for every time he celebrated, for every time he laughed, for every time he cried, for every minute, every day, every year that he lived and my father did not. We, Peter McGinn's children, lost our father when a coward ended his life."

McGinn-Hagen had not been aware that the Police Department had declared Koehler dead in 1992. "You couldn't help thinking about my dad's murder without thinking the guy was out there and had never been caught," she told me when I visited her at her home in Connecticut last month. "Then my brother was reading the New York *Post* on August 4, 1997, and he sees this headline, 'FUGITIVE NABBED AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS,' and he starts reading it, and he says, 'Oh my God, this is about Dad.' " In court, she had stood right next to Koehler when she read her statement, and they had made eye contact. "He looked back at me, which I didn't expect," she said, "and it made me feel good that he heard what I was saying, and said something after I did that showed he'd heard." And although she called the lightness of Koehler's sentence "horrible," she said, "There is comfort in knowing he may die in prison."

McGinn-Hagen had been fascinated to hear Rosenzweig tell the story of the investigation, from the moment he passed Glennon's old restaurant, the Flower Pot, to the arrest at Penn Station. "There were so many situations that were dead ends, so many times that he could have given up, and he didn't," she said. "That made me happy. He never once just put the case back on the shelf, even when it would have been so much easier than keeping going." For nearly thirty years, McGinn-Hagen told me, Frankie Koehler had loomed in her imagination as a "terrifying" figure, someone "larger than life," and she said, "It's funny, but it was almost like a disappointment—but such a relief—to see that he was just this little old man." Her older sister Maureen, who stopped by during my visit, agreed. "I always wanted that guy's head on my wall," she said. "Then I saw him in court, and I thought, Him? He's just pathetic."

It is not Andy Rosenzweig's way to take thanks easily. Tell him he did something well and he'll start brooding about the ways that it could have been done better, and how if the world weren't so full of blundering and folly it shouldn't have needed doing at all. So McGinn-Hagen's visit left Rosenzweig feeling "all churned up," and when she was gone he began pestering himself with questions: "Why—really why—did I do this case? Why now? Why not earlier?" He didn't have answers. "Those questions were a constant for me before, during, and after the investigation," he said. And they exercised him especially last November and December, because, although he had retired, and settled (like Frankie Koehler) far from the city that formed him, in a quiet little hamlet by the water, he was waiting anxiously to learn whether a grand jury would hand down an indictment on the last big case he had presided over at the D.A.'s office.

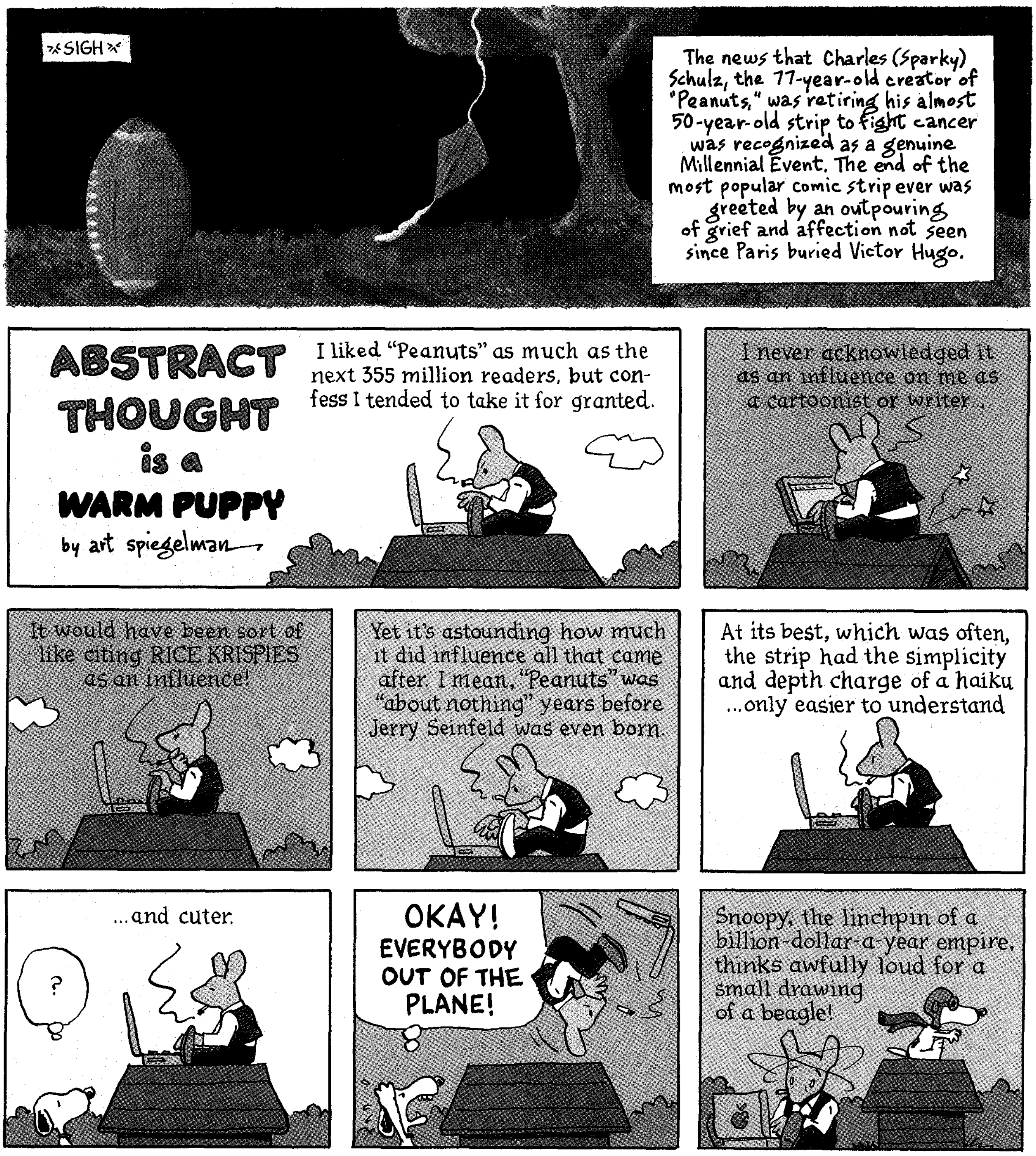
Once again, the case had been cold when Rosenzweig reopened it, early in 1997, and, once again, the crime was murder. But this case had been treated—wrongly, in Rosenzweig's view—as a missing-person's case. On July 8, 1985, a New York plastic surgeon named Robert Bierenbaum reported that his wife, Gail Katz-Bierenbaum, had left the house the day before, following a marital quarrel, and that she had never returned. Within a year, the case had wound up on Rosenzweig's desk at the D.A.'s office, but although he thought there was compelling evidence that Bierenbaum had murdered his wife and dumped her remains into the Atlantic from his private plane, a body had never been recovered, and there had been no prosecutorial support for seeking an indictment. For eleven years, the case had been bothering Rosenzweig, and he couldn't say exactly why he had finally reopened it when he did, except that he felt it would be wrong for him to retire with it unresolved. It had distressed him to learn that Gail Katz-Bierenbaum's parents had both died in the intervening years, while Bierenbaum had settled in North Dakota, remarried, and fathered a daughter. What's more, there was still a chance (now ruled out) that a "surgically disarticulated" torso of a woman that had washed up on Staten Island might be linked to the case. So, as soon as Frankie Koehler was arrested, Rosenzweig assigned Tommy Pon to reinvestigate the Bierenbaum disappearance.

Last summer and fall, as the case moved slowly through secret grand-jury proceedings, Rosenzweig monitored its progress with nearly daily phone calls from Newport. And, when he himself was called to testify, the main question that came at him was the familiar unanswerable: Why now—after so many years? "What could I tell them?" he said. "Just that I'm the slowest damn, most tiresomely methodical dot-the-'i's-and-cross-the-'t's investigator they'll ever meet." In early December, Bierenbaum was indicted for murdering his wife. When he surrendered, the front page of the *Post* ran his photograph under the single word "NABBED!" and Rosenzweig said to me, "Now what am I going to worry about?"

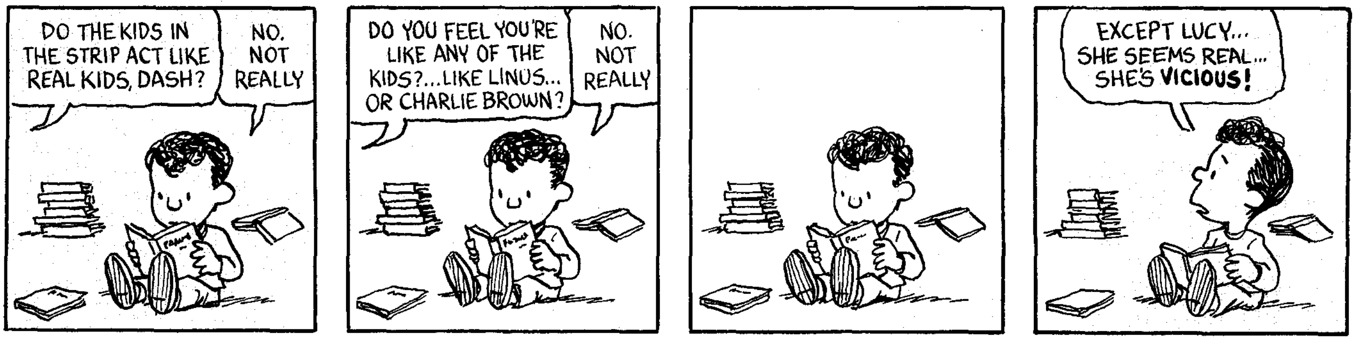
Rosenzweig's old friends from the Police Department and the D.A.'s office find it hard to imagine how he will adjust to retirement. So I wasn't really surprised when he told me recently, "I've sort of got myself involved in an investigation up here in Rhode Island—well, not sort of, I'm involved." I wanted to hear more, but he said, "I'll tell you about it some year." I had called Rosenzweig at the bookstore that day to read him a letter I had just received from Frankie Koehler, which said, in part:

> [I hope] no one gets hurt from anything you write—even the dead..... I've hurt some of the ones who have loved me the most. On that score, I've been less than a man. But somehow, they forgave me and still stuck. Who knows why? That's a story—why would people still think good of this asshole?—that's a lot better story than cops and wops, as we used to say.
>
> I spent a lifetime hating a world I never made, and people who had nothing to do with making it. Then I got a world that I could make and I turned it into shit. That's a sin and a big one. What my fate should be, I must say I don't know. . . . If all the dead could come back then my life would have a meaning. . . .
>
> Tell Andy I tried to whack myself out with pills on the Island. . . . All I got was sick and good sleep for two days. I had gotten a razor blade, but when I looked for it, it was gone. I figure if God wanted me dead, He at least would have left the blade.

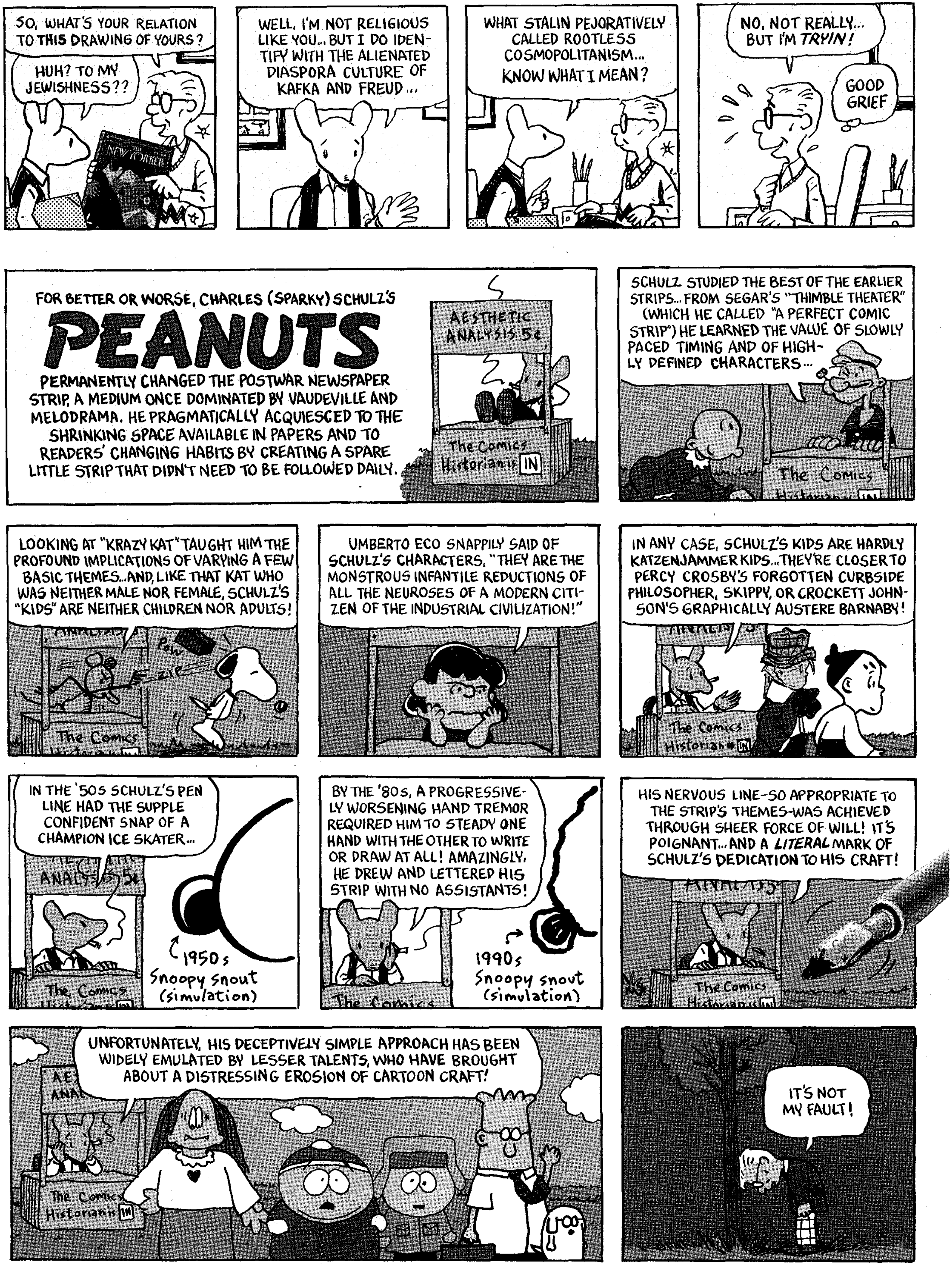
"Yeah, right," Rosenzweig said. "Blame it on God." Then he said, "Hang on." I heard him put the phone down on a hard surface, and through it I heard him walk quickly away. A few seconds later, he was back. "Sorry," he said. "I just had to get the license plate of a car I saw passing. It's this case I'm working on. The crime happened twenty miles away, but you never know." ♦

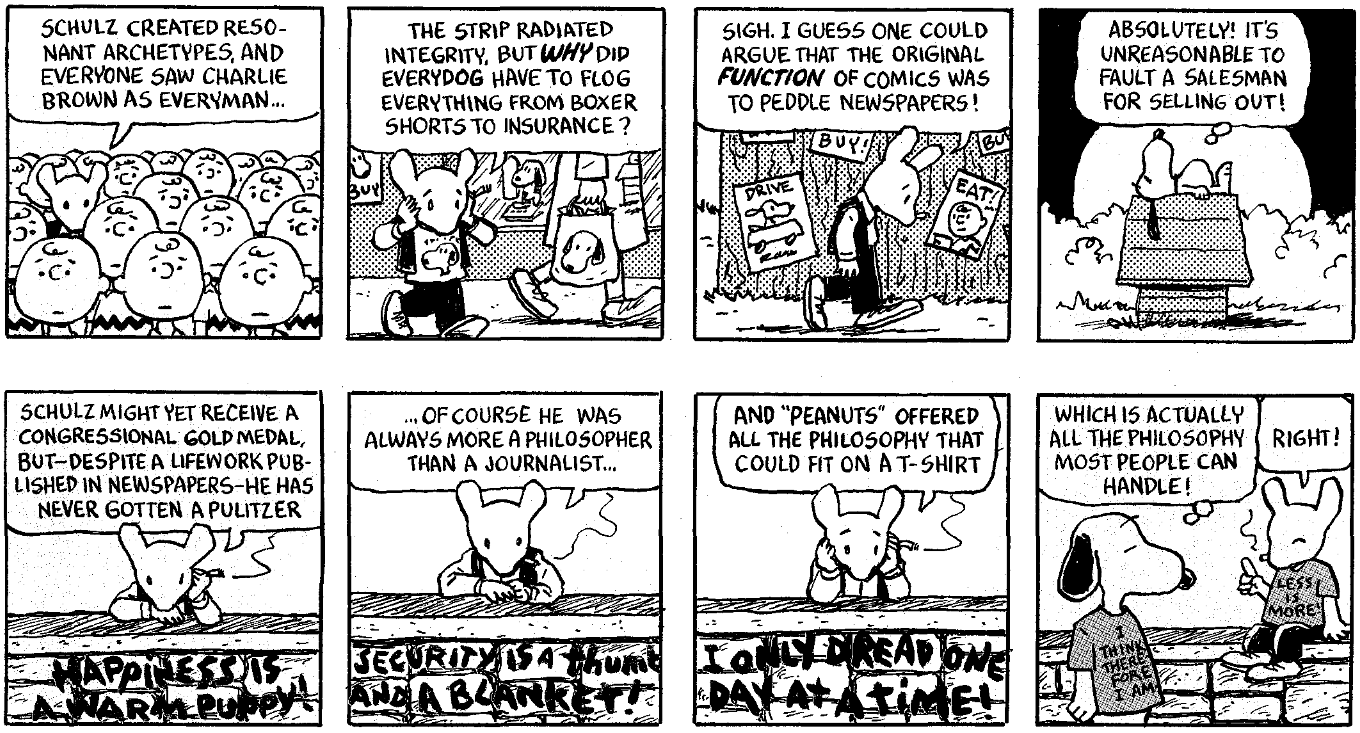

SIGH
The news that Charles (Sparky) Schulz, the 77-year-old creator of "Peanuts," was retiring his almost 50-year-old strip to fight cancer was recognized as a genuine Millennial Event. The end of the most popular comic strip ever was greeted by an outpouring of grief and affection not seen since Paris buried Victor Hugo.
ABSTRACT THOUGHT is a WARM PUPPY
by art spiegelman
I liked "Peanuts" as much as the next 355 million readers, but confess I tended to take it for granted.
I never acknowledged it as an influence on me as a cartoonist or writer...
It would have been sort of like citing RICE KRISPIES as an influence!
Yet it's astounding how much it did influence all that came after. I mean, "Peanuts" was "about nothing" years before Jerry Seinfeld was even born.
At its best, which was often, the strip had the simplicity and depth charge of a haiku ...only easier to understand
...and cuter.
?
OKAY! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE PLANE!
Snoopy, the linchpin of a billion-dollar-a-year empire, thinks awfully loud for a small drawing of a beagle!

I pulled a pile of books off the shelves to research this piece, and soon my 8-year-old son was hooked.

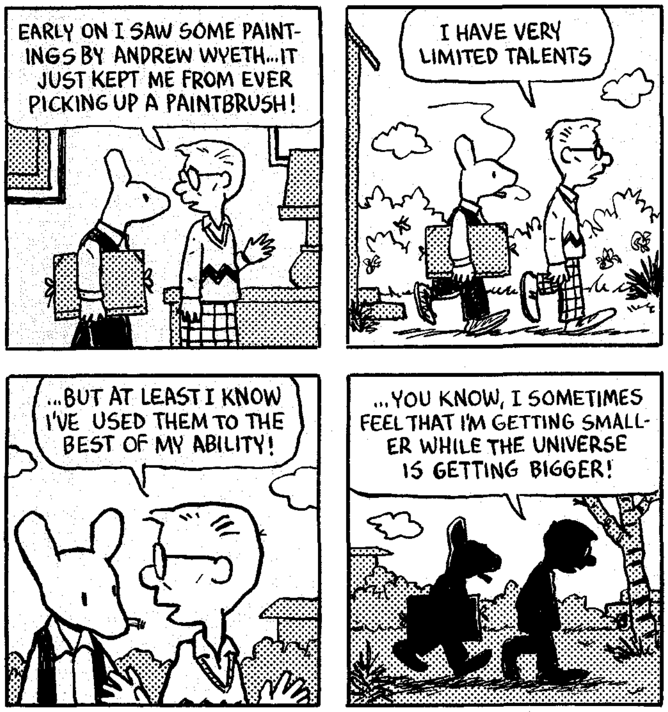

DO THE KIDS IN THE STRIP ACT LIKE REAL KIDS, DASH?
NO. NOT REALLY
DO YOU FEEL YOU'RE LIKE ANY OF THE KIDS?...LIKE LINUS... OR CHARLIE BROWN?
NO. NOT REALLY
EXCEPT LUCY... SHE SEEMS REAL... SHE'S VICIOUS!

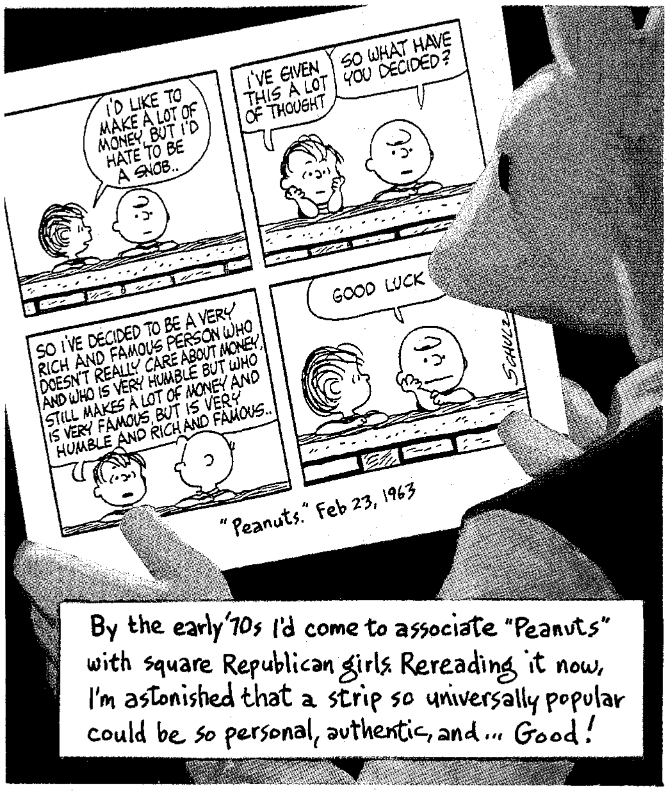
Out of the blue, I got a friendly letter from Charles Schulz inviting me to meet him *sometime*. Determining that it wasn't a hoax, I visited #1 Snoopy Place, in Santa Rosa, last August and was soon engaged in a theological conversation.

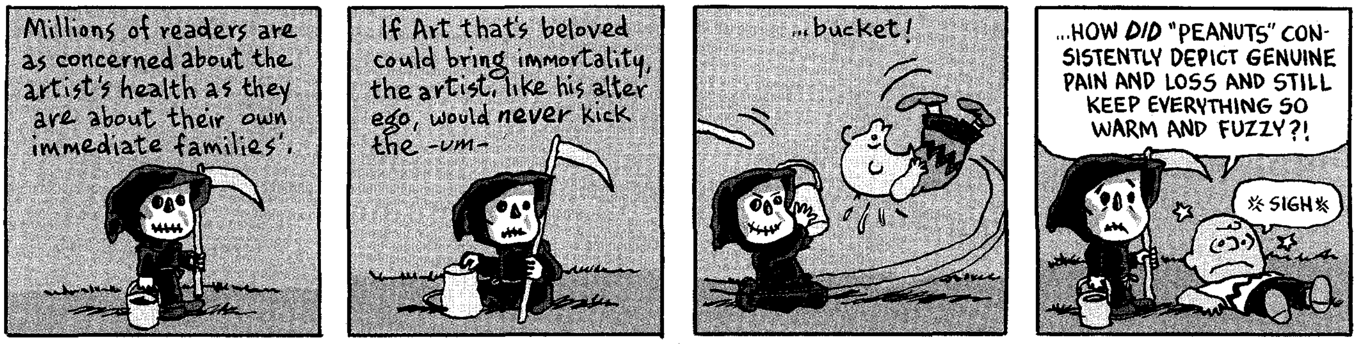

SO, WHAT'S YOUR RELATION TO **THIS** DRAWING OF YOURS?
HUH? TO MY JEWISHNESS??
THE NEW YORKER
WELL, I'M NOT RELIGIOUS LIKE YOU... BUT I DO IDENTIFY WITH THE ALIENATED DIASPORA CULTURE OF KAFKA AND FREUD...
WHAT STALIN PEJORATIVELY CALLED ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITANISM... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
NO, NOT REALLY... BUT I'M *TRYIN'!*
GOOD GRIEF
FOR BETTER OR WORSE, CHARLES (SPARKY) SCHULZ'S **PEANUTS** PERMANENTLY CHANGED THE POSTWAR NEWSPAPER STRIP, A MEDIUM ONCE DOMINATED BY VAUDEVILLE AND MELODRAMA. HE PRAGMATICALLY ACQUIESCED TO THE SHRINKING SPACE AVAILABLE IN PAPERS AND TO READERS' CHANGING HABITS BY CREATING A SPARE LITTLE STRIP THAT DIDN'T NEED TO BE FOLLOWED DAILY.
AESTHETIC ANALYSIS 5¢
The Comics Historian is IN
SCHULZ STUDIED THE BEST OF THE EARLIER STRIPS... FROM SEGAR'S "THIMBLE THEATER" (WHICH HE CALLED "A PERFECT COMIC STRIP") HE LEARNED THE VALUE OF SLOWLY PACED TIMING AND OF HIGHLY DEFINED CHARACTERS...
The Comics Historian is IN
LOOKING AT "KRAZY KAT" TAUGHT HIM THE PROFOUND IMPLICATIONS OF VARYING A FEW BASIC THEMES...AND, LIKE THAT KAT WHO WAS NEITHER MALE NOR FEMALE, SCHULZ'S "KIDS" ARE NEITHER CHILDREN NOR ADULTS!
POW
ZIP
The Comics Historian is IN
UMBERTO ECO SNAPPILY SAID OF SCHULZ'S CHARACTERS, "THEY ARE THE MONSTROUS INFANTILE REDUCTIONS OF ALL THE NEUROSES OF A MODERN CITIZEN OF THE INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION!"
IN ANY CASE, SCHULZ'S KIDS ARE HARDLY KATZENJAMMER KIDS...THEY'RE CLOSER TO PERCY CROSBY'S FORGOTTEN CURBSIDE PHILOSOPHER, SKIPPY, OR CROCKETT JOHNSON'S GRAPHICALLY AUSTERE BARNABY!
The Comics Historian IN
IN THE '50s SCHULZ'S PEN LINE HAD THE SUPPLE CONFIDENT SNAP OF A CHAMPION ICE SKATER...
AESTHETIC ANALYSIS 5¢
The Comics Historian is IN
1950s Snoopy snout (simulation)
BY THE '80s, A PROGRESSIVELY WORSENING HAND TREMOR REQUIRED HIM TO STEADY ONE HAND WITH THE OTHER TO WRITE OR DRAW AT ALL! AMAZINGLY, HE DREW AND LETTERED HIS STRIP WITH NO ASSISTANTS!
The Comics
1990s Snoopy snout (simulation)
HIS NERVOUS LINE—SO APPROPRIATE TO THE STRIP'S THEMES—WAS ACHIEVED THROUGH SHEER FORCE OF WILL! IT'S POIGNANT...AND A *LITERAL* MARK OF SCHULZ'S DEDICATION TO HIS CRAFT!
ANALYSIS
The Comics Historian is IN
UNFORTUNATELY, HIS DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE APPROACH HAS BEEN WIDELY EMULATED BY LESSER TALENTS, WHO HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT A DISTRESSING EROSION OF CARTOON CRAFT!
The Comics Historian is IN
IT'S NOT MY FAULT!


SCHULZ CREATED RESONANT ARCHETYPES, AND EVERYONE SAW CHARLIE BROWN AS EVERYMAN...
THE STRIP RADIATED INTEGRITY, BUT *WHY* DID EVERYDOG HAVE TO FLOG EVERYTHING FROM BOXER SHORTS TO INSURANCE?
BUY
SIGH. I GUESS ONE COULD ARGUE THAT THE ORIGINAL *FUNCTION* OF COMICS WAS TO PEDDLE NEWSPAPERS!
BUY!
BUY
DRIVE
EAT!
ABSOLUTELY! IT'S UNREASONABLE TO FAULT A SALESMAN FOR SELLING OUT!
SCHULZ MIGHT YET RECEIVE A CONGRESSIONAL GOLD MEDAL, BUT—DESPITE A LIFEWORK PUBLISHED IN NEWSPAPERS—HE HAS NEVER GOTTEN A PULITZER
HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUPPY!
...OF COURSE HE WAS ALWAYS MORE A PHILOSOPHER THAN A JOURNALIST...
SECURITY IS A thumb AND A BLANKET!
AND "PEANUTS" OFFERED ALL THE PHILOSOPHY THAT COULD FIT ON A T-SHIRT
I ONLY DREAD ONE DAY AT A TIME!
WHICH IS ACTUALLY ALL THE PHILOSOPHY MOST PEOPLE CAN HANDLE!
RIGHT!
LESS IS MORE!
I THINK THEREFORE I AM

Talking with Sparky was, fittingly enough, a bit like finding oneself inside a "Peanuts" episode.


EARLY ON I SAW SOME PAINTINGS BY ANDREW WYETH...IT JUST KEPT ME FROM EVER PICKING UP A PAINTBRUSH!
I HAVE VERY LIMITED TALENTS
...BUT AT LEAST I KNOW I'VE USED THEM TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY!
...YOU KNOW, I SOMETIMES FEEL THAT I'M GETTING SMALLER WHILE THE UNIVERSE IS GETTING BIGGER!

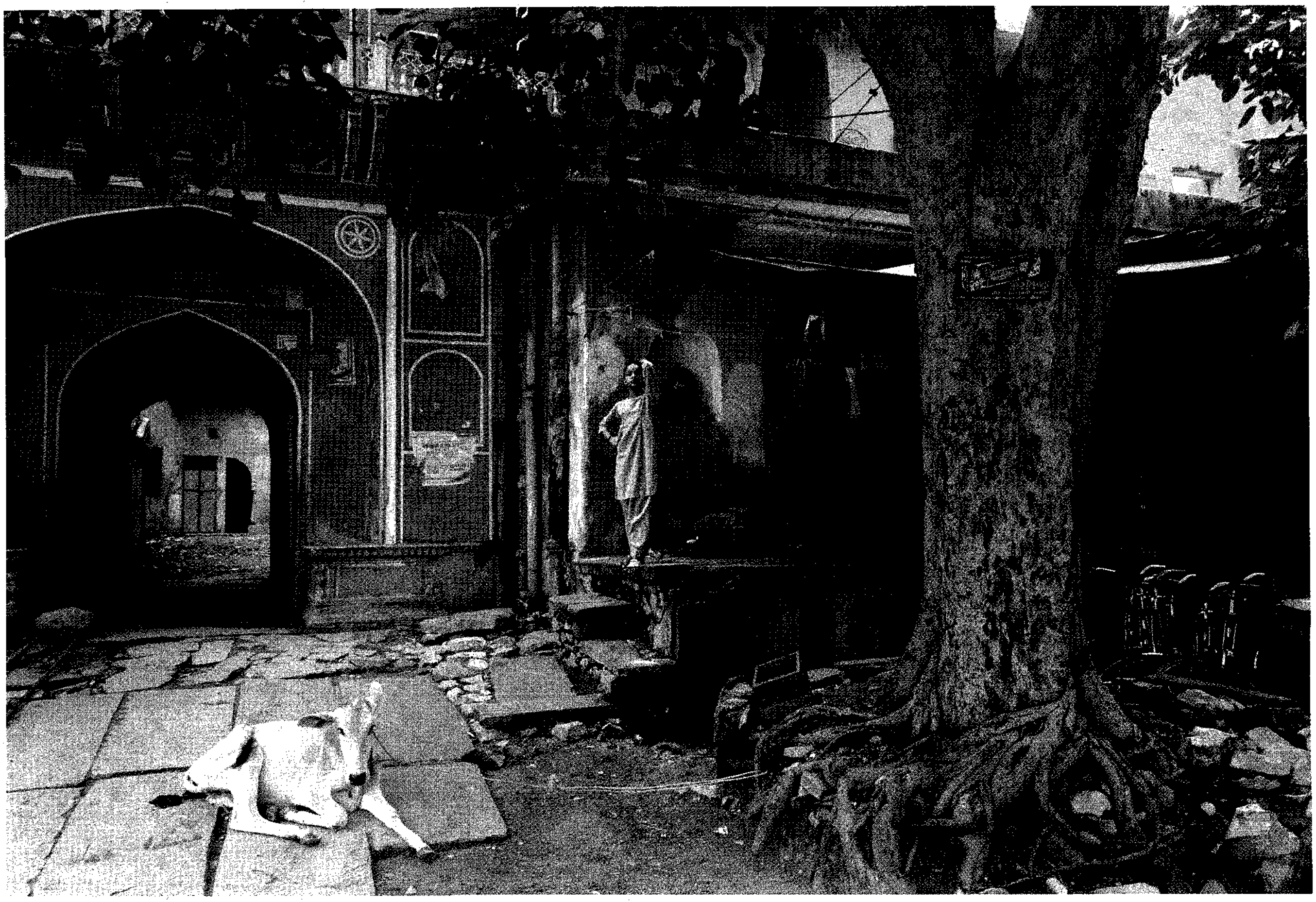

I'D LIKE TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY, BUT I'D HATE TO BE A SNOB..
I'VE GIVEN THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT
SO WHAT HAVE YOU DECIDED?
SO I'VE DECIDED TO BE A VERY RICH AND FAMOUS PERSON WHO DOESN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT MONEY, AND WHO IS VERY HUMBLE BUT WHO STILL MAKES A LOT OF MONEY AND IS VERY FAMOUS, BUT IS VERY HUMBLE AND RICH AND FAMOUS..
GOOD LUCK
SCHULZ
"Peanuts." Feb 23, 1963
By the early '70s I'd come to associate "Peanuts" with square Republican girls. Rereading it now, I'm astonished that a strip so universally popular could be so personal, authentic, and... Good!


Millions of readers are as concerned about the artist's health as they are about their own immediate families'.
If Art that's beloved could bring immortality, the artist, like his alter ego, would *never* kick the -um-
...bucket!
...HOW *DID* "PEANUTS" CONSISTENTLY DEPICT GENUINE PAIN AND LOSS AND STILL KEEP EVERYTHING SO WARM AND FUZZY?!
SIGH

FICTION

THE SEVEN CIRCLES

BY MANIL SURI



MITCH EPSTEIN, "JAIPUR, 1985"/BRENT SIKKEMA GALLERY

On the day Vinod passed his B.Com., his father announced that they had found a suitable match for him. Would he have any objection to marrying Sheetal, the niece of his uncle's wife, who had been at Paplu's birthday party last week?

Vinod remembered seeing her there. He hadn't paid any special attention to her, nor had he tried to talk to her, although he was sure that he had said hello once at a previous family function. She was not the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on, but, on the other hand, he couldn't remember any obvious physical defects, either. Thinking about it overnight, he could come up with no particular reason either to reject or to endorse the match. The wedding was negotiated that week.

A few days later, he found himself at the house of his future in-laws. Sheetal's mother brought out the sets of jewelry that were to be given with the bride and laid them out for his family's inspection. His mother put on her reading glasses and, lifting the pieces from their red velvet boxes, started examining them one by one. Vinod watched the proceedings for a while, and then, with nothing to do, picked up a necklace himself and held it up against his palm.

He was trying to follow a point of light as it skittered from stone to stone when his eyes met Sheetal's. He was startled by the disdain in them, a disdain so keen that he had to look away. He put the necklace down immediately, then tried to catch Sheetal's eye again. But she did not look up, keeping her face properly lowered through the rest of the meeting.

He saw her next, a few weeks after that, at their engagement. He wanted to talk to Sheetal then, but their eyes did not meet once during the entire ceremony. Even when he offered her the *laddoo*, Sheetal did not raise her head but waited for him to bring it to her mouth so she could take a delicate bite.

The period between the engagement and the wedding passed by in a haze. Vinod spent the days at his new job at the bank and his evenings as before, gathering with friends at the café near Bombay Central. There were many jokes about his impending union, but somehow he managed not to think about how his life was going to change. The wedding always seemed to be at least a few days away, and Vinod occupied his hours without letting himself worry about it.

It was only when he saw his garments being tied to Sheetal's that the enormity and irreversibility of the situation hit him. He was getting married, and he did not know why, or to whom. He looked up at the guests and the relatives around him and heard them whispering and saw them smiling at him. He suddenly felt like protesting—there had been a mistake; it hadn't sunk in; it had all been too hastily arranged; he hadn't had time to think about it. He saw the fire at the center of the gathering, the priest chanting and consigning ghee to the flames. The vapors were so strong he could taste them. He felt a gentle tug on his clothing and realized that the seven circles had started. The fire always to his left, a hush spreading over the crowd, the priest reaching out to throw camphor into the flames, Sheetal behind him, tied to his body by her sari, destined to follow him forever. The fire seemed to grow more intense with each round, the flames jumping into the night air, and he wondered if they might leap out and set the knot that tied him to Sheetal aflame. On and on the circles went—three, four, five, six—and he wondered if he could quit before completing the seventh one, run through the guests, and vault over the walls of the *mandap* to freedom. But then his feet had crossed the threshold for the seventh time, and then Sheetal's feet, their edges stained orange with henna, were crossing it, too.

And then he was entering their wedding-night room, and he was closing the door, and his bride was sitting on the petal-strewn bed. He had seen this scene so many times before—Raj Kapoor and Nargis, Guru Dutt and Waheeda Rehman, Dilip Kumar and Madhubala, the heroine always in embroidered silk, the groom in impeccable white—and when the hero pulled back the heroine's *ghunghat* she kept her eyes closed. He reached out to lift the cloth, and his hand wavered. What if Sheetal's eyes were staring at his, defiant, with the look of that first day? But his wife must have seen the same films he had, because when he looked under the cloth her eyes were closed, the dots painted in ceremonial white forming a serene arch over her eyebrows. For a second, he wondered if he should break into song, as they did in movies. Instead, he lifted her head slowly and asked her to open her eyes.

In that first clear look into the eyes of the woman with whom he was supposed to spend the rest of his life, he was relieved to find not defiance but curiosity, not disdain but unfamiliarity, not love but not dislike, either.

They sat there next to each other, the layers of clothing and ornaments they were wearing too intimidating to allow conversation, let alone intimacy. The silence pressed around them, as oppressive as the heat and the humidity in the air. Vinod cleared his throat, preparing to say something. But no topic of conversation suggested itself. He gazed at the new ring banding his finger. How were they going to fill all the minutes, all the hours, between now and the end of their time together?

Whispers came from the other side of the door, then the sound of muffled giggles. Suddenly, a radio was turned on, at full volume. The soaring chorus of the national anthem filled the room, and Sheetal looked up, confused. For a moment, he thought she was going to stand to attention beside the bed. There was laughter from the corridor outside, then the sound of running feet and his mother's scolding voice. The radio was switched off in the middle of the final "*Jaya he*."

Vinod heard his mother tiptoe away from the door.

"Do you know all the words?" he asked Sheetal.

"Of course," she replied. "Everyone learns it in school. Didn't you?"

"I did. But I could never memorize the whole thing."

Sheetal did not respond.

"They must have waited," he said. "Waited till eleven-thirty, for the station to shut down and the anthem to come on. I should have run to the door and grabbed their radio from them. We could have had a little music."

"But the station has shut down, you said."

"The foreign stations run all night. We could have heard jazz. Do you ever listen to jazz?"

"No."

"Well, I don't much, either. Except late at night. Otherwise, I listen to Radio Ceylon. They have the songs from all the new films. Months before they get them on Vividh Bharati. Do you like seeing films?"

Sheetal nodded.

"Did you see 'Mughal-e-Azam'?"

"Yes, and I hated it. I hate Madhubala."

"How can you possibly hate Madhubala?"

"She has the face of an elephant."

"She's not even fat."

"Not her body. Just her face. Her nose, especially."

"You don't know what you're saying. She has a beautiful nose."

"An elephant. I'm not going to see any Madhubala films with you."

They argued about Raj Kapoor and Dilip Kumar, Meena Kumari and Vyjanthimala. They talked about their favorite films. Sheetal shyly revealed that she often liked to memorize not only songs but also pieces of dialogue that moved her. As an illustration, she recited her favorite lines from "Love in Rome."

"Remember that scene in the restaurant, when they eat all that Italian food?" Vinod said, laughing. "What does it turn out to be—octopus or something?"

Sheetal's face darkened. "Don't expect me to cook any non-veg for you," she suddenly declared.

Vinod was taken aback.

"But your family isn't vegetarian," he protested. "You yourself were eating tandoori chicken tonight at the reception."

"I like to eat it, but I'm not going to cook it. It's a hundred times more sinful to cook it than to eat it."

"But nobody said anything before the wedding. How will we eat meat when we start living by ourselves if you won't cook it?"

"What if I teach you to cook it?"

"But I'm the husband. I'm not supposed to cook. And also, if I did, then all the sins would fall on my head."

Sheetal's brow furrowed. "And since you're my husband, they'd be on my head, too." She fell silent. "I guess we won't be able to have meat after all," she said.

They looked at each other gloomily. Married life had barely begun, and already abstinence was the forecast for the future.

The talk about cooking had made Vinod hungry, so he suggested sneaking out to find the wedding sweets. Sheetal demurred at first, but then gave in—she, too, was hungry. They took off all the ornaments they could, Sheetal being careful to remove her noisy ankle bracelets. Vinod got out of the stiff wedding jacket that had been choking him all evening, and Sheetal wrapped her long ceremonial sari around her shoulders and stuffed the end into her waistband. Then, in bare feet, they crept to the door.

Vinod opened it a crack. A multitude of snores streamed in. He stuck his head out. Starting at the door and stretching out all along the floor were dozens of recumbent wedding guests. It looked as if a cyclone had blasted through the corridor.

They made their way to the kitchen through the maze of bodies. Sheetal accidentally stepped on one of her cousins, and they both held their breath, but the girl muttered something and went back to sleep.

In the kitchen, they were unable to locate the sweets but came across a large platter of the tandoori chicken in the refrigerator. They looked at each other. "Let's find some pickle and onions to go with it," Sheetal whispered.

The kitchen floor had been cleared to accommodate more of the sleeping guests, and Vinod and Sheetal crept around them to the dining table, which had been pushed to the far side. The chairs had been stacked up in another corner, so they sat cross-legged on the table itself, the platter of chicken between them.

"What do you like," Vinod asked, "breast or leg?"

"I like the little leg attached to the breast. It's my favorite part."

"But it's so little."

"I always get both of them. It's the only part I really like. Though I can eat the big leg if necessary."

Vinod tore off the wing portions from two of the breasts and handed them to her. "Here. You can have the little legs every time we have chicken."

"Thanks," Sheetal said, smiling shyly as she accepted the pieces from him. "Here's some onion—I couldn't find the mango pickle."

They sat in the dark and ate their chicken. The only light came from a street lamp outside, through a small window on the opposite wall. It was hot, and Vinod could hear a mosquito whining near his ear. He looked at Sheetal. His wife. She was gnawing at the cartilage in a wing joint, red specks of tandoori spice stuck to her lips. In the dim light, Sheetal looked even younger than her nineteen years. He imagined her hair braided in pigtails, looped around and tied behind her ears, like a schoolgirl's. Who was this person? What did she want from life? Sheetal selected a red pickled onion from a bowl and bit off a chunk of it.

Clumsily, Vinod leaned over with his face next to hers and tried to kiss her. Sheetal drew back. "What are you doing? Are you crazy—with all these people here?"

"But they're asleep," Vinod protested.

"That doesn't matter. They're still here." Sheetal resumed munching on her onion.

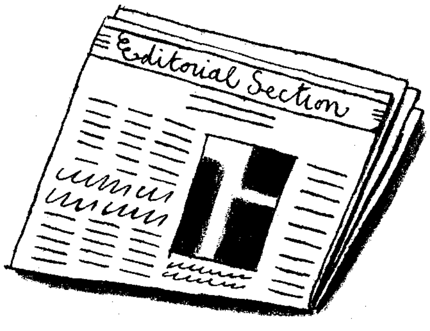
Vinod looked at the sleeping people. There were Pramod uncle and his wife, lying next to each other. How long had they been together? He wondered when his uncle had first kissed Manisha auntie, and whether her mouth had been redolent of cumin and onion when he had done so. He looked again at Sheetal. She had finished her chicken. Her tongue was wiping her lips clean, leaving behind a thin glisten of saliva that outlined her mouth in the silvery light. He had never kissed a girl before. He was determined to do so tonight, in this kitchen, on this table.

Vinod eased the platter out of the way and moved closer to Sheetal. He could feel her stiffen, could almost hear her heart start beating faster. He slowly put his arm around her neck, then tensed his muscles, ready to resist in case she tried to escape. She sat there, rooted to the wood, looking straight ahead. Quickly, he pressed his mouth over hers. He sensed the back of her neck go slack. Her saliva felt wet and sticky and strangely exciting on his lips. He held them there for a moment, inhaling the spicy meatiness of her mouth. Then, not sure how to proceed, he released her mouth and drew his head back.

She looked away from his eyes. Her hand went up to wipe her lips, but she stopped and self-consciously brought it down.

They went back to their bedroom. Nervously, Sheetal unwound her sari and quickly got into bed. She shivered, even though the room was unbearably warm, and pulled the sheet up to her blouse. Vinod took off his shirt but not his pants, and got in next to her.

They stared at the wedding decorations festooned over the bed. A balloon rested listlessly against the ceiling, its string dangling all the way to the floor. Down the street, a dog barked, and farther away, somewhere, they heard a car start up.



Vinod could feel Sheetal's body breathing next to him in the dark. He thought of her bosom beneath its blouse, the red cloth rising and falling with each breath. In the sixth standard, a friend had shown him his first photo of a naked woman. He tried to picture that image under Sheetal's blouse, tried to imagine the contour of each breast, the fleshiness of each nipple. He saw himself kissing her neck, bringing his mouth down and wetting the material of her blouse and, when the nipple was clearly outlined, taking it in his mouth through the cloth.

"Are you asleep?" he whispered to Sheetal.

"No," she replied. "I was thinking."

"About what?" Vinod's voice was hoarse.

"I was thinking," Sheetal said, turning around to face him, her expression troubled. "I was thinking perhaps it wouldn't be such a big sin to once in a while cook chicken?"

A WEEK later, Vinod had reconciled himself to the fact that his wife clacked her teeth in her sleep. When he mentioned this to her, she complained that he snored every night and that that was much worse than her clacking, which was due to a misalignment in her mouth, and which only occurred on some nights, and which wasn't as loud or as hard to adjust to as snoring, anyway.

The monsoons had been delayed that year, and the heat had been building up night after night in their room. Vinod took off his shirt, hesitated, then took off his pants as well and got into bed.

"It's so hot," he explained, apologetically. "Too hot for my pajama suit." Sheetal, who was wearing a nightie, didn't say anything. "Why don't you take your nightie off as well?" Vinod suggested.

"What, and be naked?"

"You'll be much cooler."

Sheetal was quiet for a moment. "O.K., but don't look," she whispered.

Vinod felt her get out of bed. She returned in a moment, and drew the sheet up to her neck.

"What's the point if you're going to cover yourself with a sheet? You'll sweat even more than in a nightie."

"I have to put something on. I'm completely naked otherwise. You have your underclothes on."

"You set 'em up with one of these babies, and they're good for the night."

"O.K., I'll take them off."

Vinod took off his undershirt as Sheetal watched. He rubbed the cotton cloth over the hair on his chest to soak up the sweat, then threw it into a corner of the room.

"You're still not naked. What about those?" Sheetal pointed her chin at his briefs.

"Look the other way, and I'll do it."

"See, you're embarrassed, too."

"It's not the same. It's different for men."

"You expect me to take off my sheet, yet you won't take off your underwear?"

"Oh, yes? Well, here." With one quick sweep, Vinod tried to pull his briefs off, and got them all the way to his feet, where they became entangled in his toes.

A cry escaped Sheetal's mouth, and she covered her eyes with her hands. She looked through her fingers and began to laugh as she saw Vinod try to cover himself by crossing one leg over the other.

"What do you have there?" Sheetal said, pointing at his nakedness and laughing.

Vinod uncovered himself to show her. "Why don't you see for yourself?"

Sheetal screamed as he placed her hand on his cock and closed his thighs over it.

He held it there. "It feels so good," he said, and Sheetal's face turned a dark crimson.

Still holding her hand in his crotch, so that she couldn't move away, Vinod sidled next to Sheetal. He slipped his leg under the sheet and rubbed it against hers, feeling the coarseness of his hairs against her smooth skin. Hooking his foot around hers, he slid closer, until his chest was touching hers. Carefully, he peeled the sheet off her body, as if uncovering a sleeping child.

Sheetal pressed her arms over her breasts. She crossed her legs just as he had done a minute ago, keeping her gaze focussed on the pillow next to her head. She bore his kisses silently, in her hair, at her brow, on her lips. As his mouth left hers, she turned to face him. Visible beyond the reticence, Vinod was surprised to see, was the unmistakable glint of curiosity.

He couldn't remember the instructions his brother had given him. Something about kissing, something about caressing, something about pressing their bodies together until they fit correctly. He kissed Sheetal's cheeks, her nose, her lips, but that didn't seem enough. He tried rubbing himself against her body, but stopped, because it was bringing him too close to the edge. He was suddenly terrified that he would ejaculate all over her body. He imagined his white semen squirting uncontrolled over her abdomen, like some pubescent emission, pooling in her navel, running down her thighs.

Apparently, Sheetal had received some advice as well, because she took him in her hand and guided him into her body. He felt the warm compactness of her and smelled her odor, like freshly cut yams, which he would forever associate with sex. He came almost immediately, his body twitching, eyes rolling back in his head, Sheetal holding him tight in her arms, so tight he could hardly breathe. He pulled out and managed to focus on her, and was embarrassed at the confusion flushing her face.

"Next time will be better," he said, unable to bring himself to look to see if the confusion was giving way to understanding, to disappointment.

"It's O.K.," Sheetal said, as she wiped herself clean. She got out of bed and put on her nightie.

"Good night," she said, as she got into bed and turned to face the window.

"Good night," he replied, looking at the small of her back, unable to reach out to comfort her. As the minutes ticked away, he stared at the motionless contour of her body and waited for a dog, a car, a mosquito, anything, to break the silence that hung over the room.

THE first morning Vinod headed back to work after the wedding, Sheetal was waiting at the door, his tiffin box packed and ready. Vinod felt like kissing her goodbye but didn't, because his mother was watching. That evening, he hurried home to be with Sheetal, even though he hadn't seen his friends at the café for two weeks. It was not long before he began to resent this routine, however, and had to remind himself that Sheetal was cooped up at home with his mother all day. Living under one roof did not seem to be fostering the loving relationship he had envisioned between the two of them. Few days passed without his mother grinding in a subtle pinch of criticism of Sheetal to flavor the evening meal.

They were finishing breakfast one morning when Vinod noticed the untouched omelette on his mother’s plate. He asked if something was wrong.

“She’s put onion in it,” his mother said sadly, in a whisper loud enough for Sheetal to hear. “She knows I’m not allowed onion on Wednesday because of my fast.”

“Why didn’t she remind me?” Sheetal asked from the sink, without turning around. “What kind of fast is this, anyway, that one can eat meat and egg but no onion?”

“See the way she talks to me? This is how I’m treated day after day while you’re away.” His mother’s eyes had misted, and a tear was threatening to roll down one cheek.

“Tell her not to pretend so much. It’s all for your benefit. We’ve all seen what her tongue is like—it could cut holes through cloth.”

“Sheetal!” Vinod exclaimed, getting up from his chair as his mother dissolved into sobs.

“I’m tired of trying to satisfy her. She’s never happy with anything I do. Tell me why she can’t make her own eggs, if she doesn’t like the ones I cook for her.”

His mother’s sobs rose to a wail, and Vinod found himself striding to where Sheetal stood. He felt a sting in the fingers of his right hand and saw a flash of disbelief light up his wife’s eyes. Then, head lowered, hand pressed against her reddening cheek, Sheetal left the room. Behind him, his mother blew her nose into a handkerchief.

Afterward, Vinod went to work as usual. He sat at his desk the whole morning, his head burning as if ravaged by a fever. He returned home early, bringing along two cups of ice cream in the flavors Sheetal liked best, choconut and pista. His mother was taking a nap in the living room, and he crept past without waking her. Sheetal was not in the bedroom. A stack of his clothes, neatly ironed and folded, lay on the bed.

He put the cups on the dressing table and went to the kitchen to look for Sheetal.

“She’s gone,” his mother said. She had awoken, and was sitting on the couch, preparing herself a paan. “She went to her mother’s, I expect.”

“But why didn’t you stop her?”

“What am I, crazy, to stick my nose between husband and wife? Don’t worry, she’ll be back when she cools off—she only took a few clothes.” His mother cracked some betel nut between the blades of her nutcracker. “Today’s girls. Such temper. Such arrogance. We were taught to touch our husbands’ feet and thank them whenever they saw fit to teach us a lesson.”

His mother folded up her paan and popped it into her mouth.

Sheetal did not return for seven days. His mother kept assuring him that she would come back and that he had done the right thing.

“It’s best to make things clear from the beginning,” she said. “That way, they don’t get out of hand.” He nodded in agreement, but every night his spirit grew wearier as he made his way to the empty bedroom.

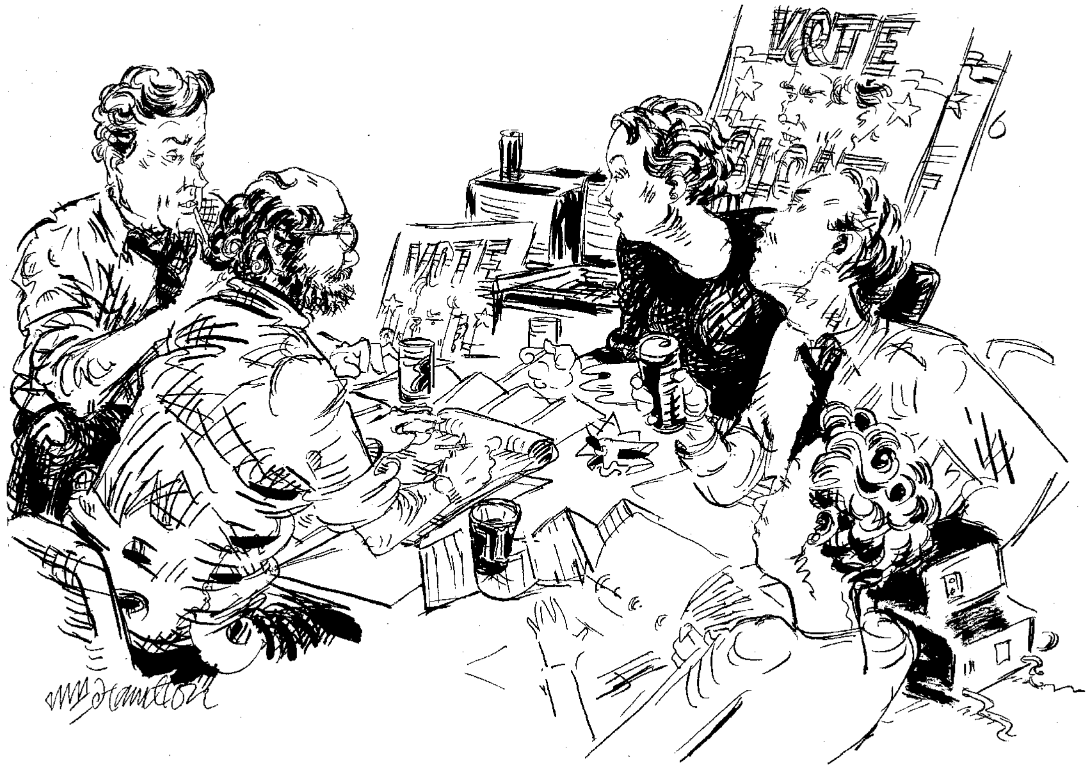
One week after the slap, Sheetal’s father escorted her back in the evening. His mother received them in the living room, as she would any guests, and his father talked to Sheetal’s father about the price of petrol. Her father did not stay for dinner but hugged Sheetal and left at about 8 P.M. No mention was made of the slap.

Dinner was quiet and tense. Sheetal didn’t look up once, eating everything with her eyes lowered toward her plate. His mother started to say something once or twice but caught the warning glance in Vinod’s eyes and kept silent. Afterward, his parents cleared out of the room more quickly than usual. Sheetal took the dishes to the sink and started wiping the food off them.

“You don’t have to do that,” Vinod said, coming up behind her. “The *ganga* will do it in the morning.”

Sheetal did not turn around. She turned on the tap and started washing a plate.

“Leave them and come with me,” Vi-



“All too human is fine—unless, of course, it’s all too often.”

nod said, wrapping his arms around hers.

"Let me do the dishes first. After all, isn't this why you married me?" Sheetal turned around. The accusation in her eyes was so strong that Vinod had to look away.

"Isn't it?" she said.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, then said it again. "I'm really sorry. I've missed you. I'll never let it happen again. Please forgive me.

"Please forgive me," he repeated. His voice felt so weak that he wondered if he was going to cry. "This has been the worst week of my life."

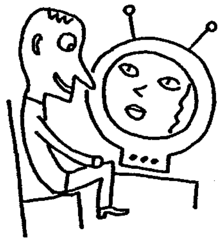
She softened but didn't forgive him, not quite then. When he brought out the two cups of ice cream, she ate the pista first, then the choconut as well, not offering him any. That night in bed, she maintained a gap between their bodies, shifting away with a start whenever he touched her, even accidentally.

The period of probation lasted for a month. One day, soon after that, she came into his arms. "Let's look for a place of our own," she said.

ONCE they moved into the flat they would share until her death, Vinod noticed a new softness begin to flower in Sheetal's personality. Day after day, night after night, she became more relaxed, more receptive in bed. Some evenings, she even allowed herself to be led into the bedroom before they had eaten dinner. A trace of color began to show in her cheeks, and she put on some weight, though Vinod worried that she looked too thin. Her relationship with his mother became cordial, almost loving, except when his mother raised pointed questions about why it was taking so long for them to produce a grandson.

Sheetal adored the flat, despite the three flights of stairs that had to be walked up to get there. It was close enough to Vinod's bank that he could come home for lunch every day. On some afternoons, Sheetal would pack the food in his tiffin box and they would carry it downstairs to eat in the shade of the mango tree spreading over the courtyard of the church across the street. They both looked forward to Wednesdays, when the *ganga* arrived earlier than usual, bringing along a freshly killed chicken, which she cooked into a curry under Sheetal's supervision.

Sometimes, Vinod wondered about Sheetal's days. She shopped and cooked, he knew; she talked to Mrs. Asrani from downstairs and listened to Vividh Bharati in the afternoon; she hung up curtains and changed the sheets and watered the flowerpots on the balcony. But was that enough? Was that enough to occupy her, to make her happy, even, dared he ask, to fulfill her?



"It's not so trivial," Sheetal said, when he asked her one evening. "I'm a woman with a flat to run, not some girl playing house."

They had three happy years in the flat. Then, at the insistence of Vinod's mother, they went to the hospital near the income-tax building to find out why Sheetal had not become pregnant yet. By then, as the specialist from Bangalore explained to them, the cancer had already spread beyond the uterus. A hysterectomy was performed, and Sheetal underwent various treatments and therapies. When the doctors were finished with her, she was allowed to come back to spend her last six months at home.

Sheetal's illness was so unexpected that for a while Vinod felt as if he were in one of those melodramatic tearjerkers at theatres like the Roxy or the Opera House. Suddenly, his life became one long undulation of visits to the chemist and the temple, of hours spent blankly at work, of nights passed watching Sheetal's face as she rested. Then, before he could prepare himself, the routine ended—the dressing table was cleared of prescriptions, the extra blankets were packed away, and all that was left of Sheetal was a photograph on the wall, its frame adorned with a single strand of marigolds.

For a long time after she died, it seemed as if she were still around. As if she had been in the room with him a minute ago and had just gone downstairs to the store. She hated doing that and would often wait until he came home from work rather than shop herself, even if all she needed was some coriander to complete the night's dinner. "And get me a paan, too," she would say, "if you're going down anyway."

Sheetal loved paan. Not the plain kind but the sweet ones, with lots of coconut and candied betel nut and all the minty pastes and mixtures that the paanwallah kept in silver boxes around the circumference of his tray. The paanwallah adored her, and asked after her every day when she was ill. Even in the last few days, when she could barely chew or swallow, she insisted on having her paan.

"Remember what you need to do after I'm gone, Vinod. Remember your promise to me. Whatever you do, don't forget," Sheetal would gasp, as she tried to chew her paan, and Vinod would be at her side, kissing her hand, assuring her that he would keep his promise, and wondering how he would.

For what Sheetal wanted, what she had become obsessed with in the last months of her life, was getting into the "Guinness Book of World Records."

IT was Vinod who had bought the book, as a present to celebrate her return from the hospital. Sheetal read it immediately and by that evening she had made up her mind—her name was going to be listed. She had never been truly exceptional at any activity. Now she would prove to the world that she, Sheetal Taneja, was in fact the best at something. The question was, what?

She read and reread the categories in the book, but there was nothing in which she could remotely hope to win. Her only chance would be to create a new category. One morning, she announced that she had decided on it: Dialogue. She had always had a knack for memorizing it. "What if I memorize the dialogue of an entire movie? Surely they will have to put me in the book for that."

She asked Vinod to fetch the newspaper so she could see what was playing. There was so little time to lose. They would go the very next day.

She chose a movie called "Raat Hamare Milan Ki"—"The Night of Our Union." It starred Meena Kumari, who, as she did in many of her best movies, died at the end. What could be a better selection? Sheetal asked Vinod to borrow the new cassette recorder his brother had bought, the kind that could run on batteries. Vinod could record the whole soundtrack while she sat next to him.

It took her a full hour to dress. She wrapped her thin frame in the most cheerful sari she owned and tried to cover the hollows in her face with makeup. She asked Vinod to thread the earrings through her ears and wore a necklace and gold bangles, even though they were only going to a matinée. When the time came to go downstairs, she was unable to negotiate the steps. Eventually, she sat on one of the dining-room chairs, and the cigarettewallah and the paanwallah carried her down, like a queen on a palanquin. Vinod took the two of them along to see the movie as well, so that they could carry Sheetal upstairs to the balcony of the theatre, where she had insisted on sitting.

They sat in the first row, right behind the railing. Neither the cigarettewallah nor the paanwallah had ever seen a movie from the balcony, and the paanwallah declared several times that not only was the sound better up there but also the picture, because the screen was designed to send more light up to the expensive seats. It took three cassettes to record the two-and-a-half-hour soundtrack—Vinod was careful to reload the recorder during the songs, so that none of the dialogue would be lost.

The next day, Sheetal dictated a petition for Guinness, telling them what she proposed to do. Vinod took it to be typed by one of the professional typists in Tardeo, then mailed the letter himself at the post office, making sure the clerk cancelled the stamps in front of him, as per Sheetal's instructions, so that nobody would take them off for reuse.

For the next two months, Sheetal lay next to the cassette recorder and memorized. Sometimes, when the different roles on the soundtrack became too confusing, she recruited the *ganga* to help her. "Don't you have any shame, teasing girls like that?" she would berate the *ganga*, who would slowly, awkwardly, mouth the hero's response. Vinod would come home from work and hear Sheetal repeating, "When I'm with you, my heart starts going *dhuk dhuk*—why do you think that is?" He would kiss her good night, and she would say, "Even if God forgives me, I won't be able to forgive myself for what I have done."

TWO months after seeing the movie, Sheetal made her first attempt. Vinod's brother and sister-in-law were called in to act as witnesses, and everyone gathered around Sheetal's bed to hear the recitation.

It was a disaster. Sheetal confused lines, forgot entire scenes, and became too emotional to continue when the time came for the hero to consign his beloved's ashes to the waters of the Ganges. "This, the first night of our union," Mohammed Rafi sang sadly on the tape as Vinod ushered everyone out of the room.

Sheetal grieved for days over her failure. She did not try again for almost three months. By then, she had deteriorated to the point where it was easy to convince her that she had done it, that she had managed to go through the entire movie. She went to sleep that afternoon already able to imagine her name in the book.

Three weeks before Sheetal died, the postman delivered a letter with a big blue-and-orange stamp from the United Kingdom. Sheetal got so excited that she forced herself to sit up in bed as Vinod opened the letter.

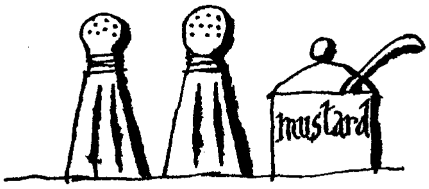
"Dear Mrs. Taneja," Vinod read aloud. "Thank you for your recent petition regarding the creation of a new category for memorization of the dialogue of a film. We regret to inform you that we do not anticipate adding this category at this time. We would, however, like to congratulate you on your most interesting achievement in this regard."

It was signed "William Warby, Associate Editor, Guinness Book of World Records." Accompanying it was a flyer for the new edition of the book.

Sheetal was devastated for the rest of the day. But the next morning she had Vinod reread the letter, making him go over the actual wording of the rejection several times.

"Aha," she said, interrupting him. "They've written that they can't do it *at this time*. Which means that they are planning to keep it in mind for the future. Plus, who knows how long this Warby character will last, especially if he is turning down such good proposals? Once he goes, the new person will have a fresh chance to look at this."

That's when she extracted the promise from Vinod. "Keep trying till they put me in. Tell them that I died of cancer even, then they'll have to relent. Especially once the new person comes in." Meanwhile, the letter she had received was matted and framed, and hung over her bed. Every day, she reached out to touch the part that complimented her on her "most interesting achievement."



DURING Sheetal's last days, Vinod felt able to look right into her and catch a glimpse of the strength that, even as she wasted away, held up everyone's spirits. "When I get well, I want to go to Kashmir," she'd say. Or, "We'll go to Nepal for our second honeymoon." Vinod felt his love for his wife become so strong that he wondered whether he would want to live after Sheetal had died. What if he decided not to? How would he kill himself? He started appropriating some of the sleeping pills that the doctor had prescribed for Sheetal, taking one or two at a time and storing them in an opaque brown bottle that he hid in the dressing table.

A few days before her death, Sheetal saw him take one of the pills. "I know what you're doing," she whispered, her eyes half closed. "But it's not your turn yet. Wait till your turn comes."

That evening, he flushed the pills down the toilet. In the days that followed Sheetal's death, he often regretted that decision. But he did not change his mind. It had been one of the last things that Sheetal had said to him, and he would abide by it.

Some time after her death, Vinod found himself in a record store, purchasing the title song from "Raat Hamare Milan Ki." He had played it for Sheetal almost daily while they still had his brother's tape recorder. At home he put the disk on the turntable, cranked the handle, and set the needle down. "The night will come and cool our bodies," Mohammed Rafi sang, but Vinod could feel nothing except a vague irritation at the banality of the lyrics.

He started playing the record every day, staring into the blackness of the rotating disk, waiting for the music and lyrics to come together and stir him. Suddenly one day it happened. He could see Dilip Kumar and Meena Kumari on the screen, feel Sheetal's hand resting under his own in the cool darkness of the theatre. He began to cry—tears so big and splashy that he had to shut the gramophone lid, afraid of getting water on the record. For a long time after that, he was able to listen to only part of the song before breaking down.

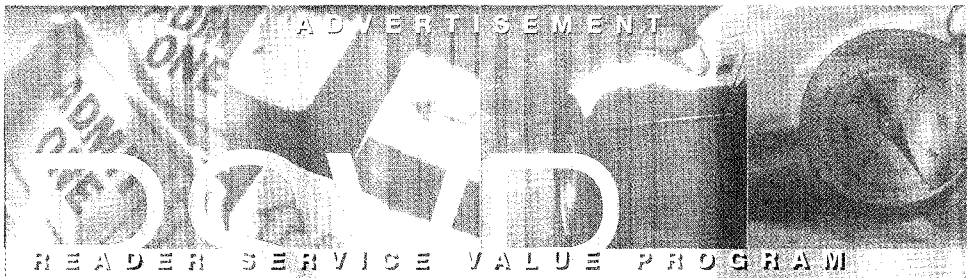
His mother tried to get him remarried, but he had closed the door to this possibility. He felt that he had already experienced whatever there was to be experienced between a husband and a wife, that he had shared a part of himself with another person in a way too profound to be duplicated. There was a reason that fate had brought him to this spot. It would be up to fate now to lead him somewhere else.

A YEAR after Sheetal's death, when it seemed that enough time had elapsed for another try, Vinod sat down to compose a letter.

"Dear Mr. William Warby," he began, then hesitated. Could Mr. Warby have been replaced by now, as Sheetal had predicted? He decided to continue. Mr. Warby was someone with whom he already had a link, however tenuous, someone he could picture, sitting ruddy-jowled behind a wooden desk in a dark-panelled room, deciding with a smile or an irritated grunt which petitions got in and which did not. What, he wondered, would persuade this man to grant admittance to Sheetal? "My wife of four years had so many interesting hobbies," he continued, "but it was for this (pl. see enclosed petition) that she wanted to be remembered after her untimely demise to cancer on the date of 12th Sept. last year. Therefore, it is my humble plea to you to kindly grant her this last wish, for which I will be eternally in your debt."

He was tempted to go on, to describe to Mr. Warby the unbearable emptiness that yawned everywhere now that Sheetal was gone. But he signed his name instead, folded the letter and the petition carefully together, and sealed them into an envelope. He was about to leave for the post office when he had a sudden vision of Mr. Warby receiving the letter. Mr. Warby was a busy man. He had no time to read handwritten notes, and was not to be swayed by last requests. He would brush the note into the wastebasket and pass Sheetal's petition on to his assistant. Vinod would receive another letter congratulating him on his wife's "most interesting achievement."

Vinod returned to his desk. He took the envelope out of his pocket and stowed it away with his tax papers and his B.Com. degree. ♦



ANNOUNCEMENT

PERRIER JOUËT "TOAST OF THE TOWN" CONTEST RULES & REGULATIONS. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. All contestants must be 21 years of age or older as of the date of entry and must be a legal U.S. resident. Contestants may submit one (1) entry per household to: The Perrier Jouët "Toast of the Town" Contest, *The New Yorker* —Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square 21st Floor, New York, NY 10036. Entries may be submitted anytime from 9:00 AM EST on February 8, 2000 through 5:00 PM EST on March 31, 2000. Entries that are late, misdirected, garbled, or incompletely received, for any reason, will not be eligible. All entries become the property of sponsor and will not be acknowledged or returned.A grand-prize winner will be selected on or about April 18, 2000. All decisions of the judges are final. One prize will be awarded. The winner will receive a written notification on or about May 1, 2000. "The Toast of the Town" contest prize package for two includes: Coach air transportation to and from New York City from major airport nearest winner's home, 2-night accommodations at a hotel selected by *The New Yorker* (double occupancy), lunch and dinner for two at a restaurant selected by *The New Yorker* and two tickets to a Broadway show. Total approximate retail value of prize package is $2,500 depending on point of origin and other factors. Additional meals, transportation not mentioned and all other expenses are the winner's responsibility. The prize package must be taken and completed between August 31, 2000 and April 30, 2001; scheduling is subject to availability, restrictions and blackout dates. Income and other taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner. Subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations. Void outside of the U.S., in Puerto Rico, and where prohibited. The odds of winning depend on the number of entries received. Prize is not transferable. No substitutions for prize except by sponsor in case of unavailability in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted. Employees of *The New Yorker* magazine and Perrier Jouët and their immediate families and affiliates are not eligible to enter. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use winner's name and likeness for editorial, advertising and publicity purposes without further compensation. The winner may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility; winner and companion may be required to execute a Liability and Publicity Release form within thirty (30) days from the date of notification or an alternate winner may be chosen. For name of winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Perrier Jouët "Toast of the Town" Contest, *The New Yorker*—Merchandising Department, 4 Times Square, 21st floor, New York, NY 10036, after April 18, 2000.

APPAREL & ACCESSORIES

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY. We specialize in fine quality 14-karat gold and sterling silver jewelry. For a color catalog, please call 1-919-933-5759 or visit www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com.

EDUCATION

REGENTS COLLEGE. Pursue your passion to learn more about a subject important to you through our unique Master of Arts degree in Liberal Studies. Call toll free at 1-888-647-2388 for information.

ENTERTAINMENT

ACORN MEDIA. The best in British mystery, drama and comedy on home video. For a free catalog, please call 1-800-999-0212 or visit us at www.acornmedia.com.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

DEER INTERNATIONAL, INC. Order a book or CD-ROM or obtain more information about improving your financial position. Call 1-800-234-3445 or visit our Web site at www.deerinternational.com.

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

REPLACEMENTS, LTD. World's largest inventory of old and new china, crystal, silver and collectibles. Over 120,000 patterns. Free pattern printout with prices. Call 1-800-REPLACE or visit www.replacements.com

HEALTH CARE

STRUCTURE HOUSE. Durham, NC's most successful, #1 residential program for weight control and lifestyle change. Beautiful surroundings. Serious results. Twenty years of long-term weight loss. Call 1-800-553-0052.

TRAVEL

ALPINE TRAILS, LTD. Hike and cross-country ski the Swiss and Italian Alps with popular author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson. Small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts who also appreciate high-level creature comforts. Twenty-eighth year! Call toll free at 1-800-291-8126, e-mail: ati@bestweb.net or visit us at www.alptrails.com.

ANNEMARIE VICTORY ORG. *Sea Cloud* Cruises. Deluxe cruises on this incomparable tall ship. February 12 to 19, Buccaneers, Privateers & The Royal Navy in the Caribbean. May 10 to 20, An Italian Gourmet & Wine Experience. For brochure, please call 1-212-486-0353 or fax 1-212-751-3149.

GREAT BEACH VACATIONS. Kiawah, Seabrook, Wild Dunes, Isle of Palms & Sullivan's Island: Free 28-page color vacation guides. Call 1-800-247-5050 ad code 328, or visit www.kiawah.com for more information.

HILTON GRAND VACATIONS CLUB AT SEA WORLD INTERNATIONAL CENTER. Each of our spacious one- and two-bedroom vacation villas offers luxurious master bedroom with over-sized whirlpool tub, fully-equipped kitchen, cable TV/videotape player, and washer and dryer. Located adjacent to Sea World-Orlando, the resort features plenty of resort amenities. Call 1-800-HGVC-RENT.

HILTON GRAND VACATIONS CLUB AT SOUTH BEACH. In the heart of South Beach—each cozy one- and two-bedroom suite features elegant art deco-inspired decor, a well-equipped kitchen, cable TV and videotape player. Call 1-800-HGVC-RENT.

KIAWAH ISLAND BY PAM HARRINGTON EXCLUSIVES. Thirty minutes from historic Charleston. Select one- to ten-bedroom accommodations. Golf, tennis, biking, children's programs and much more. For more information, call 1-800-845-6966.

LINDBLAD SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS. A Journey on the Wild Side. Explore the wonders of the Galapagos Islands year round aboard our top-notch expedition ship with a superb staff of naturalists. Visit us at www.expeditions.com or call 1-800-EXPEDITION.

PAVILIONS AND POOLS HOTEL. A small, unique Caribbean hotel, known for its privacy and tranquility, providing the ideal island getaway. Each fully appointed one-bedroom villa comes with private swimming pool and luxurious bath with garden shower. For a brochure or reservations, please call toll free at 1-800-524-2001 or 1-340-775-6110, or visit www.pavilionsandpools.com.

SPAIN. The essence of Spain is found in timeless works by Velazquez and Miro, and its latest masterpiece, the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. Bravo Spain! Visit our Web site at www.okspain.org.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS,
WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES
4 TIMES SQUARE, 21ST FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10036.

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

© 2000 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All Rights Reserved.

000214

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

MAN OF LETTERS

Some of the best New Yorker *writing was never intended for print.*

BY ROGER ANGELL

Harold Ross, the founder of this magazine, in 1925, and its uniquely attentive shaper and editor until his death twenty-six years later, has achieved a niche of fame and obscurity that would appear to keep him mercifully safe from the attentions of a fresh biographer. Exempt from the yappings and shin-bitings that have greeted recent memoirs centering on his successor, William Shawn, Ross stands upon a farther hill like a Martin Van Buren of American journalism: a good man of whom one knows just about enough. In truth, Ross himself was patronized and misrepresented in posthumous books about him and his magazine written by celebrated colleagues. James Thurber's "The Years with Ross" (1959) managed to suggest that Thurber himself, not Ross, had been mainly responsible for the magazine's reputation, while Brendan Gill's "Here at The New Yorker," published in 1975, savaged him for his boorishness and limited education, and diminished him by anecdote. These lingering hurts were put away in 1995 by Thomas Kunkel's "Genius in Disguise," a foursquare, fully researched biography that cleared up some paradoxes about the man (Ross the gap-toothed Aspen rube as one of the founding sophisticate members of the Algonquin Round Table; Ross the habitual "God-damn"er and "Oh Christ"er who wished to protect young women on his staff from the sight or sound of the shorter expletives; Ross, the publisher of Nabokov and Edmund Wilson, asking "Is Moby Dick the whale or the man?" and so on). Ross is also a central figure in the balanced and useful new "About Town: The New Yorker and the World It Made," by Ben Yagoda, which draws upon six decades of archives while assessing the magazine's fortunes during its accumulating editorships and extremely various eras.

No serious reason remains, then, for anyone but scholars or obsessives to take up still another book about Ross and his "fifteen-cent comic paper," which suggests that the latest entry, "Letters from the Editor: The New Yorker's Harold Ross" (Modern Library; $26.95), should be read simply for pleasure, in which it abounds. The collection comes from Thomas Kunkel, a grateful biographer, who notes in his introduction that Ross, who never wrote a word for the magazine, "was, with the possible exception of the protean Edmund Wilson, the most prolific writer in its history," if one counts the letters. Prolific in this case doesn't necessarily mean lengthy. "I hope your God-damned stomach is better since you've quit writing," Ross writes to E. B. White (whose furlough was temporary). To the poet William Rose Benét, he is encouraging and corrective, in thirteen words: "We like your stuff, God knows, but this verse, damn it, is obscure." To James Thurber, he notes, "While bathing this morning, it came into my mind that what that dog is doing on your New Year's cover is winking, dog winking. I'm not exactly clear on how a dog winks but it's probably as you've drawn it." In 1930, the unknown young John O'Hara receives "I don't know of any job and I'm not likely to hear of one, but if I do, I will let you know. Maybe the only thing for you to do is to keep on writing and become a writer." O'Hara complies, and then some, and hears a different tone fourteen years later: "Dear John: I regret to report that there is nothing doing as to the proposed $3,200 advance. I formally put it up to the big-scale fiscal man and the result was a laugh, in which, in the end, I joined."

These are excerpts, but almost every letter in the book's four hundred and eighteen pages contains similarly brusque and entertaining clarities—the Rossian nub—which makes this a read-aloud, or read-across-the-room, sort of book. One-sentence mailings turn up as well, even in the daunting condolence form: "White: Was very sorry to hear about your father, and send my sympathy, which is about all I have to say, except that after you get to be thirty people you know keep dropping off all the time and it's a hell of a note."

Ross wrote letters all the time, frequently logging several hours at it in a single day. Some were handed over to secretaries for correction and retyping, but surviving *New Yorker* editors and writers who recall the steady thrash of Ross's old Underwood upright emanating from his nineteenth-floor, West Forty-third Street office have told me that they looked forward to perhaps receiving something from the daily outpouring of inquiries and encouragements or afterthoughts. The messages, pristine in type in the book, actually arrived in an imperfect rush of grimy black lines on yellow copy paper, with hurried X-ings out and pencilled-in corrections; sometimes Ross would produce an opening three or four lines of gibberish—it looked like code—before noticing that in his hurry he had placed his fingers on the wrong deck of keys. Ross often stalked the halls, hunched and scowling with the burden of his latest idea, but these in-house letters, conveying the same urgent and dishevelled impression, also appeared to bring him into your office, so to speak, and nearly in person. When Brendan Gill took exception to the sense of intimidation his boss sometimes conveyed, Ross wrote back, "I don't try to scare anyone, although occasionally I don't give a damn if I do probably."

The notes, in any case, got passed around, and, as Kunkel has observed, were often tucked away for posterity, in spite of their dashed-off informality. Salutations are curt and pauses for throat-clearing or attitude-seizing absent. The man was too busy for bonhomie or style. He hid very little and knew what was on his mind—an ever-increasing burden that he groaned and complained about even in the act of dealing with it—and amazingly shortened the distance between his thoughts and their departure. He always sounded like himself, which is the whole trick.

"I don't try to scare anyone," the formidable Harold Ross wrote, "although occasionally I don't give a damn if I do probably."

CORNELL CAPA/MAGNUM

Ross had a full-scale life away from the magazine as well, and one finds him making a backgammon date with Bennett Cerf, firing off a reminder to Noël Coward that he has tickets to take him to the circus, offering to sell Jimmy Cagney a used tractor for four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents, and imploring Ambassador (and former bootlegger) Joseph P. Kennedy to help with a wartime shipment of Haig & Haig to Chasen's restaurant, in Hollywood, of which he was a backer. His divorce from his first wife, Jane Grant, and the arrangements for her support become a clenched-teeth obbligato running through the book, once producing a letter to her lawyers which he famously signed, "Very truly yours, Ross, Ross, Ross, Ross & Ross, sgd / H. W. Ross, By H. W. Ross." But there is no levity within the position papers, ultimatums, and near-resignations that follow the trail of his lurid struggles with Raoul Fleischmann, the publisher and co-founder of the magazine, whom he mistrusted (with some reason) and in the end despised.

Kunkel calls Ross an "organic complainer," which is another way of saying that he was victimized by his insistence on quality and clarity in his magazine, and by the natural scarcity of editors and writers who could produce it. When the irreplaceable Whites moved to Maine—E.B., his prime stylist and the writer of the weekly Notes and Comment page; and Katharine, a formidable fiction and all-purpose editor (here fully disclosed as my stepfather and mother)—Ross somehow suppresses outrage. "If you will do a very little bit of timely Comment it will help out," he says to White (who had begun writing his longer "One Man's Meat" columns in *Harper's*). To Mrs. White, who continued editing from long distance, he writes, "As to your sharp-shooting of the issues, and your recent memo about this, I say do it your way. I deplore your way, but since you can't do it another way, I'll settle on it."

The loudest outcries went to writers of humor, on whom he was almost pathetically dependent. "I have come to expect little from writers, including writings," he grumbles to Frank Sullivan, a friend and funny man, whom he often addressed more directly. "I cannot refrain from urging you to write a

Burgundy's small, private wine cellars.

Your own private Egyptologist.

R. Crusoe & Son
unusual journeys
1-888-490-8027 or
www.rcrusoe.com

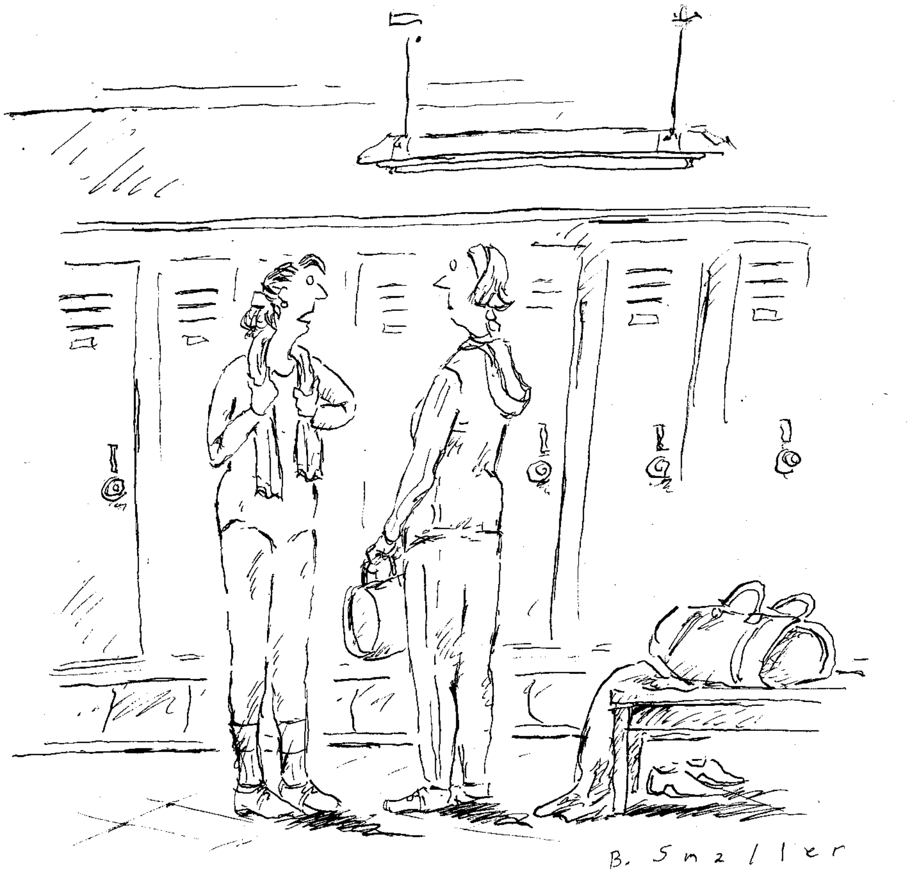
COUNTRY WALKERS
Join us for our 21st year offering worldwide walking vacations
◆Small groups
◆Knowledgeable local guides
◆Fine accommodations & cuisine
44 unique itineraries throughout Europe, North and South America, Africa and the South Pacific.
Free catalog 800-638-0291
www.countrywalkers.com

Destination London
PRIVATE FLATS - VACATION RENTAL
1 800 866 4998 Email: DLON@compuserve.com
www. destinationlondon.com
FAX: +44 171 681 3124
TEL: +44 171 584 9151

GALAPAGOS
Learn about the Origins of Species from our gifted naturalist as you explore Darwin's islands in comfort aboard small, deluxe yachts. Swim with penguins and sea lions, savor equatorial sunsets, and really get away! Free brochure and video.
INCA
Since 1976
1311-YG1 63rd St.
Emeryville, CA 94608
(510) 420-1550
yg1@incafloats.com
www.incafloats.com

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
843-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

SMART IS SEXY
Date fellow graduates and faculty of The Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, UC Berkeley, medical schools and a few others.
More than 3,400 members
800-988-5288
www.rightstuffdating.com
THE RIGHT STUFF



"I've found that there are times in a person's spiritual journey when prescription drugs are entirely appropriate."

• •

piece. If you don't do one, you are a little bastard" comes at the conclusion of a 1941 note that began, "Dear Frank, old fellow." He is still at it in 1946: "GOD DAMN IT, WRITE SOMETHING! As ever, Ross." He would not have used the capitals to a writer of less ability.

His health and his teeth weren't good ("Honest to Christ, I am more dilapidated at the moment than Yugoslavia," he writes to White), and office troubles had begun to compound themselves in wartime, when so many editors and artists and staff writers went off to the service that he found himself at his desk seven days a week, and seriously considered scaling down to two issues per month. But Ross loved the work, there's no getting away from it, and a tinge of enjoyment sifts into a summary whine of his, to Alexander Woollcott: "I am up to my nipples in hot water, what with half of the staff going off to war, a limitation of fifty-seven gallons of gasoline for six weeks, the Holy Name [Society] demanding that we stop printing 'son of a bitch,' and so on. This war is much harder on me than the last one."

ROSS was never sunny, but his powers of attention lighted him up, particularly when he was dealing with writers and their copy. One of his notorious query sheets turns up here in a 1948 letter to Thurber about a casual of his, "Six for the Road"—a routine (for the magazine) sort of notation in which Ross lists fourteen items worthy of the author's immediate attention. No. 11 is typical—"Very unexpected to learn at this late date that there's a bar in this place. Not mentioned before, and the definite pronoun has no antecedent"—but No. 3 brings Ross to near-frenzy: "This mixing up of a dinner party and an evening party that begins in the afternoon baffled me for quite a while, and I have come up with the suggestion that the party be made a cocktail party with buffet dinner. I think this is a brilliant suggestion. You never later have the people sitting down to dinner, nor do you take any notice whatever of dinner," etc. etc. One can almost hear

©2000 barnesandnoble.com

>MELISSA BANK'S FAVORITE LOVE STORIES

Anna Karenina - Leo Tolstoy

The Great Gatsby - F. Scott Fitzgerald

Curious George - H. A. Rey

Heartburn - Nora Ephron

Evening - Susan Minot

Endless Love - Scott Spencer

The Remains of the Day - Kazuo Ishiguro

The Age of Innocence - Edith Wharton

Barrel Fever - David Sedaris

High Fidelity - Nick Hornby

SAVE UP TO 50% OFF ONLINE, JUST TYPE BN.COM

bn.com
BARNES&NOBLE
AOL KEYWORD: BN

Thurber's cries of irritation, even from this distance, but he has been poked or maddened into a tiny but perhaps useful fix, which was the main idea.

It's surprising that Ross never saw himself as a writer, or succumbed to the notion that he was growing into one. I think he sensed instead that he was a genius appreciator of clear writing and strong reporting, and understood that the care and comfort of those who were good at it required full-time attention. When the first-rate Profiles reporter Geoffrey Hellman decided to go to work for the better-paying *Life* (it was a temporary aberration), Ross goaded him with "What is the temperature over there? Do you need any pencils?"

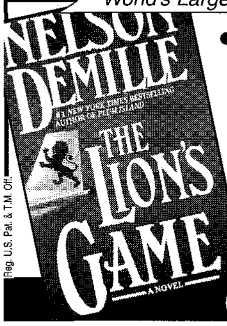
He is almost fatherly in a mini-crisis with the touchy Whites that blew up when a one-letter typo slipped into an E.B.W. proof—"hen" had become "her"—and he could always sound unfeigned appreciation for a writer's best, even in a rival magazine. In 1940, after White had published a piece in *Harper's* on the meaning of freedom, Ross wrote to him, "I think it is a beautiful and elegant thing, probably the most moving item I've read in years and worthy of Lincoln and some of the other fellows that really went to town." And he concludes, "Knock me down anytime you want."

Ross's *New Yorker* got better and deeper near the end of his tenure (he died in 1951), and the editor who had once expected so little of his contributors must have been startled by what was happening. Writing to John Hersey, whose account of the atomic-bomb destruction of Hiroshima had been given an entire issue, in 1946, he says, "Those fellows who said 'Hiroshima' was the story of the year, etc., underestimated it. It is unquestionably the best journalistic story of my time, if not of all time. Nor have I heard of anything like it." And when Rebecca West, who had written some notable pieces for the magazine, dedicated her book "The Meaning of Treason" to him, he was astounded—"just overflowing with gratitude and goodwill to you. . . . I consider that I have now crashed American letters, which gives me much amusement."

Ross knew his own value, but his tenure at the magazine, to hear him tell it, was all about process. He didn't give a damn what people thought about him or how he would be weighed; he just wanted to get the stuff right on the page. "It's all right for people to say that we are too fussy, that ten or twenty slightly ungrammatical sentences don't matter," he writes, "but if (from where I sit) I break down on that the magazine would break down all along the line." Similarly comes the confession "I still find journalism glamorous," in a long and uncharacteristically personal letter to the editor of *Current Biography*, in which he recounts, among other things, his departure from high school after two years, in favor of full-time newspaper work on the Salt Lake City *Tribune*. And, writing to the artist Gluyas Williams in 1934, Ross says, "I'm employed by *The New Yorker* . . . largely as an idea man. That's what I regard myself as, at any rate, and what I think my chief value to the magazine is." This city-room angle on the world elates the old sourpuss again and again in this refreshing and unironic anthology. Who gets the royalties to "Happy Birthday to You"? he suddenly asks a Talk editor. To the actor Fredric March, he declares, "The belief that 'none' is a singular pronoun is an old American legend which grew out of an error made in a common-school grammar many years ago." To E. B. White, an accomplished countryman by now, he takes up a dictionary exploration of "compost," both verb and noun, which must have required three or four pages out of his Underwood. And in a memo to Shawn, his most valuable discovery, he wants additions to a coming June Talk piece that will explore more fully the story behind the home-plate umpire's little hand brush, and the ball capacity of his pockets. "Are these brand-new balls, or are they balls that have been played with some, and been knocked foul?"

For Ross, the invention of his magazine was just another good story. "*The New Yorker* is pure accident from start to finish," he wrote to George Jean Nathan. "I was the luckiest son of a bitch alive when I started it. Within a year White, Thurber, Arno and Hokinson had shown up out of nowhere. . . . And Gibbs came along very soon, and Clarence Day, and a number of other pathfinders I could name if I spent a little time in review. . . . And Benchley was alive, for instance." They were lucky, too. ♦

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection



- Bestsellers on cassette
- 5,000 titles all full-length
- Call for more information

(800) 582-9666

Box 7900N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

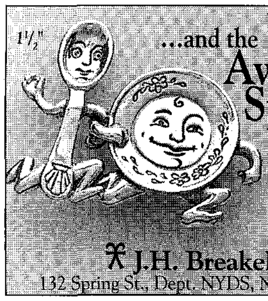
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

THE PAVILION
AT McLEAN HOSPITAL

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation, and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.

617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org

A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital



1½"

...and the Dish Ran Away With the Spoon Pin
in sterling silver $40. 14k gold $340.
Add $4 handling.
Catalog available
(800) 767-6411.
www.breakell.com
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYDS, Newport, RI 02840

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guidebook TD-70, call 1-800-821-3990 or write to: Vantage Press, 516 W 34th St., New York, NY 10001

BIKE RIDERS TOURS

small groups, gracious inns and wonderful dining.

bicycling vacations in new england, canada & europe.

free catalog: 1-800-473-7040 • www.bikeriderstours.com

YOU CAN RENT AN ENTIRE VILLA on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas for about the same price as a five star hotel room. Call 1-340-774-2993 for a brochure or visit our site at www.villapapillon.com

BRIEFLY NOTED

PILGRIM, by Timothy Findley (HarperCollins; $25). A series of suicide attempts miraculously fails to fulfill the death wish of a British art historian and epicure named Pilgrim. The year is 1912, and he is sent for treatment to Zurich, where he is attended by the rising star C. G. Jung. Initially, the doctor assumes that his patient is disturbed rather than immortal, but Pilgrim's accounts of his past lives (as a model for Leonardo da Vinci, as a cripple who befriends the young Teresa of Avila) are so compelling that Jung's skepticism gives way to self-doubt. The book is a metaphysical thriller—part Robertson Davies and part D. M. Thomas—in which Findley artfully provides a mythical explanation of Jung's theories of synchronicity, the psyche, and the collective unconscious.

THE SUMMER AFTER JUNE, by Ashley Warlick (Houghton Mifflin; $23). The nexus of the heat-and-humidity index often produces novels of feverish isolation, and Warlick's second book falls into this category. When Lindy Jain's older sister, June, is murdered, her barely comprehensible reaction is to light off to Galveston, where she spent summers as a child, with June's baby boy in tow. Her attempt to re-create her happy girlhood includes romancing an old family friend, camping out in her grandmother's crumbling house, and refusing to talk to her mother. There is an overabundance of incident here, but Lindy's convoluted responses to almost everything around her are so well drawn and so intimate that her breath practically riffles the pages.

SCAR VEGAS, by Tom Paine (Harcourt; $22). The characters in this début collection of stories find themselves trapped in hazardous circumstances that spark moments of unsettling clairvoyance. A development project for an unspoiled region of Bali spins out of control when one builder's Western pragmatism conflicts with another's romantic idealization of Balinese culture; an American sergeant, questioning the precisions of technological warfare during Desert Storm, wonders, "Is it still a war if nobody dies on one side?" In each story, Paine deftly carries the reader to the point where accepted notions about what constitutes civilization suddenly seem absurd.

OSBERT SITWELL, by Philip Ziegler (Knopf; $30). At the end of his wry, almost disdainful biography, the author asks, "Is Osbert Sitwell therefore worth a book?" That is the kind of question biographers usually ask somewhere near the beginning, and coming so late it suggests Ziegler's deep ambivalence toward his subject. But then ambivalence is perhaps the best approach to Sitwell, who—as poet, novelist, and, above all, one of the ubiquitous trio of artistic Sitwells—was too aristocratic for the poets of England between the wars and too poetic for the aristocrats. A man of wit and taste, and an earnest promoter of a distinctive, if not first-rate, aesthetic, Sitwell is nonetheless the author of one genuine work of art: a five-volume autobiography, which began to appear in the mid-nineteen-forties. Ziegler draws gingerly upon this source, always aware of Sitwell's love of a tall tale.

SHANGHAI, by Ferit Kuyas, Edy Brunner, and Marco Paoluzzo (Edition Stemmle; $67.50). Today's Shanghai is a gleaming, vertiginous hypercity, a forest of glass towers. Three Swiss photographers attempt a multidimensional portrait, in richly textured black-and-white. Kuyas is primarily an architectural photographer; his pictures, like Berenice Abbott's, emphasize the geometry of buildings in hard clear sunlight and the glittering cityscape at night. Brunner's panoramic camera captures the city's depopulated spaces at ground level: a reflecting pool in a deserted temple garden, tenement buildings in the shadows of skyscrapers, a rubble-strewn lot cleared for new development. Paoluzzo engages the life of the streets—of beauty parlors, plazas, dumpling stands—where passersby steadily meet his gaze. Everywhere, cosmopolitan Western styles of dress and design predominate. Perhaps what is most Chinese in the book is an introduction by the novelist Wang Anyi, who perceives in a photograph of smiling women wearing makeup "the monotony and fatigue which comes from extravagant consumer trends."

THE WHITNEY WOMEN AND THE MUSEUM THEY MADE, by Flora Miller Biddle (Arcade; $28.95). This very personal book by a granddaughter of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, the founder of the Whitney Museum of American Art, chronicles the complex relationship her family has had to that institution, and provides an account of three generations of lively, intelligent women as they grapple with the responsibilities of wealth and patronage. Of special interest to art-world aficionados are Biddle's candid descriptions of various Whitney tempests, among them the brouhaha over the proposed addition by the architect Michael Graves and the unseating of Tom Armstrong, the museum's director, in 1990.

SQUARES AND COURTYARDS, by Marilyn Hacker (Norton; $21). With customary fortitude and intelligence, Hacker confronts such sobering subjects as the trauma of her own chemotherapy and the loss of friends, in poems that are at once clear-sighted and emotionally full. The long "Paragraphs from a Daybook," together with elegiac sonnet sequences and plaintive sapphic stanzas, works to articulate personal pain while simultaneously taking heart in the "gift of the quotidian, / a benefice of sight and consciousness." Whether she is fretting in clinics or gossiping in cafés, Hacker remains mindful of the difference between feast and famine, as the fortunate and the less so go to their "respective fasts and dinners."

How to plan
your herb & vegetable
garden NOW

In their new book, the proprietors of the celebrated Hedgehog Hill Farm in Sumner, Maine, tell you precisely how to grow 37 vegetables and 51 herbs. Everything from choosing seeds and preparing soil to harvesting and fall cleanup. For a head start, get GROWING HERBS AND VEGETABLES by Terry & Mark Silber now. With 160 color photographs and 131 drawings. At bookstores or call 1-800-793-2665.

Published by Knopf

THIS AD DOES NOT
REFLECT THE SIZE
OF OUR BEACH.

Announcing the grand re-opening of Sonesta Anguilla. Many improvements. And, thanks to Mother Nature, an even bigger and better beach. Come experience the changes we've made. Opening February 16. Call your travel planner or **1-800-SONESTA**. Or, visit us at **www.sonesta.com**.

This is what you came to find.

Sonesta Beach Resort & Villas
Anguilla

Washable Sheepskin
Slippers & Boots
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97123
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog
www.aus-slippers.com

France • Germany • Holland • Ireland • Italy • Luxembourg • Scotland • Switzerland • Belgium • England •
A great European biking or hiking trip doesn't have to cost $400 a day!
CBT Tours • 800-736-2453
Call for a FREE brochure!

Zone Diet Home Delivery
3 Gourmet Meals, 2 Snacks
Freshly Prepared and Delivered Daily
917-301-1444
•Healthy•Convenient•Delicious•

LAS Studies Abroad Program Switzerland
An enriching, challenging int'l. experience for talented, motivated h.s. students in a beautiful, safe Alpine village. Accredited American curriculum; college prep & AP courses; transfer credit. Family-like environment. Est. 1961.
Leysin American School, U.S. Admissions
PO Box 7154/Y, Portsmouth, NH 03803
Toll-free: 1-888-642-4142
One Semester or One Year | www.las.ch

The Arts as a Strategy for Survival

Theresienstadt 1941–45

A rare exhibition of drawings by children of the Theresienstadt ghetto and their teacher Friedl Dicker-Brandeis (1898-1944), who passed onto her young pupils Bauhaus influences of Johannes Itten, Paul Klee, Walter Gropius, and Wassily Kandinsky.

10 February – 5 March

PAYNE GALLERY OF MORAVIAN COLLEGE
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA
TEL 610.861.1680

The Honey Bee
www.rnstudios.com
This little fellow from Roger Nichols Studios is searching for a beautiful flower.
Sterling Pin is $49.00 and the 14k Gold Pin $325.00.
1 1/4" Tall
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
1-800-235-0471
S/H $5.75
Velvet Box
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701

Healthy Solutions *for* Losing Weight

STRUCTURE • HOUSE •

- ◆ PHYSICAL HEALTH
- ◆ EMOTIONAL RENEWAL
- ◆ BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
- ◆ PERSONAL SUPPORT

800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com

FREE DEBT RELIEF!
Lower your monthly payments by up to 50%!
Not a loan. Not bankruptcy. A Debt Management system designed to get you out of debt-FREE! Direct referral to Non-Profit credit counseling.
Gather your bills and call today!
AMERIX CORPORATION
www.amerix.com
1-800-847-5912 (Ext 4311)

The Ultimate Perversion of Motherhood
THEY CALLED HER
JEWGIRL
amazon.com

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$165 EACH
Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr.
All sizes & page counts.
Free Price List. www.profpress.com
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

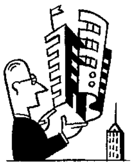
Canoe Canada's Arctic
Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.
Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AK
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.auroranet.nt.ca/canoe

THE SKY LINE

A PLACE TO PLAY

Is Manhattan ready for 80,000 football fans?

BY PAUL GOLDBERGER



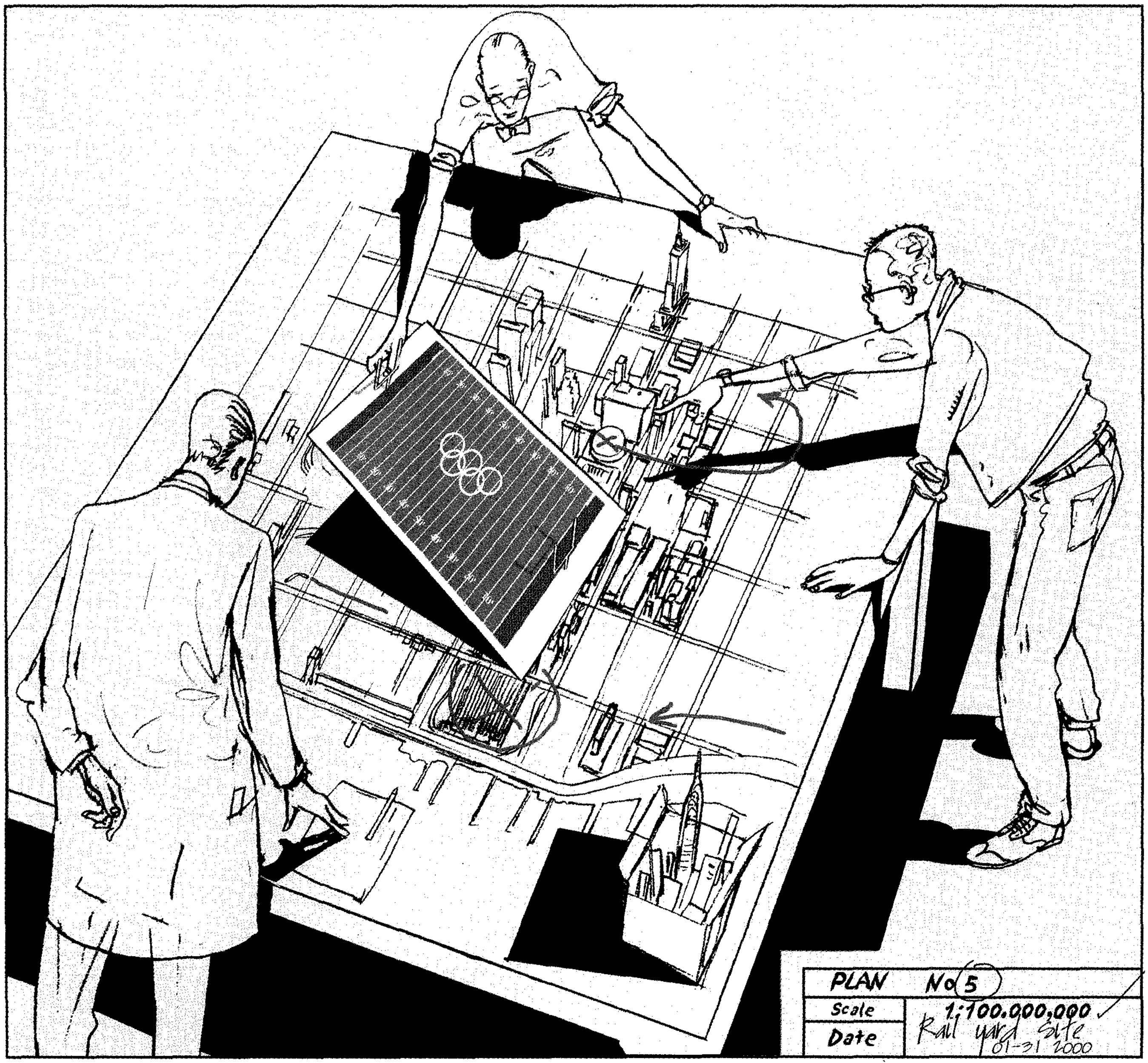
ALEXANDER GARVIN, a professor of city planning at Yale and a member of the New York City Planning Commission, spends most of his free evenings at Lincoln Center or Carnegie Hall. He has never been to a professional football game in his life, and he never watches sports on television. On the day of the Super Bowl, he visited the Frick Collection. Yet Garvin is the man who has figured out how a huge athletic stadium could be built on a piece of vacant land along the Hudson River in midtown Manhattan, something that Rudolph Giuliani has wanted to do for years, and that a great many Manhattanites swear will happen only over their dead bodies.

Garvin was hired in 1996 as a consultant to a group trying to bring the Olympics to New York in the summer of 2008. His charge was to figure out what facilities were needed and where to put them. When the group had to give up on 2008 and turned its efforts to a bid for 2012, Garvin had time to develop his plan more fully. He decided that the key to making a New York City Olympics work was to put all the athletic facilities either along the waterfront or along a train line, so that the fifteen thousand athletes and coaches, the seventeen thousand members of the press who cover them, and most of the five hundred thousand spectators who would be expected to buy tickets could get to everything with minimal use of the city's streets and highways. "The first issue is transportation, because we are a built-up city, and nothing works unless you figure out how to move people around," Garvin says.

That's easy if you are talking about a place for, say, field hockey, which Garvin decided to put in Columbia University's Baker Field, on the Harlem River, or water polo, for which he wants to build a facility along the Brooklyn waterfront that could hold five thousand spectators. The real problem was where to put the main stadium. According to International Olympics Committee rules, the stadium, which is where the Olympic torch-lighting ceremonies and the major track-and-field events are held, has to seat at least eighty thousand people and have a playing area larger than a football field. It is not the sort of structure you drop casually into New York. Indeed, it might be considered antithetical to everything that New York, or at least Manhattan, stands for. New York, after all, is supposed to be the city of culture and street life, a place defined by cosmopolitan urbanity. Massive concrete sports bunkers belong next to suburban freeways. Alexander Garvin, being the sort of person who pays more attention to Verdi than to Testaverde, assumed at first that the only possible thing to do with a huge stadium was to shove it somewhere out of sight—over the Sunnyside Yards, in Queens, or near Shea Stadium.

Yet there was one place in Manhattan that a stadium might fit: the site of the sprawling Metropolitan Transportation Authority rail yards in the West Thirties between Penn Station and the Hudson River. Planners and politicians have been squabbling over this piece of land, which runs from Tenth to Twelfth Avenues and from Thirtieth to Thirty-fourth Streets, for years. It is essentially a void in the middle of Manhattan. A nexus of train tunnels runs under it; it is near the Lincoln Tunnel; it is adjacent to the river; and it is no distance to speak of from Penn Station and the exploding district of Chelsea. The Starrett-Lehigh Building, the mammoth Art Moderne industrial building that has become the address of choice for new-media companies, overlooks the site on the south; the Javits Convention Center is to the north. This is a strategic piece of land. What's strange is that it has stayed empty all these years.

There has been no shortage of proposals for the site. Mayor Giuliani, after



Development proposals for the M.T.A. rail-yards site in the West Thirties include a stadium for the Jets and the 2012 Olympics.

failing to engender enthusiasm for a plan to use the land for a new Yankee Stadium, floated a scheme last year to put a football stadium there, hoping to lure the New York Jets away from the New Jersey Meadowlands, even though Leon Hess, the team's longtime owner, did not seem inclined to move his team anywhere. A decade ago, there was talk of a new Madison Square Garden on the land, and, more recently, the site loomed as a possible expansion area for the Javits Center, which looked big when it opened, in 1986, but which has now been reduced to small-time status by convention centers in other cities that are more than twice as large.

Last summer, Phyllis Lambert, the Seagram's heiress, sponsored a lavish international design competition for the site. The finalists came up with projects that were rather fanciful and mostly unbuildable, which wasn't surprising, since Lambert, who has been one of the great architectural patrons of modern times—she began her career by persuading her father to hire Mies van der Rohe to design the Seagram Building in the mid-nineteen-fifties—has often supported the kind of architecture that isn't likely to make it in the marketplace. The hundred-thousand-dollar first prize went to Peter Eisenman, who has skillfully managed to sustain a reputation as architecture's perennial radical, although his proposal in this case—an undulating park running through the site and a sports center thrust out into the river—was rather conventional.

It is curious that Lambert and her distinguished jury, which included the architects Frank Gehry, Arata Isozaki, and Rafael Moneo, settled so quickly for projects that exhibited a certain confusion about what seriousness and high ambition mean in this kind of situation. Most of the schemes were inventive repackagings of familiar ideas by architects who, like Eisenman, talked about shifting architectural priorities but seemed primarily interested in making new shapes, the more bent or folded the better. Cedric Price, the English architect who really is the iconoclast that Eisenman pretends to be, produced the one truly visionary project, which tried to reuse the land as a literal breath-

ISTVAN BANYAI

online punchlines at cartoonbank.com

the internet's largest searchable cartoon database and your best online source for New Yorker cartoons.

Cartoons available for:

"cartoon-of-the-day" features

electronic greeting cards

email & web marketing

advertising in all media

magazine & book publishing

1-800-897-8666

cartoonbank.com

THE CARTOON BANK

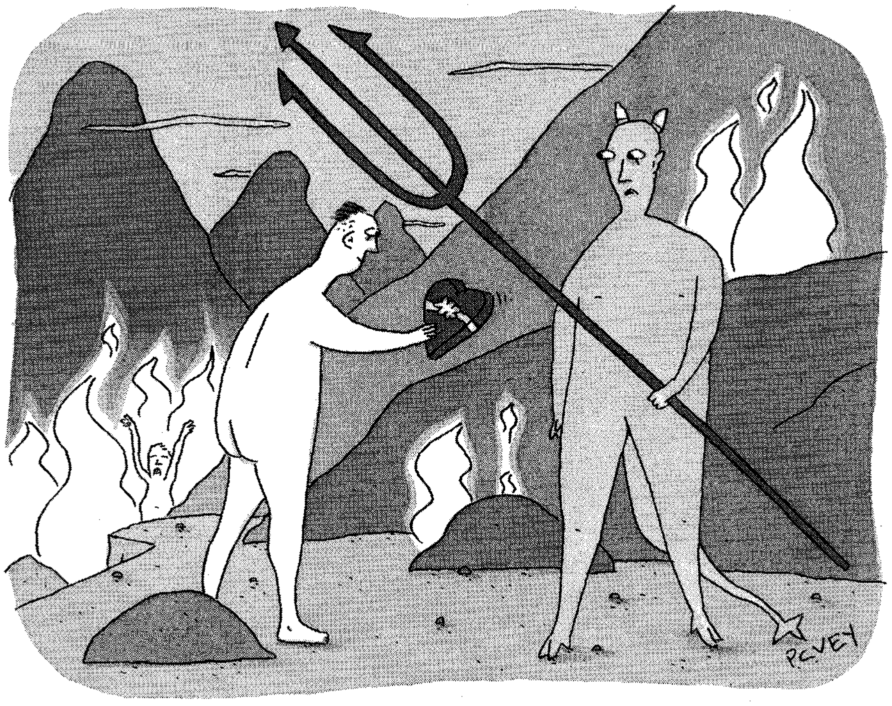
ing space for the city, a cross between a park and a vast mechanical lung.

WHILE Lambert's jury was deliberating, Alexander Garvin was sitting in his office, trying to figure out what to do about the stadium he needed as the linchpin of his Olympics proposal. He understood quite well that nobody much liked Giuliani's plan for a football stadium. There was not only the prospect of horrific traffic in midtown. Running a close second was the sense that putting a football stadium just below the Javits Center and a few blocks from the theatre district would be inserting an alien culture into Manhattan. If people want to pretend they are in Dallas, let them at least do it in New Jersey.

Then a couple of things happened. Joseph Rose, who is the chairman of the New York City Planning Commission and Garvin's boss, started talking about the need to relieve pressure on the central business district; people were going to want to build more office towers in Manhattan in the next decade, Rose felt certain, and no city government would be inclined to discourage people from building them. With Times Square filling up, the towers were going to have to go somewhere. And then Leon Hess, the owner of the Jets, died, and his family put the team up for sale, raising the prospect that a new owner might have a different view about where the team should be playing.

Garvin thought about all the proposals that had been made for the site, and he wondered if the solution was not to just say yes to everything. There was enough land to build a stadium, construct a few skyscrapers and a new Madison Square Garden, have some open space, and put in a station for subway and commuter trains. All these pieces would have to be somewhat jammed together, and there wouldn't be room for the sea of parked cars that surrounds every other football stadium, but wasn't that the point? To figure out how to make the most un-New York thing imaginable—a huge venue for sporting events—in a New York way?

Garvin's plan for the Olympics is based on a notion that he calls "the Olympic X." He has drawn a big X across the five boroughs of New York. The center of the X is a site in Queens—on the East River across from the United Nations. That would be the location of the Olympic Village, where the athletes would stay. All the competitive events would be reachable from there either by water (one arm of the X) or by specially designated trains that would run on existing tracks. The arm of the X that represents the tracks goes past the railyards site and then on to New Jersey, where it could be extended to bring



"We don't much go in for the Stockholm syndrome around here."

people to the athletic facilities at the Meadowlands. But the Manhattan site would be the heart of the Olympics, with the main stadium, hotels, a public square, the new Madison Square Garden, and a media center in a million-and-a-half-square-foot skyscraper that would eventually become an office tower.

The stadium plan, put together with RAN, the Toronto-based architectural firm that designed the SkyDome, calls for a retractable-roof stadium to be built on platforms over the rail yards on the section of the site between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues. The stadium would have roughly eighty-five thousand seats, but when the Olympics came around in 2012, the southern end of the building would be rolled a block south on a special track, and the field expanded to Olympic size, with temporary seating added in the middle to bring the capacity to almost ninety thousand people. It would be like turning a sedan into a stretch limousine. The engineering, however bizarre it sounds, requires “simple, low-tech machinery,” according to the Olympics plan. The stadium field would be level with the Javits Center exhibition floor, so that when it was not being used for a sports event it could be opened up and used as extra exhibition space. For the eastern block, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, the plan includes two hotels, the Garden, the office tower, and a seven-and-a-half-acre open square—an acre and a half bigger than Bryant Park—that would serve as a gathering place for Olympic visitors. The square is the part of the project that Garvin is proudest of, since it is what he believes would justify the intrusion of the stadium into Manhattan. “The single most important thing to remember is that this is a public realm—if you are going to make a new part of New York, you have to make some there there,” he says.

IT'S a striking idea: a football stadium set on an urban square, as if it were an art museum. But is it even remotely feasible? In 1992, Camden Yards, which was inspired by classic baseball parks and is integrated into the cityscape of downtown Baltimore, changed the paradigm of baseball parks, and it has been followed by baseball fields in Cleveland and Denver that are woven even more tightly into their cities. Football, of course, is another matter: the stadiums are bigger, and they are used less often. (The Jets have a sixteen-game season, and only half the games are played at home.) But the old model of a football stadium, the concrete behemoth sitting in acres of parked cars, is as outdated as the old baseball parks. Nobody likes Giants Stadium in the Meadowlands, or any of those other monoliths. They are crude attempts at monumental public architecture in the midst of suburban landscapes.

Cleveland has a new downtown football stadium, and people walk to it, but Cleveland is a tighter, less sprawling city than New York. Nevertheless, the rail-yards site is a better place than any other to test the potential of public transportation here. Garvin's plan calls for the extension of the Flushing subway line to the site, and for a new station for Metro North trains from Westchester, which would be routed down West Side tracks. The Long Island Rail Road would continue to use the rail yards underneath the site, and its trains would stop at the square. Visitors from New Jersey could come by train or by ferry. If every piece of the puzzle were put in place, the new complex would be the only site in New York that could be reached by public transportation from anywhere in the metropolitan area.

Robert Wood Johnson IV, the new owner of the Jets, has announced that he does not want to keep his team at Giants Stadium in New Jersey after its lease expires, in 2008, and he talked recently about his preference for a stadium “that would meld with the city.” Johnson has not made a decision about where to move, but his instincts seem compatible with Garvin's. “You have to have a stadium that has multiple benefits for society as a whole,” he says. “We are a multidimensional city, and you have to relate to the neighborhoods.”

It's doubtful that residents of Chelsea will believe that any stadium relates to their neighborhood. Joining a stadium to a city is not a natural marriage, any more than fitting a convention center smoothly into the intricate, vibrant fabric of a healthy urban place is a natural act. Chelsea is fine-grained, and mega-buildings aren't. But are the absurd and outrageous requirements of a stadium absolutely incompatible with a city? We are better off for having the Javits Cen-

ElephantBooks.com
Rare and Collectable Books Online
Orders Shipped In 24 Hours!
www.elephantbooks.com

Slow down!
Luxe biking and walking trips for the culturally curious. Europe and around the World.
1-800-678-1147
Butterfield &Robinson
BIKING & WALKING SINCE 1966
www.butterfield.com

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
Rabbits Bracelet, 9 links *Sterling $165 • 14K Gold $595*
Pendant *Sterling $35 • 14K Gold $80*
Unconditionally guaranteed **1·800·477·1856**
PO Box 147 • Chapel Hill, NC 27514

PALLADIO TOURS
ARTISTIC AND CULTURAL TOURS
THE ITALY VERY FEW KNOW
Brochure: toll-free 1-877-999-8754

Explore Exotic Turkey
Treasures *of* Türkiye
Tour Information 800.572.0526
Intimate groups 12 person max.
www.treasuresofturkey.com

AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 220 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
www.uptontea.com
231 South St. ✱ Hopkinton, MA 01748

ter on Eleventh Avenue rather than in the Meadowlands. The real problem isn't the stadium, it's the cars, and, by daring to propose a National Football League stadium without any parking, Garvin and the Olympics committee have embarked on an act of planning more radical than anything any of Phyllis Lambert's architects dreamed of.

It may be completely unrealistic to think that the people who go to football games—a great many of whom live, work, and play in the suburbs—will be willing to abandon their cars to get to a place that they would otherwise not want to visit. They may tell the planners they know where they can shove their trains and buses and ferryboats. On the other hand, sports fans are a passionate lot, and they will put up with some inconvenience, especially if they have no choice. (And why not make the ferry shuttles free?) It's not as though getting to Giants Stadium were a pleasure now. And once you are there, you are nowhere.

Something has to happen on the rail-yards site, and there are several reasons that the complex proposed by Garvin and the Olympics committee, which seems implausible on its face, is not completely ridiculous. It would fit in with the general opening up of the riverfront on both the New York and New Jersey sides of the Hudson, it would generate jobs and income for the city, and it would encourage an interesting exchange between urban and suburban cultures. I don't think that the city is so delicate that it would fall apart if this project were built. The question is whether it's worth the bother, whether urbanizing a quintessentially suburban phenomenon would make New York a better place. It may be naïve to think so, but it is worth pondering. ♦

THE THEATRE

LOVE'S SAD SACK

Tom Stoppard reinvents the Victorians.

BY JOHN LAHR

“I'M behaving like Roberto Benigni underneath,” the reserved Sir Tom Stoppard quipped at the Academy Awards last year, when it came time for him to say a few words of thanks as the Oscar-winning co-author of “Shakespeare in Love.” Benigni had carried on like an organ-grinder's monkey; Stoppard, who is a good-natured, suave soul, reserves his high-spirited acrobatics for the stage, and does so with a dexterity for which he has been teased by his theatrical peers. (He appears in Peter Nichols's play “A Piece of My Mind,” for instance, as the well-named “Miles Whittier.”)

Stoppard's pyrotechnical displays of wit and erudition (he calls his plays “sandcastles”) take many shapes. This year, Americans will be able to see his ironic high jinks in his new translation of Chekhov's “The Seagull” (at San Diego's Old Globe Theatre, from February 10th), in a Broadway revival of his nineteen-eighties hit “The Real Thing” (from March 29th, at the Barrymore Theatre), and in his newest and gnarliest sandcastle, “The Invention of Love,” a study of the scholar-poet A. E. Housman. I caught up with “The Invention of Love,” which Stoppard has called “the longest haul I'd ever hauled,” in its lively West Coast première, well-directed by Carey Perloff, at A.C.T. in San Francisco. (It closes there February 13th, and its East Coast première, directed by Blanka Zizka, opens next week, at the Wilma Theatre, in Philadelphia.)

At first glance, the attenuated life of a dour, sequestered, misanthropic academic who wrote poems of unrequited love to his unresponsive heterosexual Oxford friend and flatmate Moses Jackson seems unpromising theatrical stuff. And, by all dramatic odds, “The Invention of Love” should not work. It is written in the fustian impasto of Victorian English and studded throughout with Latin and Greek phrases. Its allusions to Propertius, Catullus, Manilius, Virgil, and to a welter of Oxford dons such as Jowett, Ruskin, and Pater, are obscure even to the English, and to the Americans they constitute almost a foreign language. But underneath the arcane filigree of its academic concerns, “The Invention of Love” poses a mischievous, all-too-human question: Is love ever real, or do we create, as Stoppard has said, “someone we have a human need for”? The play works because of the humane power of Stoppard's inquiring mind, and because its churning, seemingly impenetrable intellectual surface has beneath it a clear, strong, universal emotional current. The experience of watching the three-hour play is rather like being an undergraduate again: you get what you get and you miss what you miss. The point of the exercise is illumination. “Only to shine some light, it doesn't matter where on what,” Housman says, explaining the goal of both his and the author's recherché intellectual devotions. “It's the light itself, against the darkness, it's what's left of God's purpose when you take away God.”

Housman died an honored man, in 1936, at the age of seventy-seven, and Stoppard aptly situates the play in Hades, where Housman is being ferried across the Styx and looking back on himself as a young man. “I'm dead then. Good,” he says in the opening line of the play. “And this is the Stygian gloom one has heard so much about.” The play announces itself as a reverie of regret, which parallels Housman's own sepulchral tone. Gloom is his climate. His poems abound with sighs, whispers, shadows, nettles, wind-tossed trees—portents of what he calls the “sure foundation of despair.” In “A Shropshire Lad,” Housman's detachment makes him sound almost ghostly, and sometimes, in his morbid obsession with what he refers to as his “lost heart,” he writes as if he were already in the grave. Housman is love's sad sack. He survives the predatory jungle of sexual encounter by playing dead. He expresses the purity of his unrequited love without ever having to face the hurdle of intimacy, and he makes both a virtue and a memorial of his thrilling unfulfillment. “Oh, Mo! Mo!” he says in a recurring line in the play, “I would have died for you but I never had the luck.” “O woe, woe, / People are born and die," Ezra Pound parodied in his wicked poem, "Mr. Housman's Message." "We also shall be dead pretty soon / Therefore let us act as if we were dead already."

In the play, as Housman discourses with his past, albeit in CliffsNotes fashion, we glimpse Oscar Wilde, planting his bons mots like seed corn in the minds of the Oxford undergraduates; we sit with W. T. Stead, Frank Harris, and Henry Labouchère, whose amendment to the Criminal Law Amendment Act—which was intended, according to Labouchère, to be so outrageous as to scupper the proposed law—made "any act of gross indecency" between male persons punishable by two years of hard labor in prison. Stoppard invites us to share not only in the Victorian age's atmosphere of self-repression but also in its intellectual battles, in which aestheticism and classicism vied with each other as reactions to the era's prevailing -ism: capitalism.

Tom Stoppard calls "The Invention of Love" "the longest haul I'd ever hauled."

STEVE PYKE/KATZ/MATRIX

Nowhere was this moral turbulence more sensationally acted out than at Oxford, to which Housman came up in 1877. Stoppard, who didn't go to Oxford, gets the swaggering aridity of the overeducated just right. Of his run-in with the master of Balliol College, Benjamin Jowett, Housman says, "I heard Jowett pronounce *'akribos'* with the accent on the first syllable, and I thought, 'Well! So much for Jowett!' " The term "homosexual" didn't come into the English language until 1892; in the play, when it is referred to at all, the love that dare not speak its name is usually called "beastliness." Stoppard, who is showing the invention of love in both the public and private realms, plays brilliantly with the newly minted term, in a scene in which a member of the brotherhood tells Housman of his decision to use it:

A.E.H.: Homosexuals?
CHAMBERLAIN: We aren't anything till there's a word for it.
A.E.H.: Homosexuals? Who is responsible for this barbarity?
CHAMBERLAIN: What's wrong with it?
A.E.H.: It's half Greek and half Latin!
CHAMBERLAIN: That sounds about right to me....

"I HAD no idea what sort of play to make out of it, none whatever," Stoppard said about beginning the writing of "The Invention of Love." Watching him wrestle and tame the nine-hundred-pound gorilla of Victorian intellectual history is part of the play's tension. Inevitably, "Invention" lacks a pleasing symmetry; nonetheless, when, in the second act, Oscar Wilde arrives to debate Housman's attenuated romanticism with the daring of his own unrequited love, its lopsided structure suddenly coheres. Wilde died homeless, loveless, and penniless. In the play, Housman tells him, "Your life is a terrible thing. A chronological error.... You should have lived in Megara when Theognis was writing and made his lover a song sung unto all posterity... and not *now!*" Housman's sexual ambitions aped the love poems of the ancients, which he read and translated. His life was an imitation of that art and of antiquity's notion of comradely virtue. But, unlike the backward-looking Housman, Wilde, who was at the forefront of both his age and ours, was the apostle of the new—"the New Drama, the New Novel, New Journalism, New Hedonism, New Paganism, even the New Woman." Wilde refuses Housman's pity. "Your 'honour' is all shame and timidity and compliance," he says. "But the artist is the secret criminal in our midst. He is the agent of progress against authority.... A scholar is all scruple, an artist is none." Wilde stands in dramatic contrast to Housman; he tasted life and passion; he sacrificed himself for spiritual fulfillment; and, at least onstage, he judges his life a success.

Stoppard uses Wilde and his celebrated aperçus sparingly, because his wit has a way of taking all the oxygen out of the room. What we are left with is a difficult but gorgeous expression of Stoppard's skepticism. Stoppard is attracted to the division of Housman's character between romantic and classicist—which resonates with the split in Stoppard's own well-guarded self—and Housman's defense of scholarship, at the finale, echoes Stoppard's bittersweet intimations of the impermanence of his own life and work. "Scholarship," Housman says, "is a small redress against the vast unreason of what is taken from us." He adds later, "What emotional storms, and oh what a tiny teacup." Stoppard has always had a vivacious sense of life's absurdity; here, he uses his prancing wit as a gallant way of both acknowledging his century's sense of absence and of surviving it. ♦

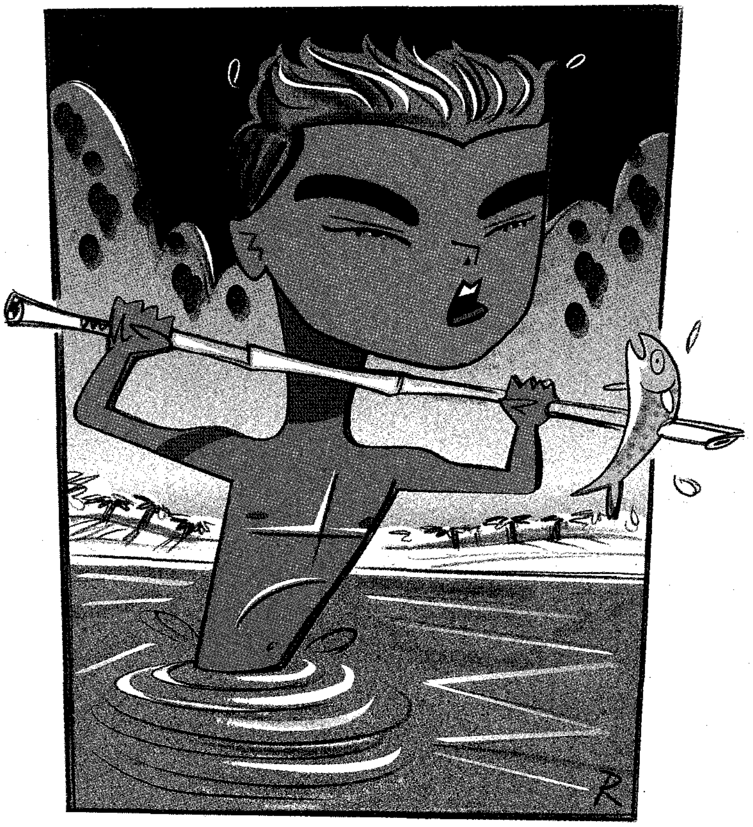
THE CURRENT CINEMA

CHANGING PLACES

Trouble in Thailand and in Sam Shepard's Kentucky.

BY ANTHONY LANE

THE latest Leonardo DiCaprio film tells of a young American who, having nothing better to do, takes an unscheduled trip across the sea with the girl of his dreams. Apart from this trifling coincidence, "The Beach" is about as far from "Titanic" as you can get, although both involved the cashing of unfeasibly large checks; James Cameron's movie cost two hundred million dollars, and—as a result of that oceanic success—DiCaprio's fee for the new picture came in at a cool twenty million. The question is: Does the kid earn his keep?



Leonardo DiCaprio: An upmarket Tarzan in the promised land.

ROBERT RISKO

He certainly puts in the effort. Adapted by John Hodge from the Alex Garland novel, "The Beach" is set in Thailand; the second half of the story requires the hero, Richard, to become a sort of upmarket Tarzan, and viewers—in particular, Leonardo scholars of the gentle sex—are treated to the sight of DiCaprio crashing through vines and rotting vegetation with newly fortified muscles. The lanky, plucked-chicken look that sustained him in "This Boy's Life" and "The Basketball Diaries" has gone the way of all flesh, and whether millions will still want to mother him is a moot point. But then Richard is designed to perplex our sympathies; he repels as much as he attracts, and starstruck fans planning to ask DiCaprio for a kiss should be warned that, in the course of this film, he ingests both a coiling caterpillar and a glass of snake blood. Richard is defined by nothing more than his taste for adventure. "My name is Richard. What else do you need to know?" he asks at the start, and that Holden Caulfield cockiness is the touchstone for all that ensues.

In a verminous hotel, Richard meets Daffy (Robert Carlyle), a raving Scotsman who has just returned from a beach—a place so close to Heaven on earth, apparently, that poor Daffy now has no option but to slash his wrists. He leaves a crude map tacked to the door of Richard's room; this is itself a crude narrative trick, straight out of children's fiction, and, like a trusting child, Richard sets off to find the promised land. With him is a French couple from the next room: Françoise (Virginie Ledoyen) and Étienne (Guillaume Canet). The beach, nestled in the curve of a remote island, is all but unreachable; as in a board game, the players have to swim through murderous seas and then run the gauntlet of armed guards before arriving at hidden treasure. The guards are hired by a local farmer to protect his marijuana crop—a field as perilous as the poppy meadow in "The Wizard of Oz," where Dorothy swooned. "The Beach" goes one better, in that the entire film falls asleep. It was made by the familiar threesome of director Danny Boyle, screenwriter John Hodge, and producer Andrew Macdonald, who brought us "Shallow Grave," "Trainspotting," and "A Life Less Ordinary"; I am sure it is pure coincidence that they were drawn to the tale of Richard, Françoise, and Étienne—another intrepid trio who, after early struggles, arrive at an enchanted place where they can do as much, or as little, as they please.

The beach is the secret refuge of lotus-eaters—a hairy selection of multinational drifters who crave a world without care. Needless to say, the vision springs a leak. In an underwater sequence that is funnier than anyone could have intended, Richard meets a shark and slits its belly open, unaware that the poor thing was probably only asking for an autograph. I suspect that the presence of sharks is meant to indicate Trouble in Paradise, although why the director needed to import whippy, cold-blooded man-eaters into his movie when he had already cast Tilda Swinton I cannot think. Swinton—all vitreous gaze and headmistressy tones—plays Sal, the head hippie at the beach encampment, who drags Richard off to the mainland to stock up on supplies. There is an unpleasant tinge of puritanism here, as the communal fall from grace is triggered by sex—or, more Biblical still, by the sexual needs of women. Françoise comes on to Richard with divine French seduction ("I like you," she says, "a lot"), and Sal briskly tells him to get some sleep because she will be requiring his services again in the morning. In both cases, DiCaprio is very much the shy victim; however strapping that torso, it will always be topped with a baby face.

Sex in "The Beach" is never the gritty, sand-in-the-cracks affair that you would suppose; it is filmed either in semisilhouette behind a calico drape or in juddering slow motion amid sparkling waves. In fact, the whole movie fights to disentangle itself from the drooping clichés of the mysterious East. One of the things I hate about beaches, especially the luscious ones, is the vulgar perfection with which they map onto their media images. You never exclaim, as you would of somewhere like Venice, "This is better than anything I ever imagined"; all you can say, as you cradle your burning soles, is "Hey, it's like it was in the brochure!" This presents a formidable challenge to filmmakers, and even the inventive Boyle is stymied. In one of his interminable voice-overs, Richard expresses the hope, familiar to backpackers everywhere, that something big and exciting will happen—"Not like it does in the movies." But a beach is just a beach and, however heavily Boyle filters the skies above, there is never enough here to excite the eye.

The darkness slowly thickens, as one of the beach dwellers dies; I can't tell you who it is, because, apart from Sal, not one of them attains to the status of a proper character. Richard then goes and lives by himself in a hut; the craziness mounts, as does the feeling that one should have stayed home and reread "Lord of the Flies." Boyle himself has disdained the comparison with Golding's novel, but it is inescapable; in both cases, you can sniff the barbarity in the air as catastrophe gathers like a storm. Where the book was swift and sure, however, "The Beach" meanders and trips; it can't decide what on earth to do with human civilization—whether to celebrate the flight from it, register horror at its collapse, or satirize its bloodless delusions. Richard's brain is bursting with video games and clips of film (including "Apocalypse Now"), and the movie ends with an E-mail; central to his quest is the need to scrape all such clutter from his mind. Just one question: If that is so, why, at the climax, does the dope farmer burst into the encampment, yell at the terrified Westerners, hold them at gunpoint, and then, as a final flourish, eject all but one bullet from the chamber of his pistol and instruct Sal to hold it against Richard's head? The guy is a farmer, for heaven's sake; a prod with a pitchfork would suffice. This game of Russian roulette is not one of Richard's jungly nightmares; it comes from Boyle and Hodge—or, to be accurate, from "The Deer Hunter." In short, "The Beach" is just as deeply in hock to Hollywood myths of a far-off land as any other thrill-seeking movie. Like all Boyle's work, it clings to the dream of a life less ordinary; but the dream looks pretty ordinary to me.

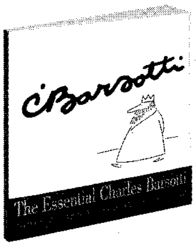
ON paper, "Simpatico" sounds like a winner. Based on the Sam Shepard play, and directed by Matthew Warchus (who, like Sam Mendes, has enjoyed precocious success on the British stage), it stars Jeff Bridges, Nick Nolte, and Sharon Stone—a three-pack of worldly wisdom. On film, sadly, it's another matter. This is not to say that the movie looks bad; on the contrary, the director of photography, John Toll, dishes up a feast of strong sunlight and shaded, disorderly rooms. It's a lovely accompaniment to the soul-swapping of the plot; Vinnie (Nick Nolte), a shaggy bum in Los Angeles, calls his old friend Carter (Jeff Bridges), husband to Rosie (Sharon Stone) and breeder of Kentucky Thoroughbreds. "I got a major crisis on my hands," Vinnie says. Carter flies west, and then Vinnie, seeing his chance, flies east; from here on, each will turn into the other.

The catalyst is a racetrack scam that the two of them pulled in their youth; as so often in movies, it turns on old dirty pictures, and on the peculiar conviction that, after twenty years, anyone would care who had whom, and how. If only the movie's sense of time were as firm as its grasp of place; as it is, the flashbacks are unconvincing, and Albert Finney, playing the dupe for their tricks, seems barely to have aged. As for Jeff Bridges, he looked older and seedier in "Cutter's Way," almost twenty years ago, than he does now. In fact, "Simpatico" might have fared better in those days; viewers may no longer have the patience for its shabby air of reverie and its sliding identities, and they may be quicker to mock as it leans on frail coincidence. Sam Shepard's dialogue, which can really fly onstage, has a tendency to sound top-heavy onscreen, and I could never escape the feeling that its stubbled musings would be more suited to a couple of cowhands downing shots of rye than to Jeff Bridges bawling into a cell phone. Simpatico, by the way, is a horse—reputedly worth thirty million bucks at stud but, as we discover, heading for infertility. Was it wise to give the movie the same name? ♦

The Artist.
The Philosophy.
The Funny Business.

"Not guilty, because puppies do these things."

Over 100 essential drawings, plus an appreciation and interview by Lee Lorenz.



Wherever Books Are Sold

WORKMAN
www.workmanweb.com

We invite you to be our guest on the
Mediterranean Sea
Costa del Sol, Marbella, Spain
SPECTACULAR SEA AND MOUNTAIN VIEWS

LUXURY MEDITERRANEAN LIVING AT UNBELIEVABLE PRICES

CONTACT US TODAY FOR INFORMATION ABOUT HOW YOU CAN ENJOY AND PURCHASE PROPERTY IN ONE OF EUROPE'S MOST DESIRABLE DESTINATIONS.

Mediterranean Living
PROPERTIES & INVESTMENTS
Equal Housing Opportunity

Call Toll Free:
1-888-216-8457
FAX: 718-460-9240
INTERNET: www.mairena.com
EMAIL: marbellaliving@hotmail.com

SMALL SPACE =
BIG BUSINESS

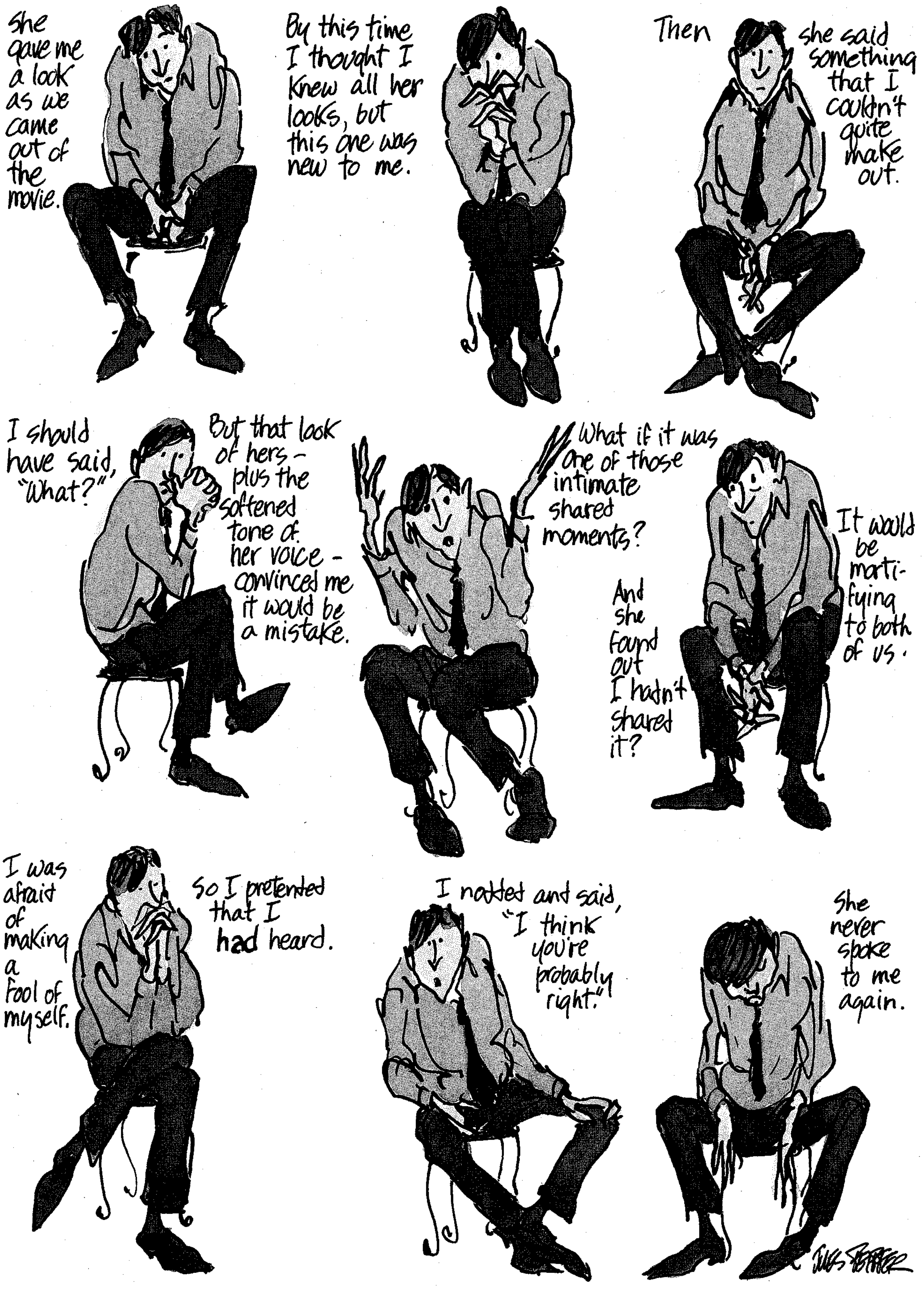
Write your own success story by advertising in THE NEW YORKER.

•

For more information on
SMALL SPACE ADS,
please call toll-free 877.843.6967.
(877.THE.NYORKER)

THE BACK PAGE BY JULES FEIFFER

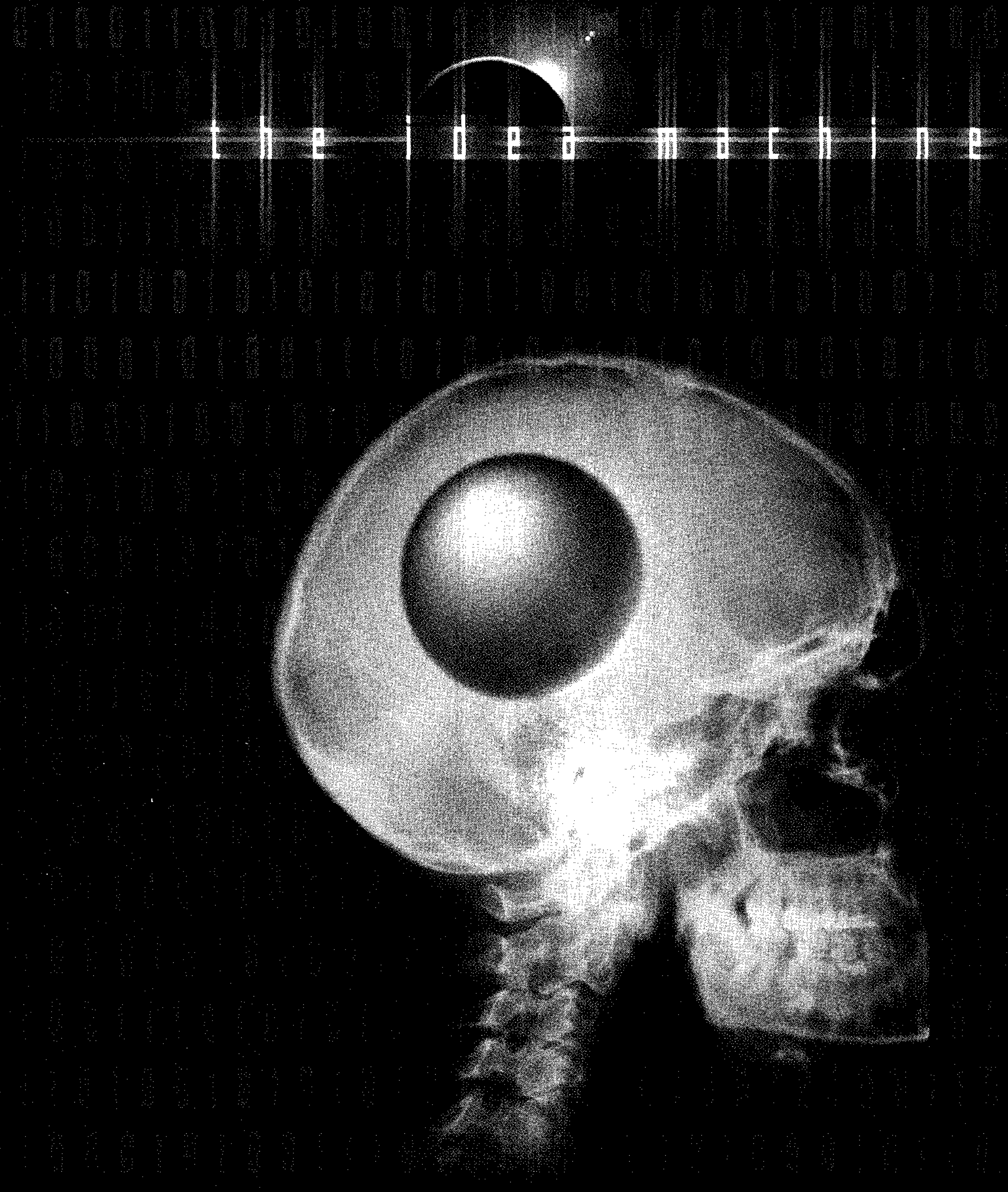
MISDEMEANORS OF THE HEART


She gave me a look as we came out of the movie.
By this time I thought I knew all her looks, but this one was new to me.
Then she said something that I couldn't quite make out.
I should have said, "What?"
But that look of hers - plus the softened tone of her voice - convinced me it would be a mistake.
What if it was one of those intimate shared moments?
And she found out I hadn't shared it?
It would be mortifying to both of us.
I was afraid of making a fool of myself.
So I pretended that I **had** heard.
I nodded and said, "I think you're probably right."
She never spoke to me again.
JULES FEIFFER

Tread luxuriously.

Tread lightly *and* luxuriously in Lincoln Navigator, the world's most powerful full-size luxury SUV. Tread spaciously, too. Navigator has room for seven in three rows of leather-trimmed seats. Call 800-688-8898, visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Navigator dealer.

Lincoln Navigator. American Luxury.



SUN MICROSYSTEMS PRESENTS **THE IDEA MACHINE**

WHAT IF YOU HAD A PARTNER WHO COULD HELP YOU TRANSFORM THE WAY YOU THINK ABOUT THE GADGETS YOU BUILD? YOU DO. WHEN YOU HOOK UP WITH THE DOT IN .COM, SUN MICROSYSTEMS, YOU BECOME THE IDEA MACHINE. SUN'S EMBEDDED TECHNOLOGIES, LIKE JAVA™ AND JINI,™ LET YOU TURN YOUR EVERYDAY PRODUCTS INTO FUTURISTIC INNOVATIONS. AND OUR COMMITMENT TO A NETWORKED WORLD LETS YOU TURN THOSE INNOVATIONS INTO REVENUE STREAMS. THINK SERVICES: BUILD A REFRIGERATOR THAT TALKS TO THE SUPERMARKET AND BEAMS SHOPPING LISTS TO PALMTOPS. BUILD A CABLE BOX THAT TALKS TO THE WORLD AND DOWNLOADS LAST NIGHT'S SCORES TO MOBILE PHONES. BUILD YOUR WILDEST DREAM (THAT'S THE POINT). THE FACT IS, YOU BET YOUR COMPANY ON THE PARTNERS YOU CHOOSE. WE KNOW, BECAUSE WE'RE BETTING OURS ON YOU. WHICH IS FINE, BECAUSE YOU ARE THE IDEA MACHINE.

Sun® microsystems

We're the dot in .com℠

XT | **MAY CAUSE EXTREME THINKING**

SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR "YES" PEOPLE.

THE NETWORK IS THE COMPUTER.™ WWW.SUN.COM/IDEAMACHINE ©2000 SUN MICROSYSTEMS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. SUN, SUN MICROSYSTEMS, THE SUN LOGO, THE JAVA COFFEE CUP LOGO, JAVA, JINI, THE NETWORK IS THE COMPUTER, AND WE'RE THE DOT IN .COM ARE TRADEMARKS OR REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF SUN MICROSYSTEMS, INC. IN THE U.S. AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED